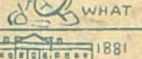
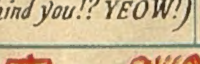
OCTOBER 6 1945 10c

# Liberty

♎ / ♏

## OCTOBER ALMANAC

| DAY OF THE MONTH | DAY OF THE WEEK | MOON'S PHASES AND AGE | HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, LUCKY DAYS, ETC., ETC. | MOON'S ZODIAC POSITION |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Mon | 25 DAYS | Wash Day. *Don't bet it won't rain.* | ♌ |
| 2 | Tue | 26 DAYS | *Born:* Ferdinand Foch 1851; Mohandas Gandhi 1861. | ♌ |
| 3 | Wed | 27 DAYS | Decimal Arithmetic invented 1602.  | ♍ |
| 4 | Thu | 28 DAYS | Rutherford B. Hayes born 1822. | ♍ |
| 5 | Fri | 29 DAYS | Chester A. Arthur born 1830. | ♍ |
| 6 | Sat | MOON PASSES SUN | Missouri Day. | ♎ |
| 7 | *SUN* | 1 NEW MOON | James Whitcomb Riley born 1849. | ♎ |
| 8 | Mon | 2 DAYS | N.Y. Cent. RR opened *(to Albany)* 1851. Chicago Fire 1871. | ♏ |
| 9 | Tue | 3 DAYS | Wilbur Wright flew up Hudson R. *(to Grant's Tomb)* 1909. | ♏ |
| 10 | Wed | 4 DAYS | U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis opened 1845. | ♏ |
| 11 | Thu | 5 DAYS | *The stars advise,* "Travel best deferred." *Right.* | ♐ |
| 12 | Fri | 6 DAYS | COLUMBUS DAY. | ♐ |
| 13 | Sat | 7 DAYS | Greenwich Time adopted 1884. | ♑ |
| 14 | *SUN* | 8 FIRST QUARTER | William Penn born 1644. TO PENNSYLVANIA | ♑ |
| 15 | Mon | 9 DAYS | New Gregorian Calendar 1582. | ♑ |
| 16 | Tue | 10 DAYS | *Born:* Oscar Wilde 1854; Noah Webster 1858; Chicago Subway 1943. | ♒ |
| 17 | Wed | 11 DAYS | Gen. Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga 1777. | ♒ |
| 18 | Thu | 12 DAYS | {Says Hesiod (8th Century B.C.), "This day luckless."<br>Gen. Tojo appointed premier of Japan 1941. Huh.} | ♓ |
| 19 | Fri | 13 DAYS | Lord Cornwallis surrendered 1781. | ♓ |
| 20 | Sat | 14 DAYS | Trees strip tease; i.e., leaves leave trees. | ♈ |
| 21 | *SUN* | FULL MOON | Battle of Trafalgar 1805. | ♈ |
| 22 | Mon | 16 DAYS | N.Y. Metropolitan Opera House opened 1883. | ♉ |
| 23 | Tue | 17 DAYS | World created 4004 B.C., EWT *(reports OWI).* | ♉ |
| 24 | Wed | 18 DAYS | Transcontinental telegraph completed 1861. | ♊ |
| 25 | Thu | 19 DAYS | Geoffrey Chaucer died 1400. Admiral Byrd born 1888. | ♊ |
| 26 | Fri | 20 DAYS | Erie Canal opened 1825. | ♋ |
| 27 | Sat | 21 LAST QUARTER | NAVY DAY. And *what* a Navy! | ♋ |
| 28 | *SUN* | 22 DAYS | Harvard University founded 1636.<br>Statue of Liberty dedicated 1886. | ♌ |
| 29 | Mon | 23 DAYS | Sir Walter Raleigh executed 1636. | ♌ |
| 30 | Tue | 24 DAYS | John Adams *(of the Adamses)* born 1735.  | ♍ |
| 31 | Wed | 25 DAYS | Nevada Day. HALLOWE'EN *(what's that behind you!? YEOW!)* | ♍ |

♈ ARIES ♉ TAURUS ♊ GEMINI ♋ CANCER ♌ LEO ♍ VIRGO ♎ LIBRA ♏ SCORPIO ♐ SAGGITARIUS ♑ CAPRICORNUS ♒ AQUARIUS ♓ PISCES

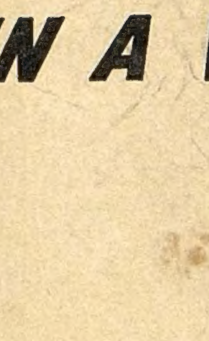
### OCTOBERUMORS

October we inherit, via ancient Rome's calendar, from the Greco-Latin *octo,* eight; later promoted to tenth spot by Pope Gregory... Comes the Harvest Moon. Spooks galavant.. Black-catted old-fashioned witches will continue to ride their brooms side-saddle. Well, it's more comfortable... English zodiactuaries feature perfectly awful things for U.S.A. this month —"a veritable wave of gangsterism, strikes, crimes & plottings." Tsk! Sorry. ¶ By the way, did you know that the seven-day week is older than recorded history? We didn't. Probably faith in lucky seven started the arrangement... Roman week-days were named for the Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, & Saturn, but now most of us substitute the four Germanic gods, Tiw, Woden, Thor, and Freya in the list. (Add 'sday to each. See?) The Society of Friends name their week-days by their numbers, Sunday as First-day, Monday as Second-day, and so on. Ascetic, but astute. ¶ We had hoped to regale you with an anniversary or two from "The New *Newgate Calendar,* or Malefactors' Bloody Register, containing Authentic & Circumstantial Accounts of the Lives, Transactions, Exploits, Trials, Executions, Dying Speeches, Confessions & other Curious Particulars, relative to all the most notorious Criminals, Etc., Etc.," but specific items are still unavailable at the hour of going to press. Sorry. —FRED COOPER

# IN A WELL-EARNED CLASS BY THEMSELVES!

Sheaffer pens and pencils write better—because they are better! Science has proved this. The easiest way for you to prove it is by comparison. Write with a new Sheaffer pen or pencil—compare how it feels in your hand, how well it balances, how quickly, smoothly, silently it writes. Look at its clean-cut beauty, its exclusive 14K Gold *Lifetime** POINT—different from any others! Examine its sturdy construction—its ability to "take it." Make any comparison you wish—with any writing instrument you wish—and you'll know why Sheaffer's pens and pencils are in a class by themselves!

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa, U.S.A., and Toronto, Ontario, Canada



THE NEW
*Lifetime**
**POINT**

THE WHITE DOT
ON THE PEN
IDENTIFIES IT!

**Sheaffer's are still scarce, but supplies are increasing daily.**

VALIANT TUCKAWAY pen, $12.50; pencil, $5; complete set, $17.50. Other sets, $3.95 to $150. Other pens, $2.75 to $100. Colors: Golden Brown, Marine Green, Carmine, Grey Pearl and Black. Federal excise taxes additional.

*New "TRIUMPH" Pens.. New Fineline Pencils*

**SHEAFFER'S**

Copyright 1945, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. *Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S WORLD PARADE—NBC Complete Network, 3 P.M. E.W.T.; 2 P.M. C.W.T.; 1 P.M. M.W.T.; 12 P.M. P.W.**

*Begin your subscription* TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WITH

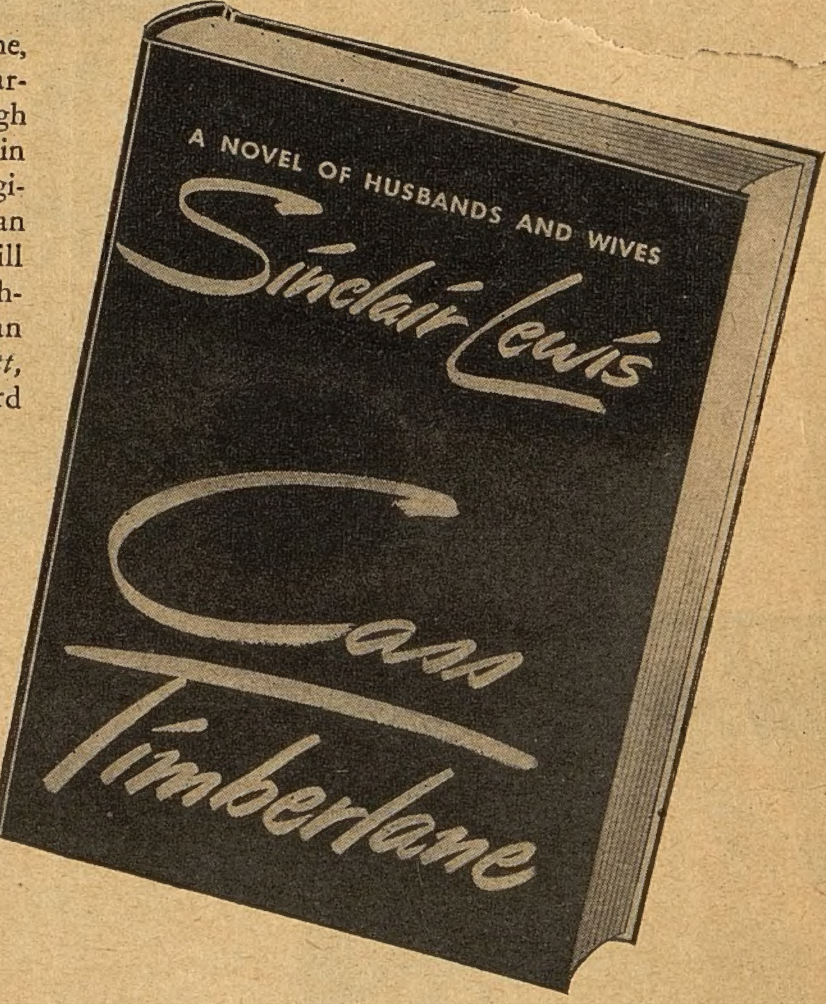
# *Cass Timberlane*

### A NOVEL OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

## By Sinclair Lewis

SINCLAIR LEWIS

THIS is the story of Judge Timberlane, who falls deeply in love with and marries Jinny Marshland, a girl young enough to be his daughter. The story is laid in "Grand Republic, Minnesota," an imaginary city that will become more real than most cities, as Cass and his young wife will become more real than most of our neighbors. *Cass Timberlane* is a living American novel of the stature of *Arrowsmith, Babbitt,* and *Main Street.* Published October 3rd



**AND AS A NEW MEMBER**
**YOU WILL RECEIVE A *Free* COPY OF**

ERNIE PYLE
BRAVE MEN

## BRAVE MEN

### BY ERNIE PYLE

**"First-hand reporting which will never be equalled by stories told afterwards"**

### TO JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

SIGNING and mailing the coupon enrolls you. You pay no fixed sum as a member and obligate yourself for no fixed term. *You pay for each book as you receive it,* no more than the publisher's retail price, and frequently much less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.)

As a member you receive a careful pre-publication report about each book-of-the-month (and at the same time reports about all other important new books). If you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not, you specify some other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing." With every two books-of-the-month you buy, you receive, free, a valuable book dividend. Last year the retail value of books given to Club members was over $9,000,000.

*Your only obligation as a member is to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period, and you can cancel your subscription any time after doing so. (Prices are slightly higher in Canada.)*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A8410
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of BRAVE MEN, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

*Name*..........................................................
Please Print Plainly

*Address*..........................................................

*City*.................................... Postal District No. (if any) ............*State*................

☐ **IMPORTANT:** Please check here if you do NOT want us to begin your subscription with this current selection, *Cass Timberlane*. The price of this book is $2.75.

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Limited.

If he winces like this...

When you'd rather he'd wink like this..

TRY THIS

**MORAL:** *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

PEP O MINT
LIFE SAVERS

*Only 5¢*

# In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

**Edward Maher, Editor**

*Associates*

Edward Hutchings, *Exec. Editor*
William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Joseph Anthony, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson. *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*

Staff: Ruth Berman • Elsie Christie • Molly Crickmay • Harry E. Dounce • Helen Greenwood • Otto Kurth • Carlton Porter • Vivian Sande • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler

## ★ ARTICLES

The Rancorous Mr. Rankin, *Stanley Frank* ............ 19
Christmas Joys—and Burdens—for the Navy, *Artemus L. Gates* ............ 22
Uncle Sam's Borrowed Hands, *George Armin Shaftel* ... 24
Salvaging the Surplus, *Fairfax Downey* ............ 28
My Family of 280 Males, *Lt. (j. g.) Vernon L. Fladager* .. 30

## ★ FICTION

Put It Over, *Paul Gallico* ............ 20
Aunt Minnie and the Accessory After the Fact—Short Short, *Samuel Hopkins Adams* ............ 26
Colonel Paxton and the Haunted Horse, *William A. Krauss* ............ 32
The Pumpkin Flower, *Allan R. Bosworth* ............ 36

## ★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Reprieve—*Warwick Deeping's intriguing novel of a man who had a few months to live—abridged to a reading time of one evening* ............ 39

## ★ FEATURES

Vox Pop ............ 6
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* ............ 10
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* ............ 14
The Camera Eye—Pictures ............ 34
Books in Review, *Joseph Anthony* ............ 54
Crossword Puzzle ............ 54
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary *(Unabashed)* ............ 62
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* ............ 78
Liberty Goes to the Movies ............ 81

## ★ EDITORIAL

Unemployment Insurance as It Sometimes Works *Paul Hunter* ............ 90

*Cover: Liberty's Almanac for October*
*Designed and drawn by Fred Cooper*

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

*President*, Floyd B. Odlum; *Executive Vice-President*, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; *Business Mgr.*, John Dungan; Lee Wagner, *Circulation Mgr.*

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, October 6, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 40. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual: All rights reserved.

# Are You A Mystery Novel Fiend?

## HERE IS YOUR CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

**TODAY we invite you to become a member of a great new book club. Mark the name well, because you will hear more of it—The Unicorn Mystery Book Club. Our invitation is one we think you will not be able to resist, a veritable chance of a lifetime for any real dyed-in-the-wool mystery novel fan.**

**Why are we so sure you will want to join? Because aside from other advantages you will receive four top-notch mystery novels each month: at least *eight dollars worth* of the finest mystery fiction. But you pay only *two dollars*—four for one—an absolutely unheard-of-bargain in the world of books.**

**You owe it to yourself to read the following details of the new club, keeping in mind that we are presently limiting membership to a comparative few—only 10,000 volumes a month—and that if you do not join at once you may find yourself only on a waiting list.**

### HERE IS THE WAY THE CLUB OPERATES

Every working day of the month our reading staff, composed of mystery fans just like you, sits down with stacks of mystery novels submitted to us by publishers all over the country. They read all day long, and they classify, grade, select and reject. Every single mystery novel recommended by the critics and by a reputable publisher is actually read. The only rule we enforce, in order to protect our members, is that *no novel is considered which has previously been sold at less than $2.00.* The novel need not be brand-new so long as it is comparatively recent, nor do we bar an exceptional novel that has been serialized in a magazine. But one thing we absolutely insist on—the genuine eight-dollar monthly value to our club members. We assure you that the novels selected are really choice, and we guarantee that you cannot buy them for less than two dollars apiece, or eight dollars in all—except through the club.

### FOUR BEST MYSTERIES EACH MONTH

Each month, after stacks of submitted novels have been read, we select the four best of the lot, bind them together, complete and unabridged, in one big beautiful 900-page book that we send to you. Yes, a real book, specially printed from the *original plates,* handsomely cloth-bound, and fit for a permanent place in your library.

See what time, money, and trouble you save! You no longer buy blindly, merely *hoping* you will get your money's worth. Our trained staff weeds out all the second-raters, chooses among the best, selects only the finest. Each month your postman hands the resulting volume to you, without fuss or feathers—and you are ready for more weeks of reading enjoyment.

Look to the panel at the right, telling about the novels selected this month. See for yourself the kind of mystery novel you can expect to receive, the titles, authors, and the raves of the critics. Yes, just read what the critics have said about our selections, and then *we dare you not to join.* A real mystery fan would pay many times the club price and know he was getting a bargain.

### NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE— YOU CAN RESIGN AT ANY TIME

If you join now we send the four novels described at the right, complete, and bound in one handsome volume. With the volume you receive a bill for $2.00 plus 15c mailing cost, which you pay in five days. And each month thereafter you receive four new mystery novels in the same way, with the same guarantee, and at the same cost.

*But note this! You can resign from the club any time at all!* You are under *no obligation* to buy four books a year, or eight books a year, or twelve books a year or any books at all. Any time you want to resign from the club you drop us a line saying so and that is all. You are never under obligation to continue as a member.

### DON'T WAIT OR HESITATE

Well, what more can we tell you—except of course to urge you to get in on a good thing now, while you can. The number of books to which we have limited the club during these months of organizational development is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the potential demand.

So we urge you — don't wait. If the four mystery novels in your first volume do not live up to expectations—then resign. You have that right at all times.

### DELUXE EDITION IF YOU DESIRE

Some people insist on exceptionally rich bindings for their bookshelves, and to satisfy them we have designed a really handsome Deluxe Edition for which we charge 50c extra a volume.

Make no mistake. The $2.00 Regular Edition is very good-looking, and the contents of course are exactly the same as in the $2.50 Deluxe Edition.

If you wish, however, you may have the Deluxe Edition, which is bound in a fine, linen-weave cloth, stamped in genuine gold and two colors, with tinted page tops, head and tail-bands, and decorative end-papers. The design is especially worked out to make a luxurious set for your library.

Suit yourself on your choice of editions, but be sure to indicate on the Enrollment Form below the edition you wish. And *do it now!* Mail coupon to Unicorn Mystery Book Club, 80 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

(Copyright 1945, Unicorn Mystery Book Club)

### THE UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB GUARANTEE

In each monthly volume we guarantee club members four selected mystery novels which cannot be bought elsewhere in book form at less than $2 00 to $2.50 apiece. We further guarantee that only Unicorn Mystery Book Club members can get this genuine $8.00 to $10.00 value at $2.00 plus mailing cost.

### THE FOUR MYSTERY NOVELS YOU RECEIVE THIS MONTH AS A MEMBER OF THE UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB

**A TIME TO DIE**
**By Hilda Lawrence**

A brutal murder committed in cold fury, with more horror to come. With skill and mounting suspense the author gives us an adult, thoroughly satisfying novel. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Don't miss it!" *Chicago Sun.*
"A-1 on all counts." *Saturday Review of Literature.*
"A must for you, and you, and you." *Chicago Daily Law Bulletin.*

★

**DEATH AND THE DEVIL**
**By Paul Whelton**

Wise-cracking, tough-minded reporter Garry Dean walks out of his job into a series of adventures that would curl the hair of a veteran police sergeant—if he had hair. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Fast! Tough! Tingling! Good to the last drip—of blood." *News of Books.*
"Smacks of Hammett and Jim Cain with a body and flavor all its own. Don't miss it." *New York Mirror.*
"A sizzling shocker with spine-tingling thrills." *Montgomery Advertiser.*

★

**THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN**
**By Kelley Roos**

A new Kelley Roos mystery in which the gay and the grim, the scintillating and the sinister are entertainingly woven about Jeff and Haila, those delightful partners in crime detection. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Bedlam of suspicion and fear . . . sprinkled with humor." *Philadelphia Record.*
"Out-of-the-ordinary characters . . . thrilling finish." *Providence Journal.*
"Exceptional job . . . unique characters and original tricks . . . both sinister and amusing." *Washington Times Herald.*

★

**BORN TO BE MURDERED**
**By Dennis Allan**

Hated by all his associates, his life always in jeopardy, Barton Brown, successful publisher, was found dead on a Central Park bench with a steel dart quivering in his back. Combines thrills and suspense with laughter and love. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Pin the blue ribbon on this one. Distinctly upper crust—a four-bell number." *Hoofs and Horns.*
"Sinister atmosphere, uncanny murderer . . . a mature and well written story." *Montgomery Advertiser.*
"First-rate job." *Newark Call.*

### ENROLLMENT FORM

**Unicorn Mystery Book Club**
**80 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn 1, New York**

Please enroll me as a member of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club, starting with the current monthly volume containing the four mystery novels described on this page. Each month hereafter you are to send me the club selection for that month.

I want my monthly volumes in the edition checked below:

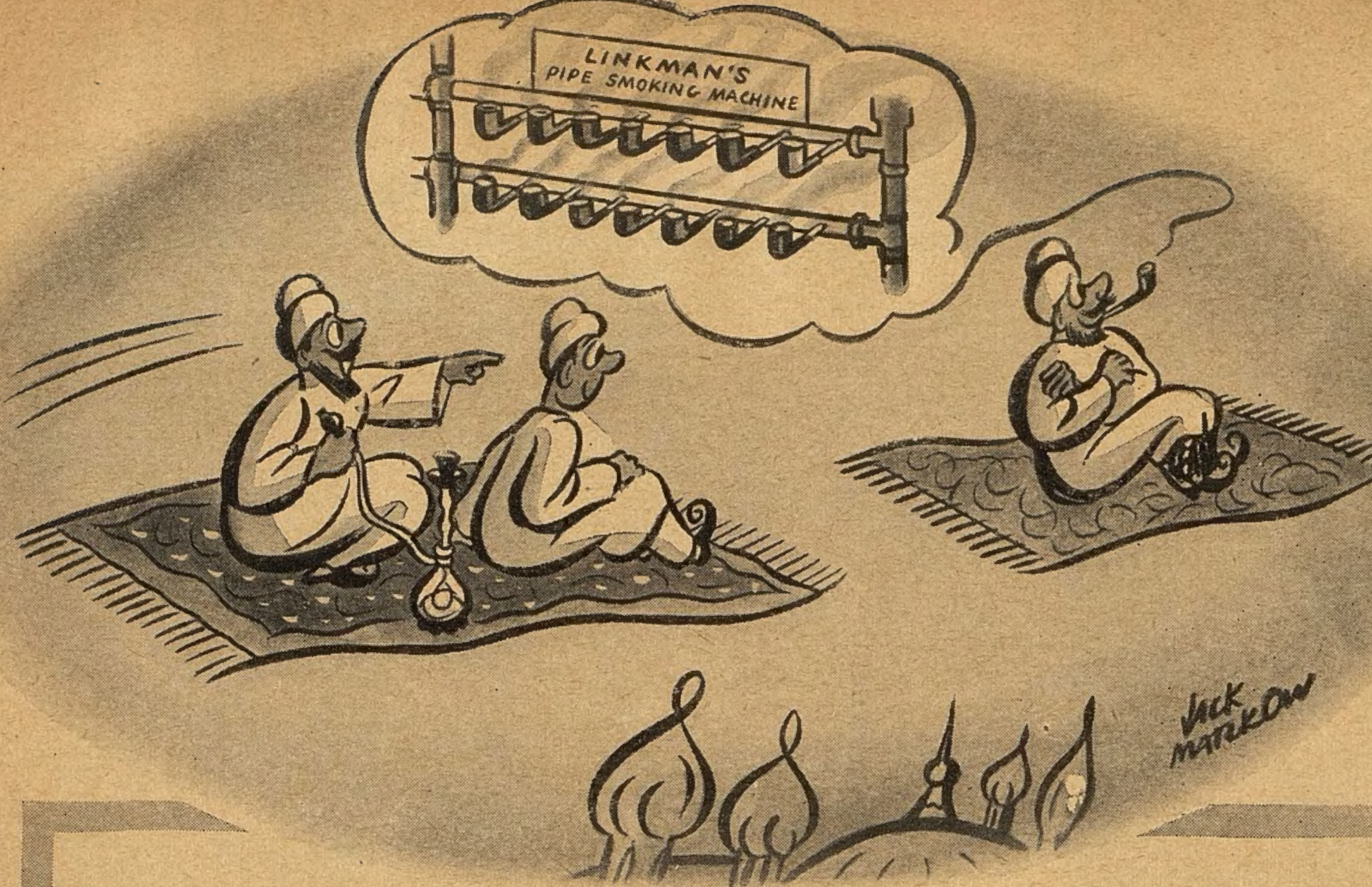
☐ **De Luxe Edition** ☐ **Regular Edition**

Within five days after I receive each monthly selection I will pay $2.00 plus 15c mailing cost for Regular Edition (or $2.50 plus 15c mailing cost for Deluxe Edition). *It is understood that I have the right to resign from the club at any time.*

**NAME**.......................................

**ADDRESS**.......................................

**CITY, ZONE, STATE**..............................215


LINKMAN'S
PIPE SMOKING MACHINE
JACK MARKOW

*"Follow that Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked Pipe"*

Pre-Smoked

DR. GRABOW
PIPES

**NO BREAKING IN**
**NO BITE**
**NO BITTER TASTE**

There is only one correct way to break in a new pipe and that is to smoke it with fine tobacco. Every Dr. GRABOW is *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco (Edgeworth) on Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine. Dr. GRABOW Pipes are scarce now... so many go to fighting men ... but you'll wisely ask your dealer to reserve one for you.

Supreme
DR GRABOW SUPREME
Tru-Grain
DR GRABOW TRU-GRAIN

Dr. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked*
DELUXE - $1.50 SUPREME - $2.00
TRU-GRAIN - $3.50
SELECT GRAIN - $5.00

*Fashioned by Linkman*

Dr. GRABOW PIPE C

# Are You A Mystery Novel Fiend?

## HERE IS YOUR CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

**TODAY we invite you to become a member of a great new book club. Mark the name well, because you will hear more of it—The Unicorn Mystery Book Club. Our invitation is one we think you will not be able to resist, a veritable chance of a lifetime for any real dyed-in-the-wool mystery novel fan.**

**Why are we so sure you will want to join? Because aside from other advantages you will receive four top-notch mystery novels each month: at least *eight dollars worth* of the finest mystery fiction. But you pay only *two dollars*—four for one—an absolutely unheard-of-bargain in the world of books.**

**You owe it to yourself to read the following details of the new club, keeping in mind that we are presently limiting membership to a comparative few—only 10,000 volumes a month—and that if you do not join at once you may find yourself only on a waiting list.**

### HERE IS THE WAY THE CLUB OPERATES

Every working day of the month our reading staff, composed of mystery fans just like you, sits down with stacks of mystery novels submitted to us by publishers all over the country. They read all day long, and they classify, grade, select and reject. Every single mystery novel recommended by the critics and by a reputable publisher is actually read. The only rule we enforce, in order to protect our members, is that *no novel is considered which has previously been sold at less than $2.00.* The novel need not be brand-new so long as it is comparatively recent, nor do we bar an exceptional novel that has been serialized in a magazine. But one thing we absolutely insist on—the genuine eight-dollar monthly value to our club members. We assure you that the novels selected are really choice, and we guarantee that you cannot buy them for less than two dollars apiece, or eight dollars in all—except through the club.

### FOUR BEST MYSTERIES EACH MONTH

Each month, after stacks of submitted novels have been read, we select the four best of the lot, bind them together, complete and unabridged, in one big beautiful 900-page book that we send to you. Yes, a real book, specially printed from the *original plates,* handsomely cloth-bound, and fit for a permanent place in your library.

See what time, money, and trouble you save! You no longer buy blindly, merely *hoping* you will get your money's worth. Our trained staff weeds out all the second-raters, chooses among the best, selects only the finest. Each month your postman hands the resulting volume to you, without fuss or feathers—and you are ready for more weeks of reading enjoyment.

Look to the panel at the right, telling about the novels selected this month. See for yourself the kind of mystery novel you can expect to receive, the titles, authors, and the raves of the critics. Yes, just read what the critics have said about our selections, and then *we dare you not to join.* A real mystery fan would pay many times the club price and know he was getting a bargain.

### NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE— YOU CAN RESIGN AT ANY TIME

If you join now we send the four novels described at the right, complete, and bound in one handsome volume. With the volume you receive a bill for $2.00 plus 15c mailing cost, which you pay in five days. And each month thereafter you receive four new mystery novels in the same way, with the same guarantee, and at the same cost.

*But note this! You can resign from the club any time at all!* You are under *no obligation* to buy four books a year, or eight books a year, or twelve books a year or any books at all. Any time you want to resign from the club you drop us a line saying so and that is all. You are never under obligation to continue as a member.

### DON'T WAIT OR HESITATE

Well, what more can we tell you—except of course to urge you to get in on a good thing now, while you can. The number of books to which we have limited the club during these months of organizational development is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the potential demand.

So we urge you — don't wait. If the four mystery novels in your first volume do not live up to expectations—then resign. You have that right at all times.

### DELUXE EDITION IF YOU DESIRE

Some people insist on exceptionally rich bindings for their bookshelves, and to satisfy them we have designed a really handsome Deluxe Edition for which we charge 50c extra a volume.

Make no mistake. The $2.00 Regular Edition is very good-looking, and the contents of course are exactly the same as in the $2.50 Deluxe Edition.

If you wish, however, you may have the Deluxe Edition, which is bound in a fine, linen-weave cloth, stamped in genuine gold and two colors, with tinted page tops, head and tailbands, and decorative end-papers. The design is especially worked out to make a luxurious set for your library.

Suit yourself on your choice of editions, but be sure to indicate on the Enrollment Form below the edition you wish. And *do it now!* Mail coupon to Unicorn Mystery Book Club, 80 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

(Copyright 1945, Unicorn Mystery Book Club)

### THE FOUR MYSTERY NOVELS YOU RECEIVE THIS MONTH AS A MEMBER OF THE UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB

A Time To Die
Hilda Lawrence

**A TIME TO DIE**
**By Hilda Lawrence**

A brutal murder committed in cold fury, with more horror to come. With skill and mounting suspense the author gives us an adult, thoroughly satisfying novel. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Don't miss it!" *Chicago Sun.*
"A-1 on all counts." *Saturday Review of Literature.*
"A must for you, and you, and you." *Chicago Daily Law Bulletin.*

★

Death and the Devil
Paul Whelton

**DEATH AND THE DEVIL**
**By Paul Whelton**

Wise-cracking, tough-minded reporter Garry Dean walks out of his job into a series of adventures that would curl the hair of a veteran police sergeant—if he had hair. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Fast! Tough! Tingling! Good to the last drip—of blood." *News of Books.*
"Smacks of Hammett and Jim Cain with a body and flavor all its own. Don't miss it." *New York Mirror.*
"A sizzling shocker with spine-tingling thrills." *Montgomery Advertiser.*

★

**THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN**
**By Kelley Roos**

A new Kelley Roos mystery in which the gay and the grim, the scintillating and the sinister are entertainingly woven about Jeff and Haila, those delightful partners in crime detection. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Bedlam of suspicion and fear . . . sprinkled with humor." *Philadelphia Record.*
"Out-of-the-ordinary characters . . . thrilling finish." *Providence Journal.*
"Exceptional job . . . unique characters and original tricks . . . both sinister and amusing." *Washington Times Herald.*

★

Born to be Murdered

**BORN TO BE MURDERED**
**By Dennis Allan**

Hated by all his associates, his life always in jeopardy, Barton Brown, successful publisher, was found dead on a Central Park bench with a steel dart quivering in his back. Combines thrills and suspense with laughter and love. $2.00 at bookstores.
"Pin the blue ribbon on this one. Distinctly upper crust—a four-bell number." *Hoofs and Horns.*
"Sinister atmosphere, uncanny murderer . . . a mature and well written story." *Montgomery Advertiser.*
"First-rate job." *Newark Call.*

### THE UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB GUARANTEE

In each monthly volume we guarantee club members four selected mystery novels which cannot be bought elsewhere in book form at less than $2 00 to $2.50 apiece. We further guarantee that only Unicorn Mystery Book Club members can get this genuine $8.00 to $10.00 value at $2.00 plus mailing cost.

### ENROLLMENT FORM

**Unicorn Mystery Book Club**
**80 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn 1, New York**

Please enroll me as a member of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club, starting with the current monthly volume containing the four mystery novels described on this page. Each month hereafter you are to send me the club selection for that month.

I want my monthly volumes in the edition checked below:

☐ **De Luxe Edition** ☐ **Regular Edition**

Within five days after I receive each monthly selection I will pay $2.00 plus 15c mailing cost for Regular Edition (or $2.50 plus 15c mailing cost for Deluxe Edition). *It is understood that I have the right to resign from the club at any time.*

NAME.........................................

ADDRESS.....................................

CITY, ZONE, STATE..............................215

No other rum possesses this rare and delicious "mountain flavor"

"The Window of Guayanilla," unique perforated cliff on Puerto Rico's south coast.

Distilled in the mountains high above the blue Caribbean, Ron Merito possesses a rare flavor, distinctive fragrance and delicate smoothness not found in any other rum. Tonight—try this taste-sensation from tropical Puerto Rico. You're making rum drinks at their finest when you make them with Ron Merito!

*Send for colorful 24-page recipe booklet*

Ron MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

For free recipe booklet write National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. S-25, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof.

(*Continued from page 6*)

at Anchorage, Alaska, was working with me.

We were in the cabin of the Thunder Mug, checking it for salvage, when a welder set fire to it. Seeing smoke coming from other compartments, we came out of that cabin on the double, and just as we emerged, it burst into flames.—*H. B. Smith.*

## COUNT THE STRIPES

Avon Park, Fla.—I'm not criticizing, but I just happened to notice that the illustration accompanying the short short story, Who's the Sucker? by Darrell Huff (August 25) is not exactly correct.

In the story the sergeant admits to nearly two years in the Pacific! Yet the artist, Herb Olsen, drew five overseas stripes on

the sergeant's sleeve. Ask any G. I. and he'll tell you that the sergeant should be credited with at least two and a half years —or nearly three—overseas service!—*Sgt L. T. Young.*

P.S.: Now don't tell me he spent the extra time in the ETO!

You took the words right out of our mouth!—Vox Pop Editor.

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Martinsburg, Ohio—After having carefully read What the G. O. P. Needs by John D. M. Hamilton (August 18), I have come to the conclusion that he is a very poor diagnostician. If the cure he prescribe were to be fully applied, it would finish th already stricken Republican Party.

In my opinion, he is wide of the mark when he says that "Landon, Willkie, an Dewey were defeated because they had n program for the people." The real reaso for their defeat was because the peopl had no faith in the organization behin the candidates. The voters know what the want, and they know how to get it. Regardless of the method used by the New Deal, it gave the people food and shelte when jobs were unavailable.

I think Mr. Hamilton makes a contradictory statement when he says the Republicans want a conservative who wi recognize that, "government must advanc with the times." That is liberalism, and what Willkie proclaimed all through h political career; yet he was shamefull persecuted and insulted by the organization.

I never voted for a Democrat in my li until 1944, when I voted a straight Democr ticket. And I shall not vote Republican until the party frees itself from the control such reactionaries as the Pews and the M Cormicks.—*Mrs. C. A. Dudgeon.*

Roselake, Idaho—I think Mr. John D. M Hamilton has hit the nail on the hea pretty squarely.

But the New Deal had one of the mo powerful, most ruthless political machin of any other American campaign duri the years of the Roosevelt administratio I am quite sure that Republican chanc for 1946 and 1948 are going to be far bett than in the past, what with the retu of the veterans from the fighting fron —*Lee C. Benson.*

# HEARability

## with "EVERY-SYLLABLE" Clarity

*for life's loveliest moments*

BEAUTIFUL, enchanting music! How many of life's loveliest moments one misses who cannot hear distinctly each magic note and tone!

That's why every deafened music lover . . . in fact, everyone with a hearing loss . . . will give grateful welcome to the new Super-Telex.

Here is a war-developed "new day" hearing aid which, we sincerely believe, provides the finest, clearest, near-natural, "Every-Syllable" clarity for all voices, of all keys, under all conditions, now available to the hard of hearing.

Super-Telex alone brings the extra power and extra fidelity that comes from *four* midget electron tubes in a "push-pull" circuit.

Neutral colored earpieces—first introduced by Telex—standard equipment. Telex instruments available in three shades: neutral flesh tint, soft pastel gray and standard black.

Compare Super-Telex. Highly personalized fittings available in home or office without obligation.

**for "EVERY-SYLLABLE" Hearing**

**TELEX**

*Hearing Centers from Coast to Coast*

*(Consult your telephone directory)*

**TELEX**

HEARING AT ITS BEST

New Hearing
THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF ELECTRONICS

**FREE** To get free our new informative and handsomely illustrated booklet, "New Hearing Through The Miracle of Electronics," fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Address: Dept. 1A, TELEX, Inc., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

Your name . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Street . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

City . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . State . . . . . . . . . . . .

Scripto
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The LONG-LEAD PENCIL
always sharp

The latest greatest Scripto pencil is America's smartest pencil buy!

POPULAR PRICED!

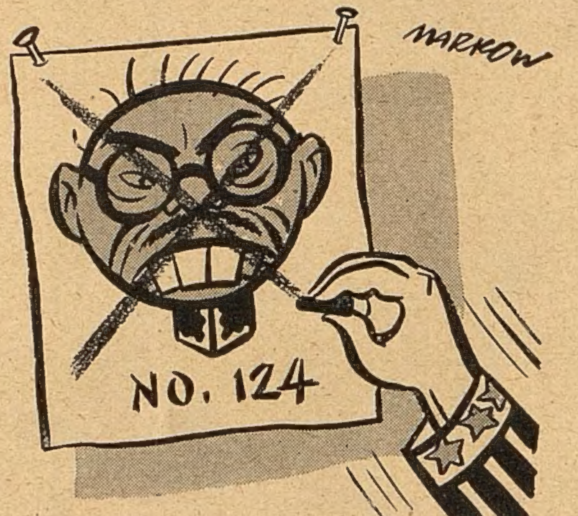
SCRIPTO MFG. COMPANY · ATLANTA, GA

# THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

*OSCAR WENTWORTH, Little Rock, Ark.* I don't know where you got your information, but there is absolutely no truth in any report that the Navy and the Army have been at loggerheads with each other in the Pacific. They worked together on the same job—the defeat of Japan. A few days before V-J Day, just as an example, some Army P-51 fighter planes on a "milk run" over Japan picked up a radio message from a U. S. sub that it was being attacked by three enemy ships and would welcome some help. The P-51s went down and sank the three Jap ships, and as they flew away they got another message from the sub:

"Boys, we love you. Good work and good luck."



**Splendid idea!**

* * *

*L. L., Boston, Mass.* Hirohito is the 124th Japanese emperor. I agree with you that it would be a splendid idea to make him the last.

* * *

*Wm. Lyons, S2/c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.* The scuttlebutt about new uniforms for Navy enlisted personnel is just that—scuttlebutt. The Navy's Uniform Board is now considering changes, but they will not take place, in all probability, until labor and materials are again available in plentiful supplies.

* * *

*Sgt. Robert McGovern, Luzon.* No, the base pay for privates will not become $21 a month, as it was before the war. The present pay is a result of the Pay Readjustment Act of 1942, and unless Congress repeals that and passes a new bill, Army and Navy pay will remain the same as it is now.

* * *

*Harold Green, PhM2/c, Pacific.* Only continuous active service counts toward eligibility for the Navy Good Conduct Award.

* * *

*Ex-Corporal, Berkeley, Calif.* No, don't be afraid. The Veterans Administration will not cut the monthly allowance that you are receiving while going to college, despite the fact that you have taken a part-time job. The only time they refuse the full allowance is when an ex-serviceman's job interferes with his getting an education.

* * *

*J. J. J., S1/c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.* No, service spent in the Army, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, National Guard, or Maritime Service does not count toward the time needed for a Navy hash mark—four years. Don't worry about your sister beating you to the hash mark, since no Wave could possibly become eligible for one before September, 1946.

* * *

*Sgt. George Cohen, China.* I agree with you 100 per cent that if Gypsy Rose Lee actually refused to travel from Detroit to New York in an upper berth because she "can't get undressed lying down," she should take a trip to where you are and see how men are living who formerly knew luxury as their way of life. However, the story is probably only some press agent's idea of a good gag.

* * *

*Sgt. Ross McAndrews, New York, N. Y.* If you are about to be discharged from the Army via the point system, your wife, who is in the Waves, can be released from the Navy upon application. She should submit some proof of your forthcoming discharge. A letter from your present Commanding Officer will do.

* * *

*T/Sgt. W. D. DeLess, Camp Blanding, Fla.* Your suggestion that the Army discharge men on a "first in, first out" basis would work a hardship on many men who have served long stretches in combat. It's a fact that there are things about the point system that are unfair, but after all, Sarge, what's fair about war? Whatever system is finally used to release men will work unfairly toward some men, and I believe the point system is the fairest to the most.

* * *

*Robert Parker, Mobile, Ala.* If you were discharged from the Army because you were over forty, you were entitled to mustering-out pay, despite the fact that the discharge was at your request. You also have all benefits coming to you that the G. I. Bill of Rights gives to any veteran.

* * *

*Pvt. Bill Hurdle, Fort Knox, Ky.* Britain's Queen Mary carried a total of more than 650,000 troops without convoy during the European war, and was one of the big reasons for the Allied success in Africa It was completely fitted out with guns, bu never fired them.

---

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your question about the Armed Forces. No names will b used without express permission. Address you letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 Wes 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

**BETTY HUTTON** *starring in* **INCENDIARY BLONDE** *a Paramount Picture in Technicolor.*

*With Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.*

*Conventional Radio — lacks color and richness. Something is missing.*

# More bewitching than ever—Betty Hutton in natural color tone on a great new radio

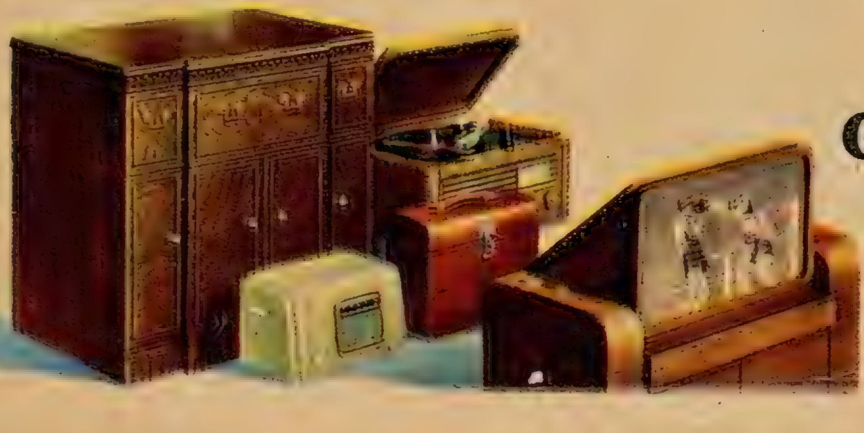
SHE'S dynamic—this merry madcap of song. Even more magnetic when you hear her vivid performance in the natural color tone of the coming General Electric radio.

On this revolutionary new radio you'll hear warm golden tones and delicate shimmering overtones lost on even the best present day conventional sets. Instrument and voice reach you in new clarity—every note . . . every syllable . . . fully rounded, vibrant with a new and breath-taking realism. You'll listen, enthralled, to flawless reception—unbelievably freed from the annoyance of static, fading and station interference.

**Everything in Radio and Television**

Whether you want a radio or radio-phonograph—an attractive table model or a fine period console—you'll discover tha[illegible]e coming General Electric radios surpass your greatest expectations.

Coming also are the revolutionary self-charging G-E portables, radio-phonographs with the amazing new G-E Electronic reproducer that reveals new beauty in recorded music, and G-E television receivers with pictures large enough for the most spacious living room. You'll want a General Electric because you want the finest.



**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

170-D8

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

**RADIOS**

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1894

Priced in steel $60 to $70 (10% Federal Tax Included); in 14Kt. or 18Kt. gold from $105 (20% Federal Tax Included), at selected jewelers.

UNIVERSAL GENEVA WATCH COMPANY
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 1405 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA
AND GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

COPYRIGHT 1944, UNIVERSAL GENEVA WATCH CO.

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

## GATES AND NAVAL AVIATION

IN 1941 Artemus L. Gates resigned his position as president of the New York Trust Company to take over as Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air. His interest in aviation and the Navy dates back to World War I, when he left Yale (where he was captain-elect of the football team) to go overseas. Commanding officer of the Naval Air Station at Dunkirk in 1918, he originated the present system of air-sea rescue when he saved a group of stranded English fliers in a singlehanded act of heroism that won him the Distinguished Service Medal, the French Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre, and the British Flying Cross. Recently promoted to the job of Under Secretary of the Navy, he is the author of CHRISTMAS JOYS—AND BURDENS—FOR THE NAVY.

## FREE-LANCING NEWSMAN

AFTER fourteen years with the New York Daily News as movie critic, sports editor, and columnist, Paul Gallico resigned in 1936 to learn the ropes as a news reporter. For three years he spent his summers in an English fishing village turning out fiction, and his winters reporting for the News and International News Service. The highest paid sports writer in New York when he switched to news, and the highest paid reporter in the field when he left the newspaper business, he's been free-lancing ever since, with time out last fall to go to Europe as war correspondent for Cosmopolitan Magazine. His latest short story, PUT IT OVER, appears in this week's issue.

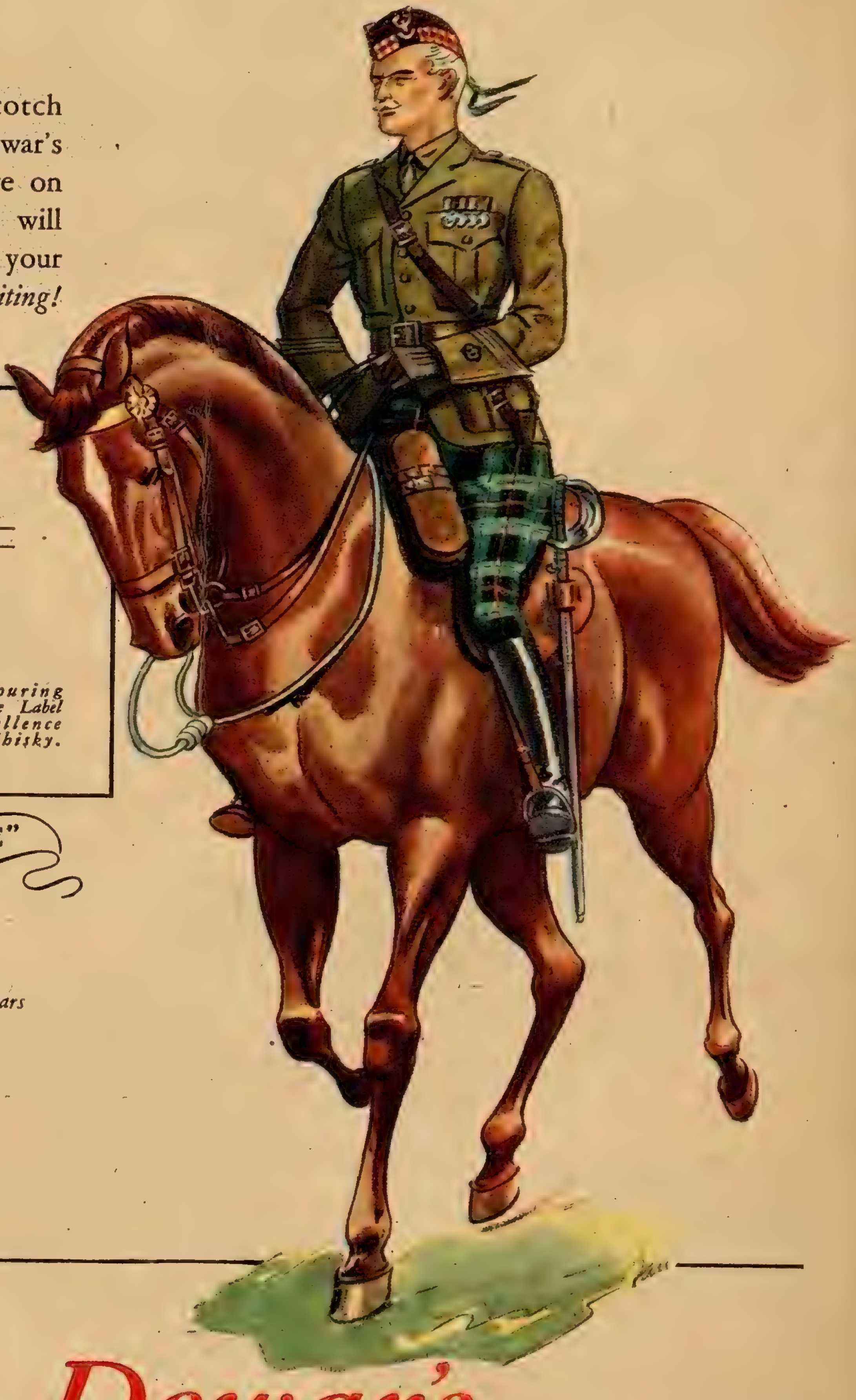
# NEXT WEEK

HE's the firebrand who kept German Communism alive all through the dark days of Gestapo rule, and he's STALIN'S CHOICE TO RULE GERMANY. Let Joachim Joesten introduce you to him. . . . Employers run, not walk, to sign contracts with Sidney Hillman's union. Morris Markey presents a challenging study of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and how they keep PEACE AMONG THE TAILORMEN. . . . NOW YOU SEE HIM—NOW YOU DON'T, says Eddy Dressen, and that's why snaring the wily bullfrog is hilarious sport. Here's how it's done. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE IRON GATES, by Margaret Millar, is the hair-raising story of an unsolved murder that rose to terrorize a second wife.

# *For Distinguished Service*

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY VICTORY BONDS

IF reconnaissance at your favorite Scotch Headquarters shows there is no Dewar's on hand, be patient. Reinforcements are on their way. And Dewar's superb quality will score another unconditional victory for your good taste—*and for your good judgment in waiting!*



HONOURS OF
*The Seaforth Highlanders*
*(Ceremonial Parade Dress)*
*Carnatic—Hindoostan—Cape of Good Hope, 1806—Kabul, 1878—Afghanistan, 1878, 80—Egypt, 1882—Armentieres, 1914—Cambrai, 1917, 18—Baghdad*

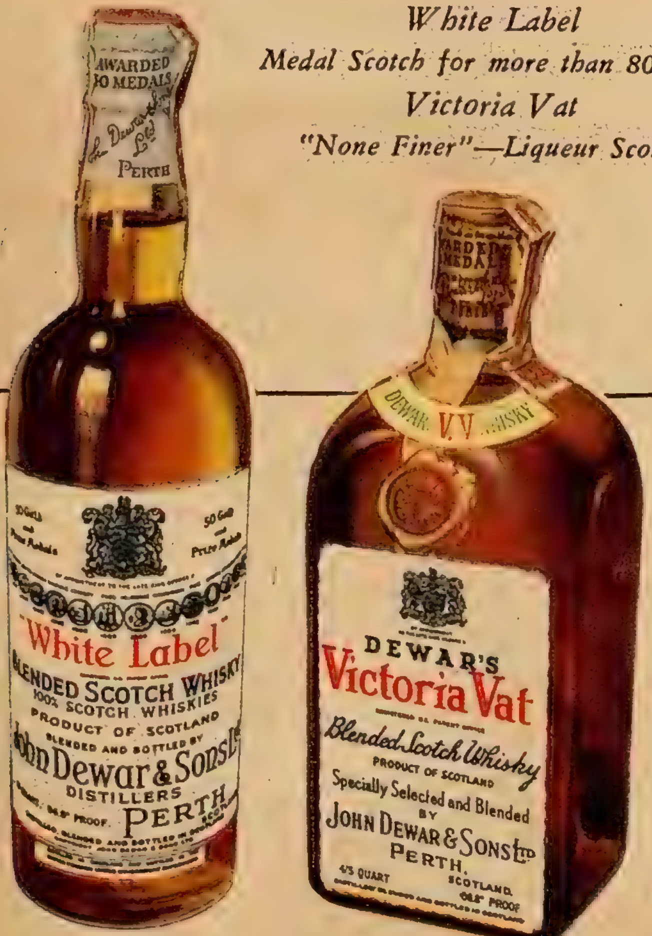
HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"

*GrandPrize...Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. This is one of the more than 60*

*medals honouring Dewar's White Label for its Excellence in Scotch Whisky.*

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

*White Label*
*Medal Scotch for more than 80 years*
*Victoria Vat*
*"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch*


AWARDED 60 MEDALS
PERTH
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
DEWAR'S V.V. WHISKY
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
Specially Selected and Blended BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH, SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF

# Dewar's
# "White Label"
## *and "Victoria Vat"*

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • Copyright 1945, Schenley Import Corporation, New York

WEAREVER
PACEMAKER
STAND-OUT
*in 3 new ways*

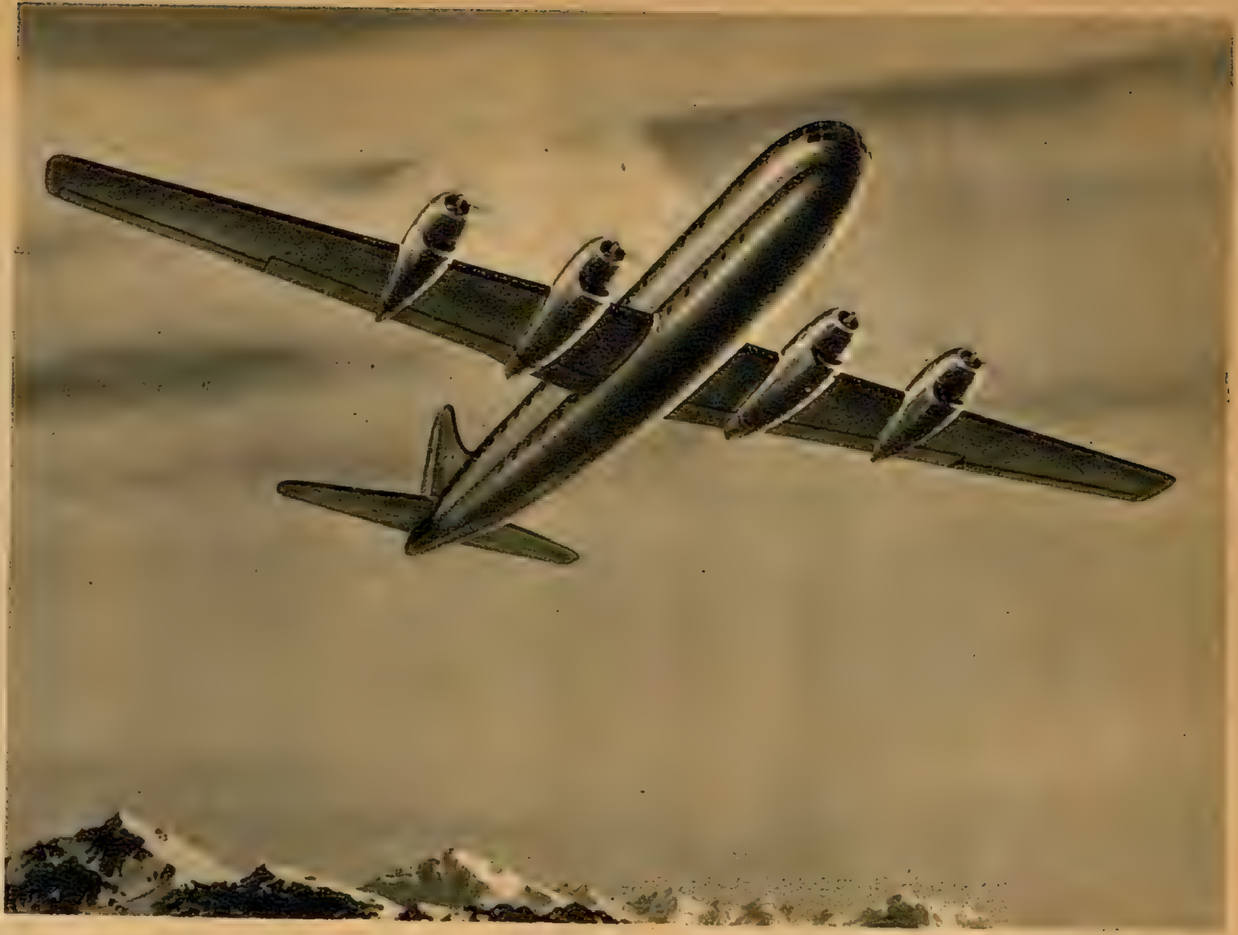
$2.75

Wearever Pacemaker set in fine gift box, **$3.75**

1. **NEW VALUE:** 14 Karat Gold point; larger ink capacity; "C-Flow" feed; telescope-precision construction.
2. **NEW "WRITE-ABILITY":** Finest, smoothest-writing pen ever made by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer.
3. **NEW BEAUTY:** Advance, fit-the-hand design, interpreted in distinctive pearly stripes. In maroon, golden brown, green and black; with matching pencil. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Established 1896)

*Other famous WEAREVER selections: DeLuxe Pen $1.00, set $1.90; Zenith Pen $1.95, set $2.75. WEAREVER Refill Leads*

*By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer*



A spectacular example of what commercial aviation should soon amount to: the Boeing 377 Stratocruiser, first postwar super-transport to be actually built.

# ON THE BEAM

**How will the atomic bomb affect military aviation, and what's in store for our aircraft industry? A look into peacetime prospects**

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

MUCH has been written about the atomic bomb and its effects upon the future affairs of mankind. Your On the Beam editor will leave it to others to discuss the political ramifications, for perhaps it is in that realm that the atomic bomb is to find its most important role. But its effect upon aviation will be relatively great also, and I can pass along some pertinent observations in this narrower sphere.

When the news of the atomic bomb broke throughout the world, I recalled a cryptic remark made to me by a high Army official a few weeks earlier as we were flying northward from Eglin Field in Florida where I had seen some of the Air Forces' newest and hottest aerial weapons. (But not the atomic bomb!)

"Perhaps the piloted military airplane has reached its highest peak of development in this war," he said. "More than one important instrument of war was introduced in World War I but not developed until this war. Perhaps the new things just being introduced in this war will prove to be the big developments of the next." I assumed we were merely talking about buzz bombs and rockets. I know better now.

It seems unquestionable, now, that the development of the atomic bomb relegates to *lesser* importance vast fleets of combat airplanes of many types. By no means will the military airplane as we have known it in this war disappear, for, as far as can now be definitely foreseen, the atomic bomb must be carried by air, and there will be many defensive and offensive uses for various types of fighting aircraft. But the atomic bomb will result in quite a reshuffling of the whole military aviation picture.

It should now be clear that every American has an even greater personal interest in research than ever before, and that aviation is uppermost in importance.

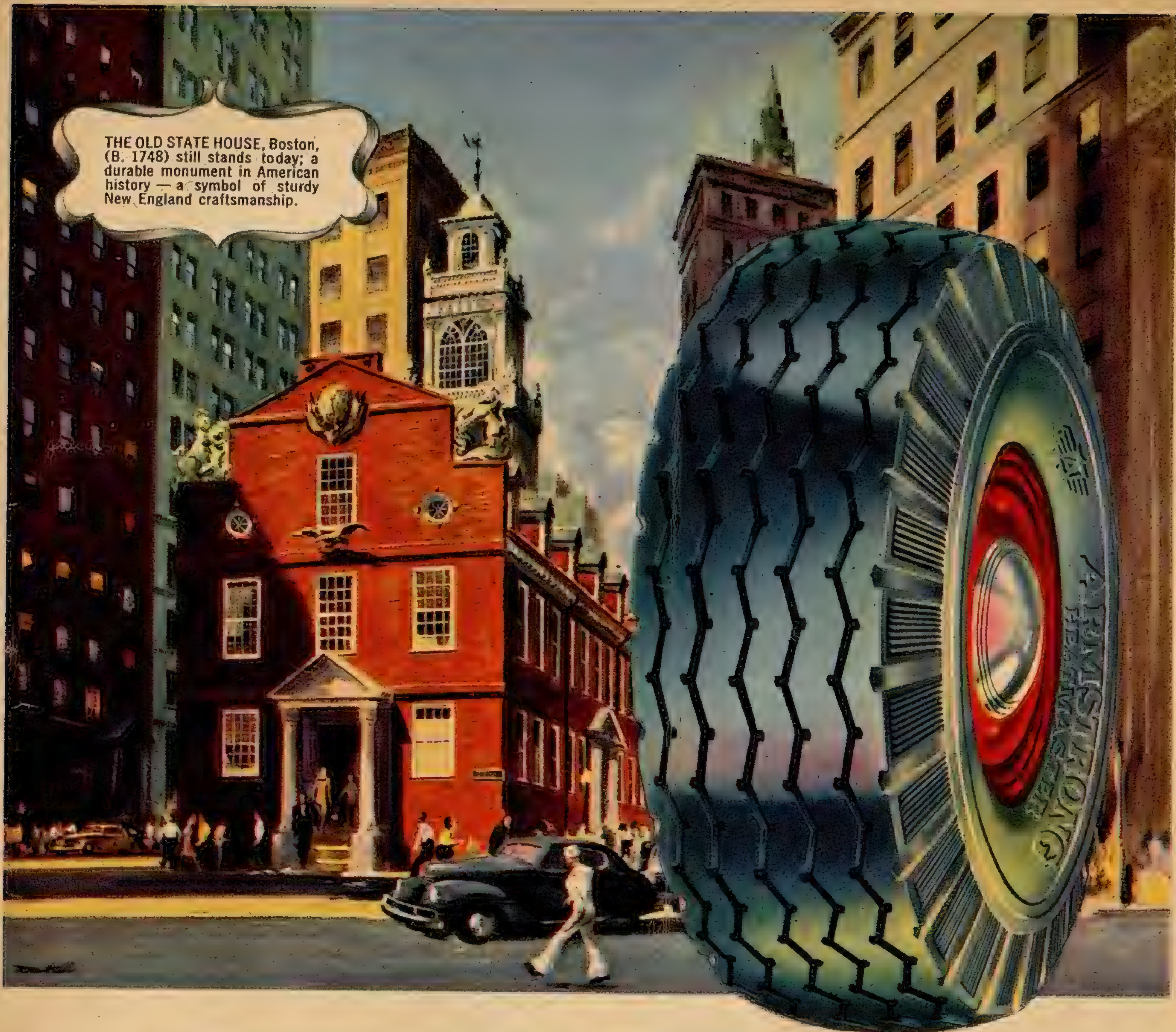
Much as the public has learned about the intricacies of aviation in the past few years, it probably doesn't yet appreciate the vast cycles of expansion and depression which have hit the aircraft industry in years past, and which again confront the industry today.

Only a few years ago, a year before the European war started in 1939, aircraft manufacturing was forty-fourth in size among our industries. The candy, the cigarette, the automobile, and many other industries were bigger. Last year the U. S. aircraft industry was the largest industry ever known in the world. It surpassed everything. Then, a few days after V-J Day, it slumped far down the scale as approximately 94 per cent of its volume suddenly vanished through the cancellation of military orders.

No other industry in the nation expands or contracts so rapidly or so much as does military aircraft production. There are other wartime industries, of course, but in point of dollar volume there is nothing to equal aircraft. Added to this is the fact that many other wartime industries reconvert to peacetime operations. The peacetime aviation business is relatively quite small. Many aircraft plants are now closed, or all but closed. They'll remain closed as far as aircraft production is concerned.

Within one month our enormous wartime aircraft manufacturing industry contracted to something like its prewar status. In actual dollar volume of business it is substantially higher than it was in 1938, and will remain so, but the downward slide was abrupt. The nation owes much to the nucleus of executives and engineers who expanded their companies to unprecedented heights when they, and the mili-

(*Continued on page 16*)



THE OLD STATE HOUSE, Boston, (B. 1748) still stands today; a durable monument in American history — a symbol of sturdy New England craftsmanship.

# Down thru the decades...

In New England, durability has always been the keynote of craftsmen and artisans. And this appreciation of sturdiness and long life made the reputation of the Armstrong Tire among thrifty New Englanders long before the rest of the country had heard of it.

» For 33 years, they have bought Armstrongs because they know that traditional New England custom-type manufacture endows these tough, long-lasting, money-saving tires with more miles per dollar! And their judgment of values has been backed up by scores of commercial fleet operators, who buy Armstrongs for both cars and trucks on the basis of careful competitive tests.

» With our return to civilian production Armstrong will again be offering motorists a new standard of tire value—the greatest mileage at the lowest cost in history — a feat made possible by amazingly efficient manufacture and a new, economic method of distribution!

* * *

**FREE — write today for your copy of**

**"HOW TO PRESERVE YOUR TIRES"**

*Learn many tricks employed by the smartest car fleet operators to make their tires last. It's yours for the asking. Address Armstrong Rubber Company, Dept. L3, West Haven 16, Conn.*

# ARMSTRONG TIRES

Specialists in Quality Tires and Tubes since 1912 · Plants: West Haven, Conn. · Natchez, Miss. · Des Moines, Iowa

Taste an Old-fashioned Treat at its Best

SUN-MAID RAISIN PIE

*Recipe*

**RAISIN PIE**—Combine 2¾ cups water, 1 box Sun-Maid Raisins (Seedless Nectars or Seedless), 1 stick cinnamon, 2 tsp. lemon juice, ¼ cup molasses, 2 tsp. cider vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. ground cloves. Simmer 15 min. Remove cinnamon stick. Add 6 tbs. sugar and 2½ tbs. cornstarch gradually, stirring. Cook until mixture thickens. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Place strips of pastry over top, lattice fashion. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) for 25 min.

Sun-Maid Raisin Quality is Controlled from Vineyard to Grocery to Assure Superior Flavor

SUN-MAID RAISINS
SUN-MAID RAISINS

- Sun-Maid's Natural Sweetness Saves Sugar
- Distributed to Grocers Everywhere
- Made from Nature's Finest Grapes
- Scientifically Cleaned and Packed
- Constantly Checked for Freshness

*(Continued from page 14)*

tary, knew that the day the war ended the contraction would be greater and more severe than any industry had ever known.

But there are two things to remember now. One is that research and continued development of such items as jet propulsion and atomic bombs is of the greatest importance and must not be stopped just because the shooting has ended. Mankind benefits in many ways from such scientific research. And, along the same lines, we must keep a certain amount of military aircraft production going, for our Air Forces, no matter how much smaller they may be, will have to have the best equipment we can build.

The second important thing to consider is commercial aviation. Up to, and including, the wartime just ended, military aviation has been in the background of every civil or commercial aviation development. It started with the Army's carrying of the air mail after World War I. It prompted the launching of commercial air lines and building of airports—all in the name of national defense. We developed commercial aviation because it would aid the national defense and at the same time contribute to our peacetime economy.

The public has now accepted aviation in a big way. Private flying will boom, perhaps too fast for its own good. Scheduled air transport in this country and throughout the world will develop soundly and rapidly.

Commercial aviation no longer needs to be stimulated, prodded, and encouraged because of national defense needs. Commercial aviation is now getting under its own power and is big enough to walk (or fly!) by itself. Thus it will provide military aviation with the needed backlog of plants, facilities, and personnel, and at the same time will pay its own way in the commercial and economic world.

SO the war has ended with aircraft manufacturing industry shrunk into a miniature of its wartime dimensions, but in a far stronger position, relatively, than it was before the war began. Many companies will have difficult times adjusting themselves. Some well-known aviation names may well disappear from the industrial scene. But commercial orders for transport, cargo, and private airplanes are substantial, and the demand will grow. Firms like Douglas, Boeing, Lockheed, and Glenn L. Martin are not pessimistic. Even though their dollar business will be, for a while, but a minor fraction of their 1944 output, the remaining business will be solid and capable of increasing through the years.

The war hasn't done much to change the industry alignment. The automobile companies which contributed their share to building warplanes are happy enough to get out of aircraft building and return to the jobs they know best. No vast new aviation empires have appeared. It's pretty much like a family which gave a large community picnic. When the food ran out, the guests departed and the family was left to clean up and resume living in a normal way.

We must retain a strong military aviation, but from now on the aviation scene will be dominated by the spectacular coming growth of air transportation at home and overseas, by a myriad of air-freight ventures, and by a greatly expanded private flying field. Your On the Beam editor will have much to tell you shortly about each of these, and especially about the men who are going to make America the most air-minded and the most air-traveling nation on earth. And don't worry—you'll either be flying your own airplane or be traveling by air. Or maybe both. Who knows?

*of course we'll*

**"KEEP 'EM FLYING"**

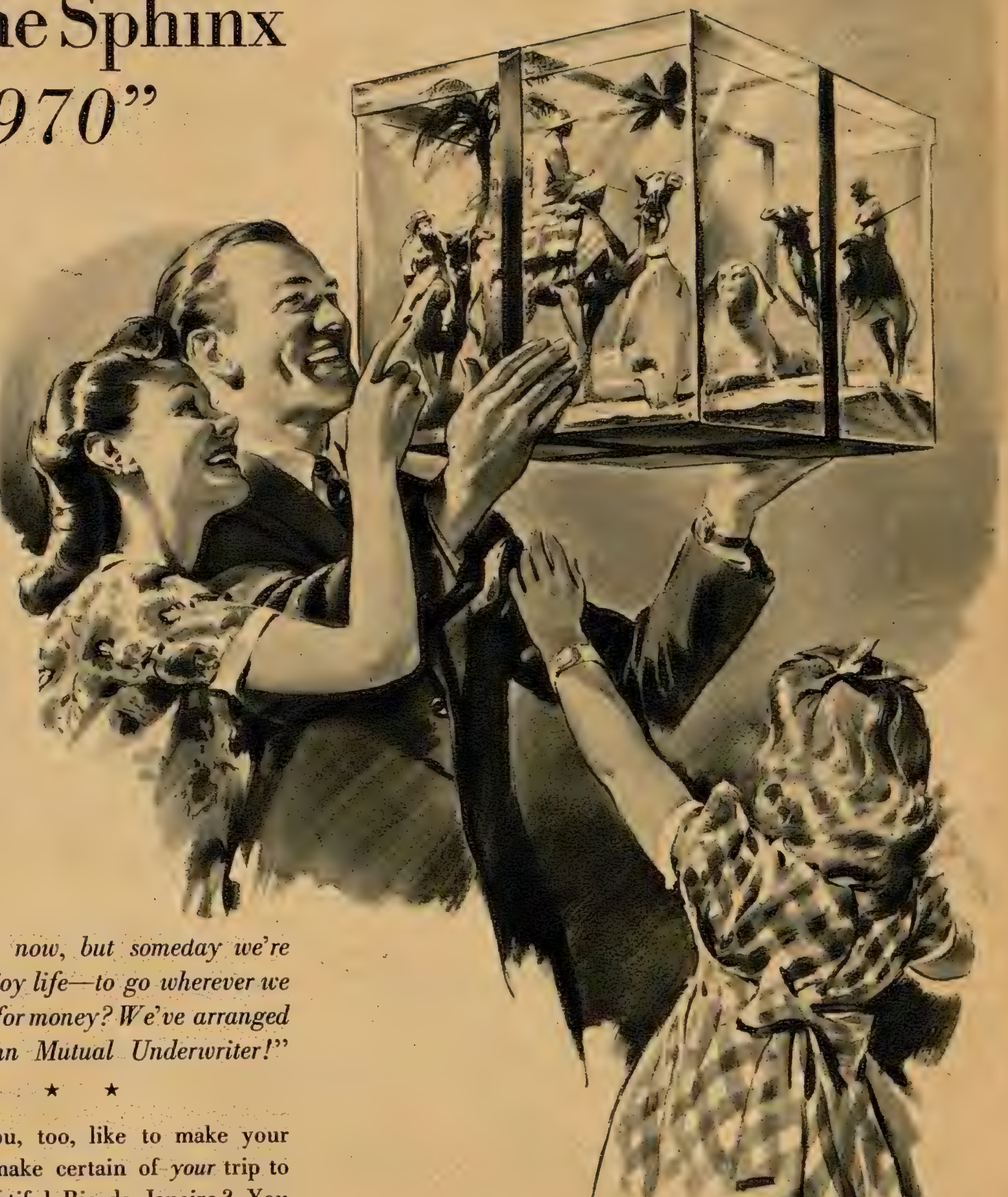
Air Power has clearly demonstrated its vital role in helping to terminate the greatest struggle that man has waged against man. » »

So, too, Air Power is Peace Power, for by the lessons learned through war's testing needs, there have accrued such accelerated developments of safety, comfort, and efficiency, that this mighty power is further strengthened to guard the rights of all. » »

Years of experience in creating the famous P-47 Thunderbolt to exacting specifications of the Army Air Forces, and engineering and development work in the constantly broadening channels of aircraft construction, have developed a highly skilled group of scientifically trained workers here at Republic. We will continue to build planes needed to police and maintain world peace, and in addition, shall apply the energies of our seasoned personnel to the building of a line of aircraft for the peace time markets. Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, L. I.

**REPUBLIC AVIATION**
CORPORATION
*Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt*

# "We have a date with the Sphinx ...*in 1970*"



*"We can't take trips now, but someday we're going to be free to enjoy life—to go wherever we wish. What will we do for money? We've arranged all that with the Penn Mutual Underwriter!"*

★ ★ ★ ★

WOULDN'T you, too, like to make your dream come true—to make certain of *your* trip to ancient Thebes or beautiful Rio de Janeiro? You may wish to retire to a quiet cottage by the sea—raise spaniels and collect postage stamps. Whatever your ambitions, a Retirement Income policy, *bought now*, will help you realize them.

Ask a Penn Mutual Underwriter to show you what he has done for so many other men and women. With no obligation on your part, he will explain Retirement Income to you, and also advise you about your broad insurance program, including such factors as Social Security and the often neglected matter of inheritance taxes.

**THE PENN MUTUAL**
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
FOUNDED 1847
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE
STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

**Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter**

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Rep. John E. Rankin, gentleman from Mississippi. Like him or loathe him, you can't ignore him—he's the all-American earache.

# The Rancorous Mr. Rankin

## BY STANLEY FRANK

**The strange case of the man who rides into Congress on a measly 7,000 votes and screams his hatred of millions of Americans, yet remains a powerhouse in U. S. government**

"WHEN you do a piece about Rankin, you must keep one thing in mind," our Washington bird dog said. "He represents the people of Mississippi, and he does a damn good job of it."

This crack, as inflammatory as the man himself, has been known to provoke brawls in bars and on the floor of the House of Representatives, to which John E. Rankin has been elected for thirteen consecutive terms. Adherents to such institutions as the poll-tax law, Southern white supremacy, and state rights view Rankin as a knight in shining armor defending the true faith. But Southern liberals join progressive Northerners in denouncing him as the No. 1 bigot, hatemonger, and native-born fascist in America. They call him the most dangerous man in public life.

Whether you like or loathe Rankin, you cannot ignore him; the man is the all-American earache. The least controversial characterization is that he's the most influential member of the House.

For he is the hatchet man and mouthpiece of a formidable bloc of reactionary Southern Democrats and anti-New Deal Republicans who can kill liberal legislation or effectively obstruct its passage. No congressman wields a bigger package of predictable votes, and Rankin doesn't hesitate to throw his weight around to defend the laws that protect vested privilege in the deep South. Familiar with all the dodges of parliamentary procedure, he can also call his shots in initiating bills, thanks to close association with Georgia's Ed Cox of the House Rules Committee, whose attitude he reflects—with sound effects.

As chairman of the Veterans Committee, Rankin wields enormous control over billions of dollars and the nation's hopes for the rehabilitation of 12,000,000 returning servicemen. Opponents accuse him of using the traditional grievances of veterans to foment his anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, and anti-labor crusades. The revival of the late unlamented Dies Committee was a Rankin *coup d'état*. Now a permanent agency as a result of his slick conniving, the Committee on Un-American Activities gives him a perfect sounding board for spreading suspicion and disunity. John Elliott Rankin is indeed a powerful and persistent voice in Congress.

His is by all odds the loudest voice in the land, too, in relation to the number of popular votes he commands. In 1920, when he was first elected, Lawyer Rankin of Tupelo received 10,400 votes from the First Mississippi District, which had a population of 200,158. By 1942 the district's census had risen to 263,367 and Rankin was re-elected without a struggle by polling a mere 7,079 votes—less than 3 per cent of the population.

The joker, or gimmick, is the poll tax, of course. Mississippi, the poorest state in the Union, has one of the highest poll taxes, two dollars, which eliminates all but 13 per cent of the people enfranchised—in theory—by the Constitution. Mississippi also has a larger proportion of Negroes than any other state—almost half the population. Rankin's fear that the Negro would dominate unrestricted voting drives him even to sacrifice his cherished prestige as the champion of veterans' rights in order to maintain white supremacy.

(*Continued on page 64*)

**Why was he always IT — always the goat for others' errors when the chips were down? On Okinawa, Speed found the answer. Only now the chips were men's lives, and not just the ball game**

K COMPANY of the Ninety-sixth Infantry, moving in the center of the line attacking on the outskirts of Yunagasuku on Okinawa, found itself temporarily hung up before a Japanese strong point, a deep cave cut into a small mound topped by pine and scrub, commanding a wide sweep of open ground over which the doughboys would have to pass to maintain their position relative to the flanks where the advance was proceeding at a faster rate, and there was hell to pay.

The colonel was damning the major, the major was taking it out on the captains, and the bitter complaints and angry exhortations were finally reaching the ears of the young lieutenant, the surviving officer of K Company, via the walkie-talkie. The lieutenant had already lost his captain and nine men of the company to Japanese machine guns firing from their impregnable position in the cave and making the advance over open ground a deathtrap. He had been forced to withdraw the company to cover, leaving the ten men, dead and wounded, out in the open. Two litter bearers who tried to reach them were killed.

But, worse, the hold-up in the center was exposing more men to fire on the flanks, and the colonel was raging. The advance had been nicely calculated, too nicely, for G-2 had failed to note the strong point, and what had been planned as part of the routine grind of the hard daily warfare that would eventually end Japanese resistance on the island was threatening to turn into trouble.

It was one of those actions which, if successful, would not even find its way into the nightly communiqué. It was also one of those moments of the bitter warfare on the islands where the usual means of dealing with the machine-gun nest were not available. The tanks were involved farther west with troubles of their own, and the artillery was engaged in spraying the ridge several miles to the south where any let-up in the barrage would have been fatal to the entire line.

The lieutenant was doing his best under the circumstances, exposing himself recklessly to fire in his attempts to solve the problem and solve it quickly.

Two men with a flame thrower crawled up and got themselves killed before they could get their weapon into action, and he lost four more of a party that went around trying to flank the mound. He was not afraid to die himself, but each man he lost was worse than death to him, and over all was the fear of failure and the price in lives that would be expected.

There was one solution to the mess, of which they were all aware. They had all seen the dark spot of the opening to the cave about the size of the upper part of a man's body, half concealed behind small scrub bushes. A hand grenade pitched in there would do the trick. But it would have to be some pitch. The lieutenant made up his mind to try it. If he could take the slugs that would tear through his body and still keep on going to the mouth of the opening, well, what the hell.

He told the sergeant of his decision. The sergeant spat cotton and said, "That's nutty. You'd never make it. Suicide is for Japs. We're supposed to be smarter." He leaned on his elbows and looked over the terrain, the mound, the small dark opening, the still figures on the ground in front of it. He said, "Hey, I'll bet Speed could throw one in there from twenty-five yards. He'd have a chance. Pass the word back for Flensbaugh."

The word was passed back. In a few moments, Ed Flensbaugh, better known to baseball fans as Speed, the sensational young fireball pitcher of the Titanics, crawled up, sweat-stained and dust-covered. He was a tall lanky farm boy with a long jaw and hard eyes and a pair of hands that made the M-1 around which they were wrapped look like a carbine. The sergeant explained his idea: crawl forward while they tried to keep the Nips busy with covering fire. Then stand up and throw a strike into the hole.

The other men, crouched and flattened in the vicinity, turned their tired, frightened eyes on him and one of them said, "Attaboy, Speed. Chuck one right down the alley."

Speed was angry, bitterly angry. He said, "Yeah, you got any more bright ideas? Where the hell are the tanks?"

The lieutenant explained the tactical situation and added, "It's a volunteer job, Speed. You don't have to try it."

Speed said, "Damn right I don't. Get a couple of bazooka boys."

Someone said, "Rabinowitz and Martin got it from a mortar. There ain't nothin' left of the bazooka."

A fighter bomber, the best the colonel could do at the moment in support, sailed over the rim and dropped a five-hundred-pounder squarely on the mound. It went off with a roar and a fountain of black smoke and yellow dust infiltrated with chunks of trees and fragments of scrub. Before the stuff had settled, the Japs inside the cave fired a burst that kicked up the dirt of the open ground, just to show that they hadn't minded. The walkie-talkie began to squawk and the corporal manning it said, "The colonel says get going. C Company is being chewed up."

Nobody spoke, and in the silence the Japanese machine gun made pointed remarks against the *poom-poom-poom* of the tanks quarreling off to the right and the guns thudding behind them. Out of the grimy sunken faces of the infantrymen the liquid whites of their eyes glittered. Speed hated them all. But he let out a stream of tobacco juice and said, "O. K. I try it."

The dogfaces talked it up. "Atty, ol' Speed. Lay one right down the middle."

"Put it over, boy."

"Make it a good pitch."

"The old strikearoo."

BLACK rage burned in Speed's heart as he struggled out of his pack and prepared for the attempt. The fragments of baseball chatter had awakened memories, memories of a day when seventy thousand voices had chanted at him in unison, "Put it over! Put it over!" the last World Series in which he had pitched, two years ago, for the Titanics against the Gray Sox, and in which he, the pitching find of the year, had proved to be a colossal flop when the chips were down.

And the old questions were burning inside him, adding to the flames of anger. Why him? Why was the responsibility always loaded on his shoulders? Why, after others had snafued the detail, was it put up to him? "Losing Pitcher: Flensbaugh." And the raucous, squawking, ceaseless, booming bellyaching of the crowd in the stands calling upon him to do something. And he was remembering how he had hated them all, a hatred that somehow had got into his arm muscles when he hadn't wanted it to do so. He had aimed to win that last game.

He remembered the season when he had joined the Titanics and was hailed as a sensation for pitching them into the pennant with twenty-one victories. He was young and ambitious, his right arm was like coiled steel, but his mind was not yet limber. There were a lot of things he didn't understand or know about the game, how to act, or how to take breaks. Such as, for instance, the envious criticism of certain sports writers who didn't follow the line of adulation taken by most, the ones who said he could chuck a fast apple, but the competition that was left wasn't so hot and the old-timers would have murdered him. Or the one who was complimentary about his arm but had reservations about his heart, and who wrote, "Speed is so far out in front of the talent that nobody's really seen how he behaves in the clutch when the going gets tough. There's something in the make-up of the guy that doesn't quite add up."

Well, they'd seen him flop in the clutch when the chips were down, but whose fault had it been?

THE power of the emotion seething within him took him back to that September afternoon in the stadium, standing on the mound in the last half of the ninth inning with the final and deciding game of the Series in the bag. The Titanics were leading, four to three, and the tag end of the Grays' batting order was coming up, Woods and Miskow, who hadn't hit him all day, and probably Blaskowitz to pinch-hit for the pitcher. And he wasn't worrying about a man coming to bat cold against him. Blaskowitz would need to look him over a couple of times before he could hope to connect. Three out! The Series victory, the write-ups, and the dough! That was the way to leave 'em to go into the Army. He could ask for plenty when he returned.

Woods and Miskow tied themselves into knots swinging two down. Standing out there on the mound, facing Blaskowitz, flipping the ball into his glove while he read the signals of Horse Heflin, his catcher, Speed could feel the movement of some of the crowd of seventy thousand in the stands as they began to be sucked toward the exits. *They* knew it was as good as over.

The disaster, as reported in the play-by-play account of the Associated Press, was brief and tragic: "Crucci played Blaskowitz too far to the left, and the Grays pinch hitter slapped a single past the Titanic second baseman. Wickhorst tapped an easy grounder to Crucci, who juggled the ball for his only error of the Series, putting men of first and second. When Gabriski sacrificed, Horse Wilson lived up to his name by overrunning the slow roller and coming up with the ball in his hand to find the bases loaded."

When the smoke cleared away the fans were back in their seats, and Speed found himself facing Joe DeSola, the big Gray Sox clean-up hitter, and the loss of the Series on the bases. He wasn't scared. He knew that any kind of hit meant the ball game, but at the same time there was a force-play set-up at every bag. He felt confident. But he was overcautious about

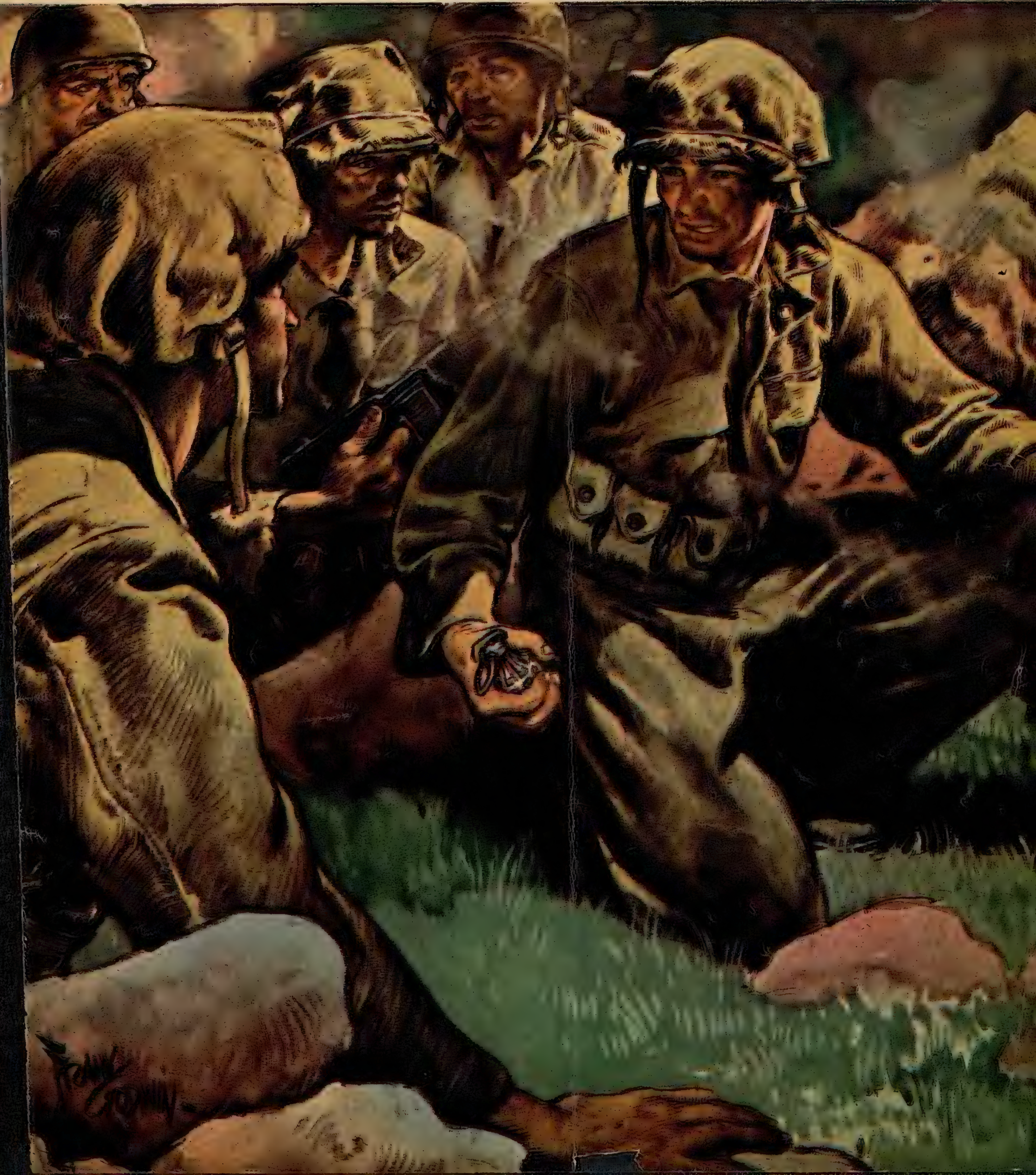
(*Continued on page 58*)

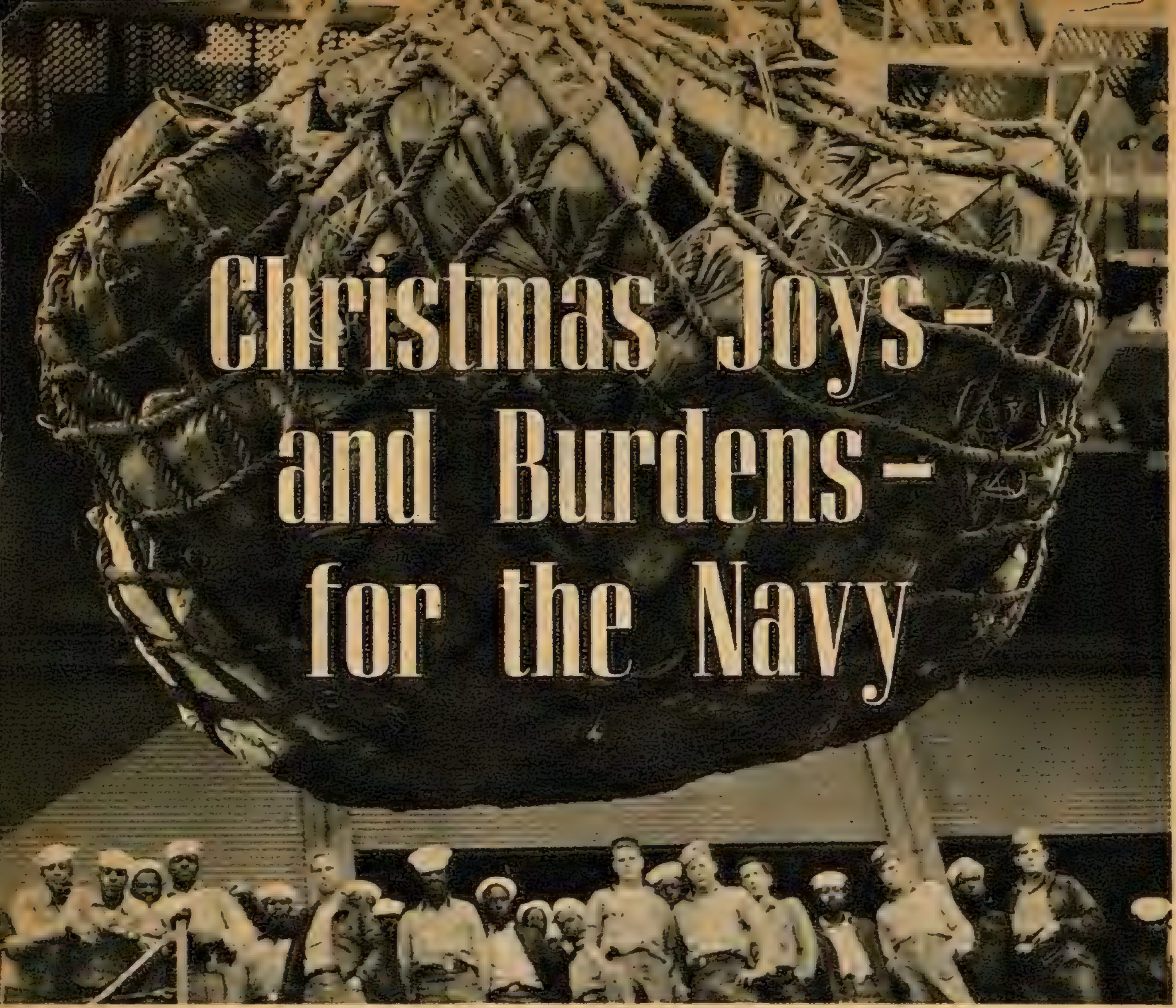
# PUT IT OVER

### BY PAUL GALLICO

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

There was something in the sergeant's face that stopped him cold. It was the realization that men who are in trouble in a war do not lie.





# Christmas Joys—and Burdens—for the Navy

Admittedly, our Navy has done a superb job of fighting a war, but now it's ready to say uncle. A high Navy official tells you why you'll have to spread Christmas over the year

### BY UNDER SECRETARY ARTEMUS L. GATES

GIVING presents at Christmastime is one of the cherished customs men have given their lives to preserve.

But American generosity at the Christmas season has created a tremendous burden for the Navy. The seagoing Santa's back is about to break under a pack bursting with presents which are in great part unwanted and often delivered in a doubtful condition, when they can be delivered at all.

As far as the Navy is concerned, Christmas could better be spread throughout the year. Even though the war has ended, the Navy is still forced to ask Americans not to concentrate their gift shipments to the men and women of the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard overseas, but to make it Christmas the year round, and to make sure that any parcels they send are really wanted. The best present at any time is a letter from home; it's incomparably more valuable than a moldy plum pudding which may reach a Pacific atoll on a stifling day.

In the Christmas season of 1944, America sent 23,000,000 packages to Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard personnel, a 200-per-cent increase over the 7,481,000 parcels handled the year before. Unless the public restrains itself in the coming season, our facilities will be swamped under about 50,000,000 packages, an average of a dozen for each person in the naval services!

This means a tremendous physical burden, especially at the fleet post office in San Francisco. Last fall, San Francisco handled as many as 30,000 sacks of parcel post daily, and 65,000 sacks were in storage awaiting ships. At one time 123 railroad carloads of parcels were on hand. Normally about 2,000 men have staffed that post office, but now, as I write, 4,000 are on duty and the Navy may need to assign another 1,000. If the mailing were spread equably, a smaller permanent detachment could handle the work, and postal equipment (mostly sacks and pouches) could be returned to the civilian post offices which need it so badly.

These mountains of parcels displace cargoes more important to the Navy as a whole, and usually to the individual recipients as well. For instance, some months ago a Navy chaplain stationed at a Southwest Pacific base got by mail a roast chicken prepared by a well-meaning parishioner. He appreciated the thought, but remarked in a report to the Navy Department that the fowl had "putrefied en route."

The same chaplain's Christmas package, sent by his church last year, didn't reach him until early February, and then it resembled, he said, a solid rock. As packed by the Ladies' Aid, it had consisted mostly of hard candy, but this had melted and then solidified again. The package would have reached him closer to Christmas, although perhaps in no better shape, had one digit not been omitted from the Navy post-office number in the address.

Unfortunately, the chaplain's chicken and candy are typical of other gifts chosen with more generosity than thought. Thousands of men and women of the Navy, Coast Guard, and Marine Corps have had similar experiences but have politely lied about them in letters rather than hurt the feelings of the folks back home. Many a package has arrived so tattered, crushed, and sticky that it has been consigned forthwith to the briny.

SAILORS and Waves in the fleet post offices have ceased to be surprised at anything they find in the mails. At San Francisco and New York they have come across hard-boiled eggs, roast turkey, fresh fish, and even bottles of liquor hidden in cakes and loaves of bread. The statutes provide a heavy fine for sending liquor, but no penalty will be assessed against the mother of a Negro sailor who mailed him a shoebox full of his favorite pork chops and fried potatoes. The rewrapping section at San Francisco had no trouble tracing this gift by its odor. Then there was the strawberry ice cream—three quarts of it—which a New York night-club owner dispatched in dry ice to a Marine friend; it reached the coast as a not very palatable soup.

If there's any doubt, don't send it. Unless you know that the service man or woman really desires something, the kindest act is to mail nothing at all.

Take the testimony of a Coast Guard combat correspondent aboard an LST in the Pacific who had served as mail clerk for eight months and had watched his pals consistently throw packages overboard. "Bear in mind," he writes, "that your package is being mailed to the Southwest Pacific, where temperatures of 130 degrees are not uncommon. Whether it be hard candy which turns to liquid sugar or chocolate which transposes itself to cocoa, or caramels which melt into soggy balls of icing, one fact remains the same: the candy which was so attractively boxed, or the fruitcake which looked so delicious when you packed it will not be worth eating when the addressee finally gets what remains of the package. I have seen the contents of some of these packages strewn all over the bottom of the mail sack with no way of determining the owner. Some of the bundles were in such a horrible state that they couldn't even be opened without sticky caramel juice covering the hands or thousands of bugs and worms crawling out to wish you a Merry Christmas."

If you insist on sending a package, continues the correspondent, write Johnny and ask him what he wants. "He will probably tell you not to send anything, but if he does mention something he would like, make sure it is wrapped exceptionally well. Reinforce the box with extra cardboard, wrapping it with heavy manila paper and a good stout cord. If possible, use a wooden box. If your will power permits, try to avoid food as contents. Men of the fleet can always use extra washcloths, athletic socks, bathing trunks, and possibly a good pair of moccasins.

"I have heard men say that they would rather receive one letter from home than a dozen parcel-post packages."

A survey which the Navy recently made to find out in general what the service boys and girls want, what they don't want, and what won't get there anyhow confirms the Coast Guardsman's conclusion. What they want most is letters from home. Next, they want pictures, canned foods that they can't get aboard, books, writing cases or portfolios, service watches, pipes, pens, engraved identification tags, waterproof wallets and cigarette lighters. The girls want play clothes and stockings. They *don't want* cigarettes, which they can get more easily than we can at home, or fancy toilet kits, which are not practical. And soft candy, cakes, and cookies don't arrive overseas in any recognizable form; even hard candy, as shown by the chaplain's experience, loses its old identity in 130-degree heat.

A bluejacket aboard ship hasn't much space to store things. And he can buy an adequate variety of soaps, shaving creams, razors and blades, hair tonics, sewing kits, and other conveniences at ship stores and at moderate prices.

Instructions for wrapping and mailing parcels to Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard personnel may be obtained at civilian post offices.

A surprising number and variety of articles work loose from improperly wrapped packages.

In the New York fleet post office, for instance, the following have recently been found rattling about in mail sacks: a can of eggplant appetizer, a "Victory" siren, a can of cocoa butter, a silk scarf, a candle, two spools of thread, a plug of chewing tobacco, a chopstick, a bottle of grape juice, a handful of cactus needles, and a toy cannon, besides candy bars, chewing gum, tins of sardines, and other more normal items. It is Navy practice for the welfare officers in the forward areas to distribute to hospital patients and other personnel any acceptable articles found loose in the mails, but no great demand for eggplant appetizer has been voiced to date.

One package a week may be mailed to any Navy man, and there is no time restriction.

To offer some hope of delivery by December 25, the Navy suggests that packages be mailed by October 15, but it must be remembered that some Christmas parcels which started out last fall have yet to be delivered.

EVEN under the best of conditions, parcel shipment is necessarily slow. Let's follow a package mailed from Clinton, Iowa, to a boy on a destroyer off Okinawa. It goes through the usual civilian post-office channels by rail to the fleet post office at San Francisco. The addressee's ship is the U. S. S. John Smith, let us say. In sorting, the package first is put among the other S's, then into the sack for the Destroyer Smith. The ship's location is checked on a Navy file and the sack is marked with the code number for Okinawa. When space is available, it goes by surface ship to Okinawa—provided, of course, that Navy orders don't divert the ship which is carrying it. At Okinawa the Destroyer Smith's mail clerk calls for it. That is, he does if the Smith is still there; if the destroyer has left, the post-office people have to find out where it has gone and reship the sack.

Just as ships dash hither and yon, so do sailors. Take the imaginary case of a seaman in boot camp in the United States whose mother mailed him a package. Before it got to his boot camp, he was sent to the receiving ship at San Francisco. Thence successively he went to an assembly station at Camp Shoemaker, California; to a receiving station at Pearl Harbor; to barracks at Aiea, Hawaii, and to Guam for assignment to a ship. Wounded, he was placed aboard a hospital ship, then went to a shore-based hospital in the Pacific, and then to a hospital in the United States. On the mend, he was given thirty days' leave at home, and the parcel, which was now bearing a dozen forwarding addresses, caught up with him at his own front door.

Letters, however, are subject to much less delay. Very often, air-mail letters between Chicago and Okinawa or Manila are delivered within a week or ten days. They go the whole way by plane, except when conditions occasionally force them to travel part way by surface ship. Ordinary first-class mail goes to San Francisco by train, and thence by surface ship, except when airplane space can accommodate it part way. Delivery usually takes several weeks.

The value of a letter from home is out of all proportion to its weight. One chaplain has rated a letter as the equivalent of fifty packages. There is a Navy saying that morale is mostly mail. At the cost of the alliteration, this may be expanded to: Morale is mostly letter mail. A full, affectionate, newsy letter from home, with the details of how the old car is standing up, Brother Joe's Army address, and a clipping about Cousin Susie's wedding, often makes the difference between a cheerful man and a home-sick one. Letters from mother or the girl friend are frequently carried around so long and read so often that they fall into tatters and the words disappear. Often a man will not only read and re-read the letter himself, but will display it to his buddy to prove what a swell family he has at home.

The Navy sets great store by the letter from home.

It's the one important morale factor that the Navy can't provide and for which it must rely on the family and friends back in Centerville.

In order to give better service on letter mail for the forces, the Navy on July 1 restricted the mailing of newspapers and magazines. Fourteen million newspapers had passed through the New York and San Francisco fleet post offices in May. Often when an accumulation of, say, two months' daily newspapers caught up with a serviceman, it floored him, and he threw them away on the Navy post-office premises without even attempting to open any of them.

New subscriptions or renewals for newspapers and magazines are permitted only when the addressee has requested them in writing.

To replace individual magazine subscriptions, the Navy is now sending bulk shipments. Each week it is shipping 15,000 packages of the small overseas editions of magazines now being used by the Army, each package containing enough for 150 men.

In addition, 295,000 copies monthly of fifty-five other magazines which do not print overseas editions are being purchased for resale on every shore station and ship. Thus the ship store will give Jack about the same reading choice that he could get at his newsstand back home.

To make sure that the boys and girls overseas get the important news from their home towns, the Navy has urged parents, sweethearts, and friends to enclose clippings with their airmail and first-class

*(Continued on page 63)*

OFFICIAL NAVY PHOTO

It probably was a delicious cake, but look at it now! Ill-chosen, carelessly packed gifts may arrive like this, to your Navy man's keen disappointment.

On a Colorado farm, a Mexican national helps harvest string beans.

At Stockton, California, newly arrived Mexicans enjoy a full meal.

# Uncle Sam's Borrowed Hands

### BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

THE clinic was very quiet as the doctor examined young Manuel Manriquez. The good-looking young Mexican national was ill; no doubt about that. Weak and depressed, he had not worked for a month. He himself thought he had tuberculosis. He didn't Frowning, the doctor wondered exactly what to name the illness Manuel was suffering from.

When importation of farm workers from the West Indies and Mexico was first proposed, much excited protest arose from certain communities which feared that the laborers would bring tropical diseases with them. That protest has proved unwarranted. Since September, 1942, Uncle Sam has borrowed about 148,000 farm hands from other countries to meet his desperate need for agricultural labor. And the tropical disease they brought has been negligible.

Manuel Manriquez was not suffering from any strange tropical blight with an exotic name. Examination showed no physical disease whatsoever. But Manuel did have a mild psychoneurosis. He was suffering from an acute case of—homesickness.

"Nurse," the doctor decided, "I'll recommend that this boy be repatriated."

However, our working visitors from other lands *might* have brought in some weird and wasting diseases had they not been selected with extreme care. Our Public Health services co-operate with officials in Mexico, the West Indies, and Newfoundland in putting workers through an intensive screening before bringing them into the United States.

Troubles aplenty were predicted when America started importing Mexican farm workers by thousands. Those expected never materialized, but some unforeseen ones did. How they were overcome makes a cheering story of inter-American co-operation

Because we need farm help so badly, a lot of foreign nationals have been coming in. Since early last summer, every day a train from Mexico has brought 850 workers. They will continue to come until our need is met. These men will work in California and Arizona, in the Northwest, and in the central states. Some 16,000 of them are now in southern California, where the labor camps are open all year and the need is not seasonal but continuous. The citrus industry is the largest employer of Mexican nationals, but they work also in dairies, on hog ranches, in citrus-packing houses and vegetable fields, though not in any processing plants. By midsummer, 60,000 Mexican nationals were at work in this country.

Most of them come from central Mexico, and most are farm hands, though among them are clerks, mechanics, shoemakers, bus drivers, and students who need a stake to finish law or medical school. They are recruited in Irapuato, in Guanajuato, and are screened for competence to do farm work and for health. These latter examinations are run on a very efficient assembly-line basis by teams of medical officers from the Foreign Quarantine Division of our Public Health Service. The process includes a smallpox vaccination, an initial typhoid vaccine injection, serologic tests for syphilis, and a chest X-ray. Only 8 per cent of Mexican applicants are rejected for health reasons, because local officials have already weeded out obvious rejectees, and because no candidates are accepted from areas where tropical diseases such as leishmaniasis and onchocerciasis occur—

PHOTOS FROM PRESS ASS'N,

Farm workers from Mexico relax in a camp room in Orange County, California, where they've helped pick a $42,000,000 citrus crop.

and a good thing, too! They're too hard to spell.

Finally, successful applicants must get an O. K. from Immigration and Department of Justice authorities. That done, each worker is thumbprinted, gets a passport bearing the usual libelous photograph, and signs a six-month contract with the War Food Administration. One more gringo ritual before he boards the migrant train north—a spray of DDT powder as a precaution against louse-borne disease. You can hardly blame him for wondering dazedly just what kind of country he's going into, anyhow.

Medical care is provided on the train that brings the workers north, too. Cinders are cleaned out of eyes, headaches assuaged with aspirin, and the rare vermiform appendix that has decided to fulminate finds itself detrained at the next station, where an ambulance and doctors, summoned by telegraph, are waiting.

ARRIVING in this country, the foreign nationals are sent to areas of greatest need, and housed in camps set up and maintained by growers' associations.

The type of housing varies, but all must be approved by state housing authorities. Some camps consist of wooden-floored tents. The Artesia, California, camp has temporary barracks like those used by ack-ack batteries around a war plant. At Leffingwell's ranch the men live in long two-story bunkhouses. Perhaps the most luxurious camp is at North Whittier, done throughout in knotty pine, with all facilities strictly modern and only two men to a room.

Each camp serves as a labor pool for the growers' association which maintains it, and it works like this: A member rancher telephones the camp manager that he will need a crew of ten orange pickers next morning. The manager lists the available men and notifies them. Next morning the rancher arrives at camp with a truck, and the crew climbs aboard and goes off to work. That evening the rancher brings them back. The rancher pays the men's wages to the association, plus his prorated share of the expense of maintaining the camp. In Los Angeles County alone the War Food Administration's Office of Labor has contracts with forty growers' associations.

These labor camps are not concentration camps. The men go and come as they please. They play cards and strum guitars and sing of an evening, or dress up and go into town to see a movie or visit a dance hall. And the food is definitely super.

Housing and board vary in cost from one dollar to one fifty a day. Considerable effort is made to provide the foreign workers with dishes from their own national diet as well as to give them properly balanced meals. Good grub makes for good morale, and camp managers like verbal gripes as little as the workers like the visceral kind.

A sample dinner—which I sampled avidly!—for meatless Friday at the Leffingwell camp consisted of red beans, noodles in a delicious sauce, hash browned potatoes, and *chile rellano* with green peas—said *chile rellano* being chiles stuffed with omelet and vegetables and browned in batter. All this, and seconds too, were washed down with milk, coffee, and pink lemonade. And if you had any room left, you could get as much stewed-apples-with-raisins and half-acre coffee cake as you wished. On other days, of course, meat is served. Strictly Grade One, says the manager.

Even the casual visitor to one of these camps is impressed as he meets these Mexican nationals. After a day's work they are dusty, tired, and quiet. But by dinnertime they are shaved and scrubbed an bubbling over. They're young and wiry most of them, and good-looking. They ar exceedingly polite, with a winning naturalness.

Not that they're entirely saints, of course. A couple of hundred energe young men can't live together in har working celibate exile without tempe fraying. Idly somebody will remark th Xochimilco is a good place to visit but wouldn't live there if you paid him, an somebody else will take exception a poke the critic on the nose. "Nobody say that about Xochimilco while around!"

OCCASIONALLY there are more seri troubles. Once, for instance, an irate grower telephoned the manager of the Leffingwell camp that his new crew was picking lemons incorrectly—was jerking them off the branches and leaving long stems which would damage the fruit in packing and might cause a whole carload to be condemned. The manager, experienced, went to the lemon grove and called the new crew about him. He didn't shout and berate them, but made a sincere little speech.

"You're well treated and you're earni good money—isn't that so?" he asked, ar they agreed. He went on, "You are doin this job here because our own young me are overseas, fighting for you. Yet you have a share in that fight *right here*. Your share is to harvest the food we all need. Now, I don't know which ones of you are picking these lemons the wrong way, so I've got to hold the whole crew guilty—"

Immediately three young men stepped

(*Continued on page 62*)

**A man can't be convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence, and the case of old Hans might have been a perfect crime if it hadn't been for**

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

# Aunt Minnie and the Accessory After the Fact

by

## SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

IT was the most open-and-shut case in my police experience. We had everything—corpse, motive, murderer, and a man on the spot at the time. And what was the result? A complete washout.

You remember the West Sixteenth tenement murder last fall, the one the newspapers headlined as the Millionaire Beggar Mystery. I figured on being in those headlines myself. Detective Casey Lane Solves Millionaire Beggar Mystery. And look at me now! I might as well give my badge to Aunt Minnie.

Old Hans Gommer wasn't any millionaire. But he'd made enough out of forty years' street begging to own the tenement. He kept it up decently, too; otherwise Marian and I wouldn't be living there. His room was at the stairhead, second floor, same floor as our apartment. It was a single room. And I mean single; not even a toilet; just a stove, a bed, a stand, [illegible] couple of chairs, and a few cooking gadgets. The windows were barred with fixed half-inch iron, five inches apart. The old miser was jittery about being robbed. His door was like a bank vault's.

He hadn't a friend in the world, unless you count a big snarly brindled tomcat that used to crawl the narrow ledge along the wall, squeeze through the bars, and beg for what was left of dinner, and little enough of that, I guess. Old Hans had a relative, though, an ugly little wizened devil of fifty or sixty—you couldn't tell—who used to come in two or three times a week for an unfriendly game of backgammon. His name was Finney, and we found out afterward he was a disbarred lawyer from somewhere out West. When the door was open in summer, you could hear the pair of 'em growling and cursing and swapping charges of crooked play. True, too, I wouldn't wonder.

The door wasn't open this Monday evening. It was cold and rainy. My wife had been busy all day organizing a floor-by-floor bond campaign with a barrier across the foot of the stairs so no tenant could get past without buying. She and Ma Sanderson were on guard from five o'clock on. At half past, old Gommer went out and came back with a flounder tied up in paper, to cook for his dinner, and Marian sold him a twenty-five-cent stamp. That was his limit. An hour later Peter Finney, the nephew, knocked on the door and was let in earlier than he usually came, though [illegible] he expected to get a meal out of it, he was a fool.

Maybe they quarreled over that. Maybe over the game. Anyway, Finney stabbed Hans expertly through the spinal cord, and what happened in the next three hours the Police Department is still arguing. All but me.

Don't forget that all this time either my wife or Ma Sanderson, or both, were on the barrier looking right up to old Gommer's door. Even a cockroach couldn't have got in or out without being spotted.

It was half past nine and I was smoking my pipe and jollying with the two females at the foot of the stairs when Finney showed up above us.

"Uncle Hans is dead," he said. He was white but cool enough.

The door hadn't sprung shut. We all ran up and went in. The old boy was dead all right, with a neat hole in the back of his neck, so small you could hardly see it through the fuzz of gray hair. He was in his chair, half slumped over the table. The checkers and dice were scattered over the floor. I put it to Finney.

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know? You've been here all the time."

You never saw a fishier eye than the one he gave me. "I was asleep," he said.

I turned to the two women. "Could anyone else have got in here since this man came?"

"No." Both spoke at once.

"Could anyone have got out?"

"Absolutely not," Ma Sanderson answered. But my wife qualified with "Unless those window bars are movable."

I tried them. They were solid.

"I guess that puts it up to you," I told Finney. "Where's the knife?"

"I don't know."

Well, I ought to have called Headquarters, but I figured that, being Johnny-on-the-spot, here was my chance of glory.

"I saw old Gommer having one of these narrow-bladed little fish knives ground by a street grinder one day," Ma Sanderson put in.

"That's it," I said. "We'll find it."

First I frisked Finney. He hadn't so much as a penknife on him. Then the three of us fine-tooth-combed the room. Not a sticker of any sort. That left the window as the only answer. Fifteen feet opposite was a blank wall. Far as it could be thrown, the knife would have to drop into the little back yard. I gave Marian my gun to guard Finney and went down with my flash. No knife. And no footprints in the soft ground, proving that nobody had happened by and picked up the knife.

"It's *got* to be in this room," I said.

SO I went through Finney again and the three of us turned the place inside out and made a detailed inventory of everything in it. It was then that my wife said:

"I wish Aunt Minnie was here."

Aunt Minnie was her old schoolmarm at No. 18, now living on the top floor of our tenement. But she was on a visit.

"You can have Aunt Minnie," I said. "I'll take Headquarters." So I phoned.

Then I went after Finney again.

"You killed him."

"I did not. What would I want to kill him for?"

"You're his heir, aren't you?" Marian said.

"I guess so. But I didn't kill him."

"Now, listen," I said. "You got into a stink over your game of backgammon and maybe he made a crack about you cheating and you let him have it. If you didn't, who did?"

"That's for you to find out," he said.

Then the Headquarters push came in and did everything over again with the same result. They took Finney with them when they quit, leaving us with only one new fact: the old man had probably been dead about three hours. So he must have been killed shortly after Finney arrived—which got us a lot nearer nothing.

"I *do* wish Aunt Minnie was here," my wife said.

"What would she do that we haven't?" I growled. I was getting sore. The Headquarters bunch acted like they thought I'd botched the thing somewhere.

"Aunt Minnie'd find something we've overlooked," Marian said. "There was never a trick played in school but what she caught the funny boy that did it."

"Anyway," I said, "we've got the guy, if we haven't got the knife. It's a watertight case for the D. A.'s office."

THE district attorney didn't see it in that light. "Find me the knife," he said, "and I'll put him in the chair. But you can't convict a man of murder because nobody else did it."

"That's what Aunt Minnie says," said my wife when I told her the case was at a standstill a week later. "I had a letter from her. She'll be back next week."

When the old dame arrived, she had us up in her room and listened to Marian and Ma Sanderson and me.

"Where's Finney?" she asked.

"Out of jail. He got a lawyer who sprung him."

"Have you got that inventory you made?"

I handed her a copy. She studied it. "Is this everything that was in the room at the time?"

"I'll swear to that," Marian said.

"So will I," said Ma.

"You spoke of the old man bringing in a fish in a parcel."

"That's right."

"Where's the fish?" she asked.

"He ate it, I suppose."

"Did he eat the bones? I don't see 'em here."

Marian and Ma and I looked at the inventory.

"You've got the wrapper down: 'Square of brown paper.' Where's the string?"

"Oh, to hell with the string!" I said. "Are you figuring that he wound up the knife in the string and swallowed it?"

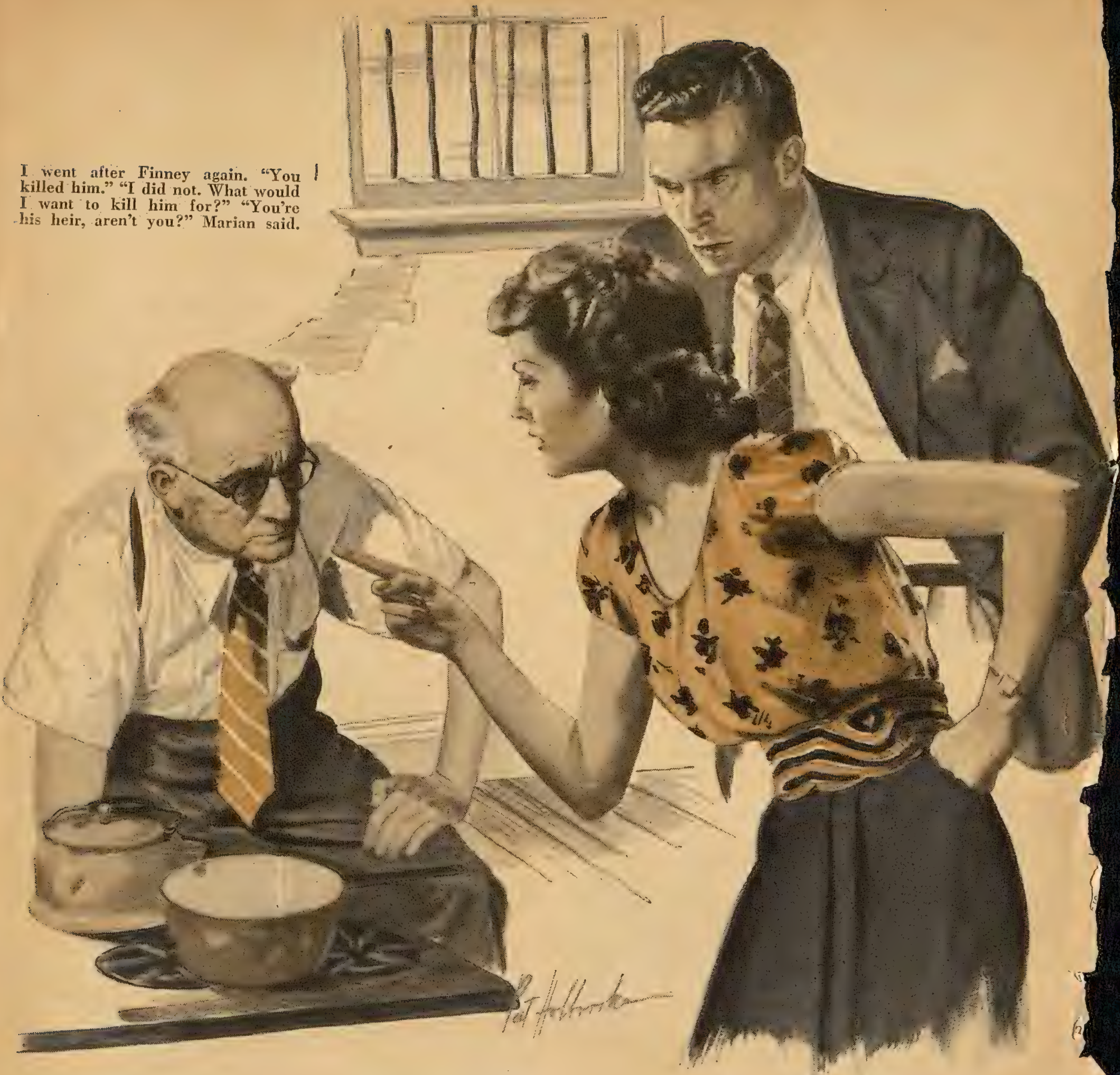
"I never did like comedy cops," Aunt Minnie said. "Not even in the movies. If I were after that knife, I'd look on the roof."

"What roof?"

"This roof and any other roof contiguous."

"Look, Aunt Minnie," I said. "Babe Ruth himself couldn't reach out between those bars and flip a knife five stories up onto a roof."

"You'd better do as Aunt Minnie says," my wife told me.



I went after Finney again. "You killed him." "I did not. What would I want to kill him for?" "You're his heir, aren't you?" Marian said.

There's a lot of rubbish on tenement roofs, but I found the knife, two buildings away back of a chimney. Anyway, I found *a* knife and a fish knife at that. Of course there wasn't a chance of fingerprints after it had been out in all that weather. I brought it back to Aunt Minnie.

"Find anything else?"

"I wasn't looking for anything else."

"No fishbones? No string? No brains!" said Aunt Minnie.

So I went back and brought in the lot. "Who put 'em there and why?" I asked.

"In the jargon of your district attorney, the accessory after the fact."

"Oh, yeah? And how did he get 'em?"

"Why, I suppose the murderer passed 'em out through the window."

"Easy, like that! And how did he reach the window? Jump up eighteen feet from the courtyard and hang to the bars? Or scrounge his way across that ledge?"

"Funnier than ever," said Aunt Minnie, "but not too smart. The ledge."

"How could any man navigate a six-inch ledge?" Marian wanted to know.

"He couldn't. A cat could. Many's the time I've watched that ugly tom make it on his way to old Gommer's window."

"Wait a minute!" I said. "Are you telling us that a tomcat would carry away a knife and hide it on a roof?"

"If it was fixed up right, he would."

Then I began to get it, but I didn't like it. "How am I going to put that up to the D. A.?" I asked. "The Department's in wrong enough already on this case without any accessory tomcats."

"I wouldn't," she advised. "I'd leave the D. A. out of it."

"So the murderer not only gets out but collects his legacy, does he? That kind of gripes me, Aunt Minnie."

"Well, I wouldn't be so sure of his collecting," Aunt Minnie said. "You didn't know that I once taught drawing, did you?"

She wouldn't explain that crack until Peter Finney's death. He had received large envelope in his morning mail an collapsed in the hallway when he opene it. On recovering, he went to the drugstore for medicine, but bought rat poison instead. Beside his bed they found a little heap of ash where he had burned that piece of mail.

Aunt Minnie looked pretty solemn when she got the news. "Perhaps it's just well," she said, "though I didn't fores quite that result of my experiment."

"What was in your letter, Aunt Minnie?" my wife asked.

"It wasn't a letter. It was a freehand sketch of a cat crawling on a ledge with a fish bound around with string in his mouth, and a knife handle sticking out beyond the fish."

Which goes to prove, my wife says, that women know more than men about a lot of things, including logic and cats.

Maybe so.

THE END

# Salvaging the Surplus

**Your Uncle Sam has a staggering collection of war materials left over. Here's how ingenuity and resourcefulness are turning some of them into tools of peace**

## By Fairfax Downey

CARTOONS BY
HENRY BOLTINOFF

COME wet weather, farmers and townsmen in Midwest states scrape the mud off their shoes on a spare part of a tank, fastened to the doorstep. Virginia hens are laying eggs and hatching chicks in air wardens' helmets. And tomato vines in New Jersey climb on T bars which once supported Army mosquito nets.

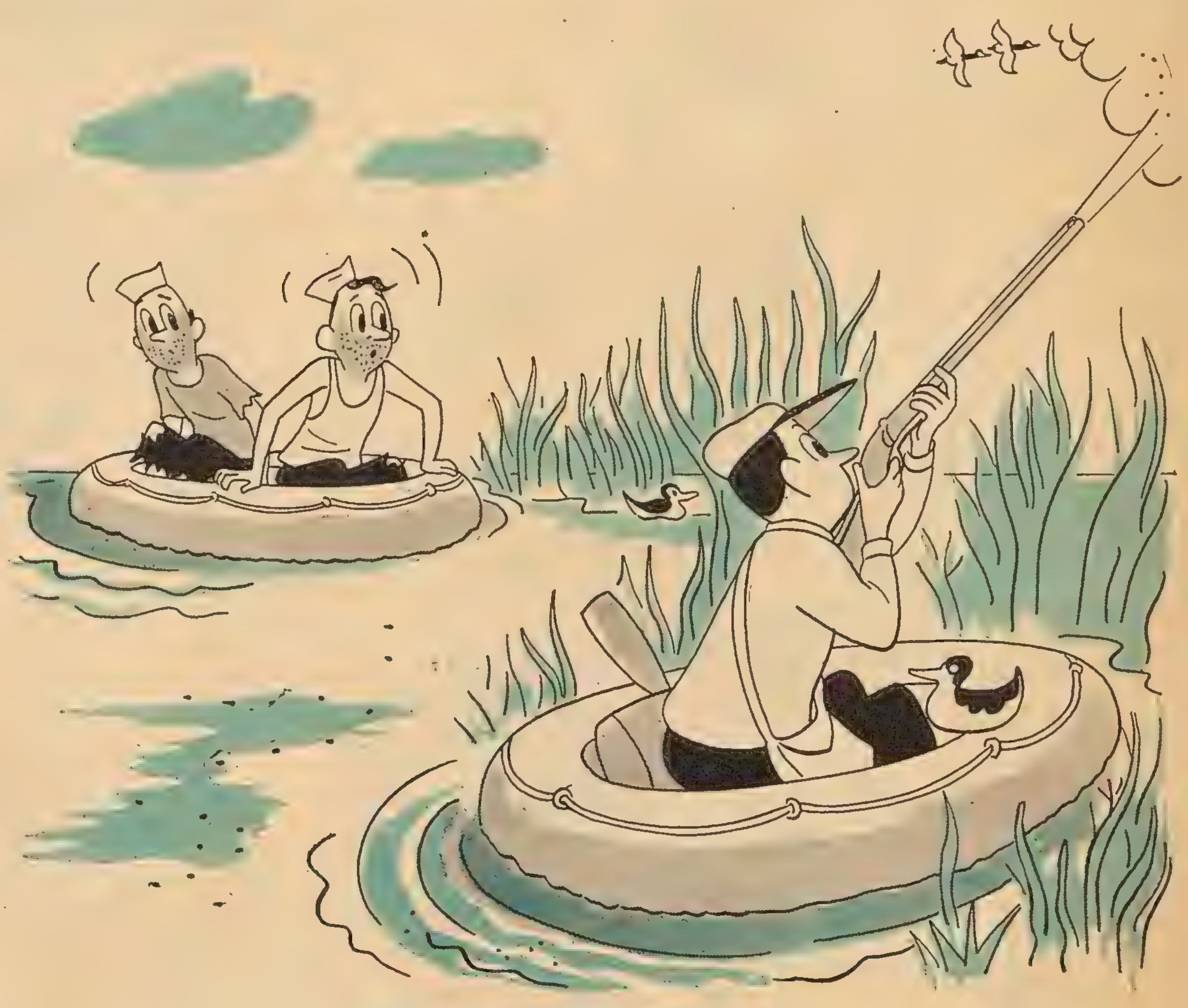
Such are some of the curious conversions to peacetime purposes of surplus war materials now being sold by the government. To the Biblical injunction to beat swords into plowshares has been added a dash of that Yankee ingenuity which can see, for instance, a ready-made shoescraper in a section of tank tread.

These quirks and queer ideas are saving money for the taxpayer by returning a bigger portion of the war goods' original ost. And they make money for the buyer ho thought them up. Everybody is happy, cluding the final purchaser who gets omething he wants for less than he expected to pay, which is no mean satisfaction to any man.

Selling jeeps—few have been offered so far—will be no trick at all. Nor will it be difficult to dispose of other automotive equipment now available, or such war-scarce items as household radio sets, photographic supplies, and electrical apliances. In fact, the sale of surplus comodities, new, used, and salvaged, has been zipping along so briskly that it topped ore than a million dollars a day last pring, and has climbed since. But the encouraging fact is that even in this huge national bargain basement, the best buys may be the very articles that now look like the largest and heaviest of white elephants, settled down for a long stay on Uncle Sam's hands.

That is why a lot of attention has been paid to developing unusual uses and unsuspected markets for unlikely war leftovers. Alert wholesalers, department-store scouts, and shrewd retailers carefully consider all the odd and incongruous items offered. A little enterprise and imagination ay convert them into some utterly different item, salable to almost anybody. Whenever buyers seem stumped, they're prodded by suggestions, ranging from keen to wild-eyed, from the Department of Commerce, which sells the materials through its regional offices and must keep them moving or be swamped.

Enterprising is the word for the Des Moines, Iowa, department store which bought a batch of the plain and practical Army cantonment double-decker bunks. Cut in half, painted and dolled up in cretonne, they were advertised and sold as twin beds which could be converted in a pinch into double-deckers. Priced at $24.85, including two brand-new mattresses, they attracted plenty of buyers who plainly did not regard the offer as the bunk.



The Air Forces' five-man pneumatic life rafts are, for one thing, a duck hunter's dream come true. So thousands of them have brought good prices.

One lot of paratroopers' snowshoes was bid in by the buyer for a New York novelty store, a man of vision. He attached legs, fitted glass tops, and, lo—the oval neatly varnished showshoes became distinctive cocktail tables.

Doubtless his friends all laughed at the San Francisco merchant who stocked some equipment turned in by the medical corps: a number of large size sterilizers, heated by canned gas or oil. Apparently the only places he'd ever sell them would be hospitals, clinics, and doctors' offices, most of which were already well equipped, thank you. But the merchant is selling those sterilizers to beach picnickers like—well, like hot dogs. He declares they roast wienies, steam clams, and heat hamburgers like a charm.

On his purchase of 2,000 surplus gas masks, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, manufacturer cashed in handsomely. From the rubber tubing he made bicycle handlebar grips—an item extremely scarce—developing a special permanent dye for them. The facepieces he sold as toy masks for children; the metal containers, brightly painted, went as wastebaskets.

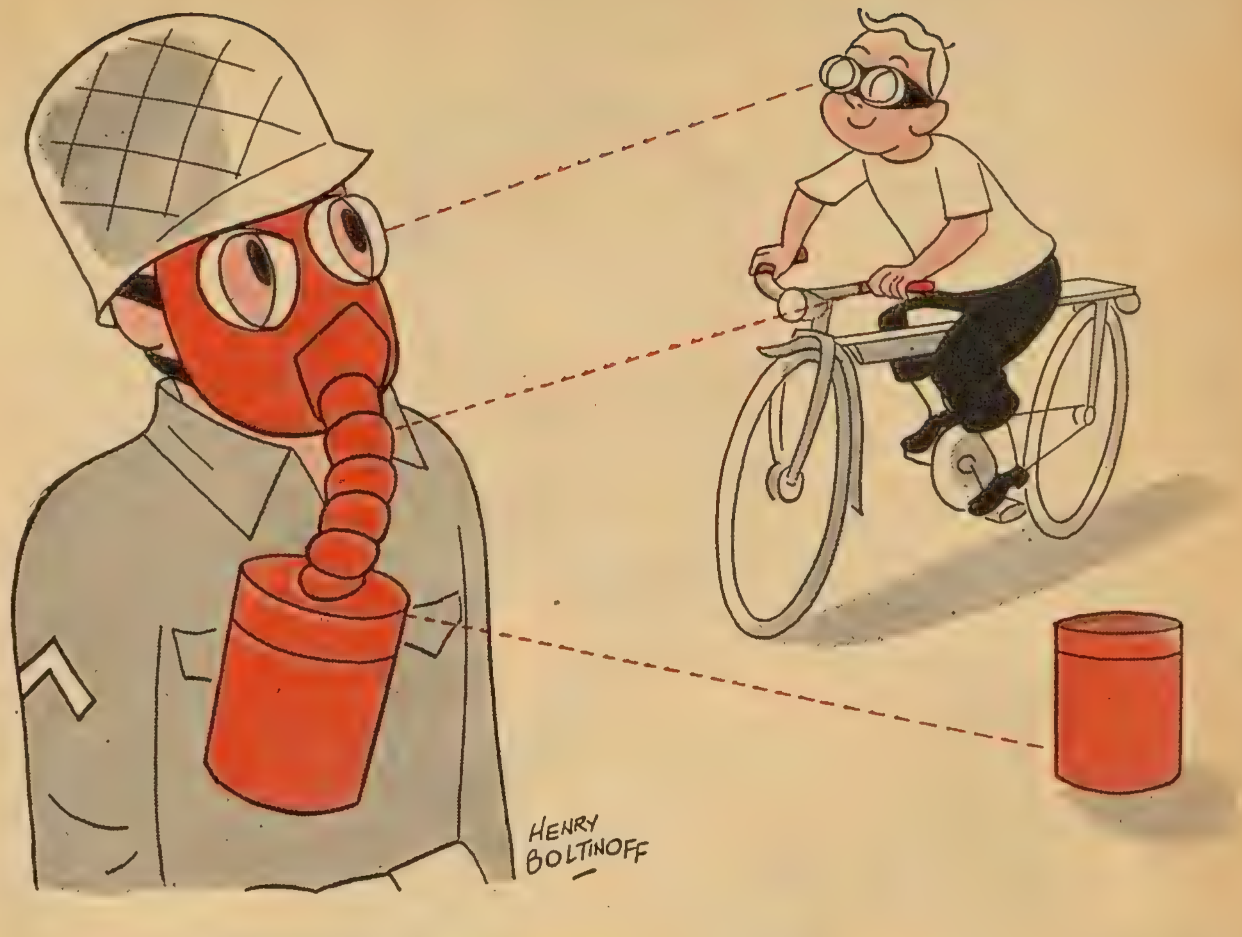
Helmets have been sold not only as hens' nests but as bird baths, dog feeding bowls, and hanging flower pots. Boys with a yearning to play soldier constitute a lively market for them and for the dummy rifles with which our troops trained in the early days when we wished we had an army. These wooden guns, which have movable bolts, sights, triggers, swivels, and leather slings, also appeal to military academies and high schools with cadet corps.

The Army's disused campaign hats find a market among Boy Scouts; scoutmasters take the larger sizes. A noted milliner has been attempting to feminize the discarded WAC caps with bows and flowers for sale as civilian bonnets.

Boston and New York department stores took no flier when they bought batches of Army field telephones. Civilian phones being hard to come by, there was little trouble selling the martial models at thirty-three dollars each. But some of the advertised uses established these compact sets, easily installed and shifted, as permanently useful adjuncts, not simply stopgaps. The field phones, argued the stores, will work handily in house-to-barn, interoffice, summer-camp, upstairs-and-down, and duck-blind-to-shore communications.

OFTEN certain unusual war surpluses amount to overnight emergencies. The Department of Commerce acted with remarkable dispatch when it was given twenty-four test guinea pigs to dispose of. Its experts well remembered the dilemma of the expressman in Pigs Is Pigs. Only after it had consummated the sale in record time did it learn that the animals were all males.

A tougher problem was getting out from under 775,000 mosquito nets, unneeded by the armed forces. Idea men cudgeled their brains and came up with an illustrated circular urging nets on department and sporting-goods stores. A mosquito net, it declared, practically converts a cot on the back porch into a screened open-air sleeping room. No baby carriage or trailer should be without one. They can be used as out-of-door playhouses for smaller youngsters. They ensure a night's sleep for hunters, fishermen, and campers. A picnic under such a protective counterpane would evoke cheers from all except the bugs buzzing around outside in baffled frustration.



Out of his purchase of 2,000 surplus gas masks a Massachusetts manufacturer made bike handle-bar grips, toy masks for kids, and wastebaskets.

As the result of this promotion, a large share of the surplus has been sold at prices much higher than expected.

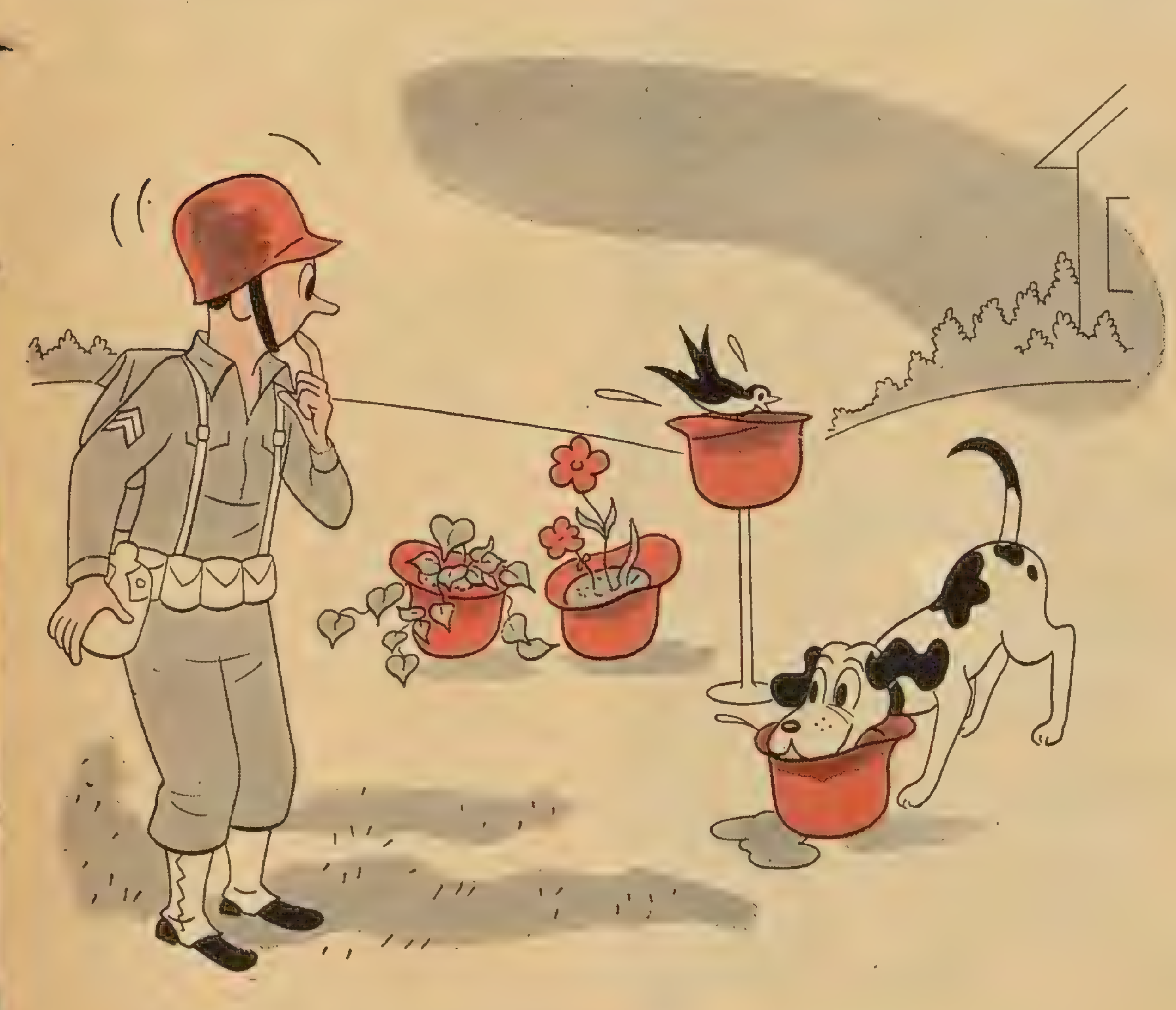
Army mine-marker outfits, consisting of thirty metal flags bearing the word "Danger," with reflectors set in the margins and with canvas carrying cases, are being sold to state highway commissions, fire departments, and cities and towns in flood areas. Several thousand of the Air Forces' five-man pneumatic life rafts brought good prices after a department circular pointed out that they were a fisherman's or a duck hunter's dream come true and a surf and lake plaything par excellence. The rafts have a capacity of 1,000 pounds and are equipped with oars, hand pump, repair kit, inflating cylinder, bucket, tow cord, and sea anchor. A prime selling point was their portability. Collapsed, they fit into a carrying case fifteen by thirty-six inches.

FOR returned veterans, dealing in war surpluses should prove an ideal business. Congress has voted them preferred treatment in the sale of this property, with much of which they became familiar during their service. Trained to employ what the Army calls "field expedients," ex-soldiers will take naturally to adapting the materials to other uses. They're well aware, for instance, that the shoe-impregnating ointment issued by the Chemical Warfare Service to protect footgear against gas is first-rate canned heat to warm up cold rations. That is the reason they bothered to carry it in their packs as long as they did.

The white elephants keep popping up out of the war-surplus jungles, and some remain so stubborn it seems there's no doing anything with them. There are 4,648 gallons of castor oil in one warehouse alone, and it's still a drug on the market. Large stacks of tangerine signal panels have not yet caught the eye of a bidder. One thousand sixty-inch searchlights are proving a trifle awkward for the average householder. However, before this article appears, somebody probably will have thought of the tribe of South Sea islanders who regard castor oil as a delicacy; of interior decorators with a flair for using signal panels; and of all the people who love the limelight.

Then—who knows?—maybe the surplus will be a shortage.

THE END



Doubtless to the amazement of returned G. I.s, helmets have been sold for use not only as hens' nests but as bird baths and dog feeding bowls.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Sailors love to eat. Keeping them well-fed on long Pacific voyages is the huge responsibility of the Navy Supply Corps.

# MY FAMILY OF 280 MALES

The Pacific has no Supermarkets and so it's no cinch to feed a crew who are finicky about their chow and don't mind saying so. A Navy supply officer tells about his dryly humorous troubles and triumphs

### BY LT. (J.G.) VERNON L. FLADAGER

A NAVY commissary steward recently achieved the minor distinction of turning out "perfect circle" hamburgers by using discarded aircraft piston rings. When a Navy transport gave a tough Marine sergeant a free case of fresh eggs and enough steak to feed his 300 men one meal, he wept like a baby. A destroyer captain once had his ship searched from bow to stern because someone had stolen his precious supply of "Avoset" cream.

These things happen every day in the fleet, despite raging battle and stormy seas, as we of the Navy Supply Corps well know.

Also, we Navy Supply Corps officers find ourselves oozing with understanding for all manner of householdry, even to the frustrated wife who shoots her husband to end his constant carping about "these horrible meals."

The reason for such solicitude will be found in war, because it was war that shoved me—and thousands like me—into the role of mama for 280 males.

My family of males lives on a destroyer of the Pacific fleet. We see land very seldom, and even then we rarely get ashore. Our ship is only slightly more than 300 feet long, thirty feet wide at the very widest part, yet for us it's a combination home, office, workshop, recreation parlor, and neighborhood shopping center. We eat, sleep, bathe, brush our teeth, fire five-inch guns, launch torpedoes, write letters, sew buttons on shirts, cuss each other out, and even go to the movies all in the same cramped space.

We're at sea seven days out of eight, but we don't complain. However, we're maybe 9,000 miles from home, and here the shoe starts to pinch. None of us has seen his wife, sweetheart, or children in many a long lonely month; you can't blame a sailor for singing the blues when he thinks this over, which he does every day.

But there is more. This tin can of ours is pounded by a scorching tropical sun for more than twelve hours each day; below decks, where most of us work and all of us live, thermometers testify to 100 to 120 degrees of stifling heat. We sweat steadily for eighteen, often twenty-four hours at a stretch; our clothing is seldom dry.

The *bong-bong-bong* of the general alarm has called us to battle stations at all hours of the day or night. We stand regular watches betweentimes, do extra chores whenever they can be sandwiched in, and have been so weary that circles under the eyes might be called the badge of our trade. Before the Japanese surrendered we were daily attacked by enemy bombers, fighter planes, ships, or shore batteries, sometimes by all four. The booming of our heavy guns long ago ceased to be a novelty.

By reciting this inventory of woes I'm not looking for sympathy. I simply want to explain how come sailors spend so much time beefing about chow. It's a common and great error to regard a sailor's food as simply a source of energy. True, it keeps him alive, but it's also his only entertainment: when chow is bad he enjoys complaining; and when it's good he enjoys eating.

For a time, public interest in Pacific supply rose to a high level. Thumbing through old magazines and newspapers from the ship's mailbag, I can find any number of articles captioned Naval Logistics Speeds Fleet to Tokyo, Life Lines of Supply Greatest Achievement of War, Floating Supply System Declared Secret

Weapon of U. S. Fleet by Admiral Nimitz, etc., etc.

This, of course, refers to us Supply Corps officers, and every word of it is true. Back in the States, furthermore, we can get swelled heads about the whole thing. I can see myself now rustling the evening paper, harrumphing modestly, and bragging to my wife, friends, and line officers, "Observe this well-informed article in the Daily Bugle; sure enough, we supply officers won the Pacific war."

BUT when I become pompous from regarding myself as one of the Navy's secret weapons, I need only remember Leyte Gulf during the Philippine liberation to deflate my ego. Here's what I mean.

The scene is the officers' wardroom of a destroyer. Sixteen officers, including the skipper at the head of the table, the commodore to his right, and me two or three chairs to port, are slouched wearily in our chairs eating hot soup from plates anchored precariously to the bare table top by a thin film of water. The water discourages plates from sliding off the table when the ship rolls.

This is Leyte Gulf, remember. The Philippines aren't ours yet, and we'll be lucky indeed to get through the soup course before a red or yellow alert sends us rushing to our battle stations. Let's say I'm feeling happy and contented—even though I may be blue as hell because there has been no mail from my wife in two months, and I'm very tired, and Sherman was right.

The captain interrupts my happy musings by pointing a large empty spoon in my direction and fixing my eye with a sharp, piercing gaze of authority.

"Pay," he says (I also conduct paydays), "why haven't we got any butter, any meat, any eggs, any fresh vegetables, or even some macaroni!"

Halting my last mouthful of soup in mid-air and thinking as fast as a weary brain can, I reply in kind.

"Well, captain, it's like this. Today I was in the coding room [my battle station] deciphering messages for nine hours, fifteen minutes, because we have been at general quarters all day. Furthermore, our one whaleboat is out of commission, so I can't leave the ship until tomorrow."

The captain wipes his mouth with a large white linen napkin and mutters something about I'd better get some better food or else. This conversation sets off the "commodore" (so called because he is commander of our destroyer squadron), who is very fond of ice cream. Turning in my general direction, he adds his two bits' worth.

"Pay, why is it that we have ice cream only twice a week?"

All of the officers nod their approval. Ice cream is the substitute for everything in the food line short of steak and eggs. When we left Pearl Harbor two months ago I took aboard 1,000 pounds of ice-cream ingredients, known in the fleet as "dri-mix." If I serve ice cream every day, we will run out of dri-mix in two or three more weeks, then all hell would break loose. My system is sort of a shipboard version of rationing, but naturally no one likes it.

Well, the conversation is starting to spoil my meal. I close my ears and draw into my shell and glower inwardly at all and sundry, thinking to myself, You so-and-so's, I'm going to get you a month's supply of K rations like the combat army eats and then maybe you'll appreciate me," etc., etc. My thoughts are not exactly original, in fact, are sort of standard for Supply Corps officers. I don't know what we'd do without the foxhole army to point to, especially the combat troops in the front lines who live out of ration cans.

Normally when a destroyer enters a harbor, the supply officer is freed from watch standing so he can drum up supplies, but we hadn't quite decided whether Leyte Gulf was a harbor or just a convenient spot in the sea for sounding general quarters at anchor; we had as many as twenty-seven red alerts in a single day. Consequently I was still standing watches in the coding room, deciphering a flood of messages for as long as sixteen hours a day, leaving very little time for stores hunting.

However, a late dispatch informed us that a fully loaded supply ship was standing into the gulf, and the executive officer agreed that maybe I shouldn't stand watches, Jap planes or no, thus freeing me to set out on a provisions expedition around the harbor.

At nine the next morning the officer of the deck called away our motor whaleboat and I clambered aboard, after finding out from the bridge where the supply ship was anchored and getting a compass bearing. Harbors like Leyte Gulf may be anywhere from ten to sixty miles long, with hundreds of ships anchored all over the place; finding neighboring ships isn't as easy as you'd think.

Two hours later we hadn't found the ship or anything faintly resembling her. We were ten or fifteen miles away from our destroyer, at the end of the anchorage.

The only ship remaining was a floating dry dock with a destroyer inside getting a hole in her bottom patched up.

Boarding the dry dock, then the destroyer, I went up to the bridge and asked the officer of the deck if he knew where I could find the supply ship. In another ten minutes his lookouts had spotted her—fourteen miles back up the bay, about a mile from my own destroyer's berth. She had shifted berths, of course, while I was en route.

About this time I am a pretty disgusted secret weapon.

Two hours later, wilted to dejection by a tropical sun, we drew alongside a medium-sized supply ship loaded with "dry stores," as contrasted with fresh or frozen provisions. It was at once apparent that she had no gangway, using instead a rope netting thrown over the side from the fo'c'stle deck.

I stuffed my handful of requisitions inside my wet shirt and went hand over hand up the thirty or forty feet of precarious netting, counting to hundreds instead of ten in order to retain that sweetness of disposition so vital to my trade.

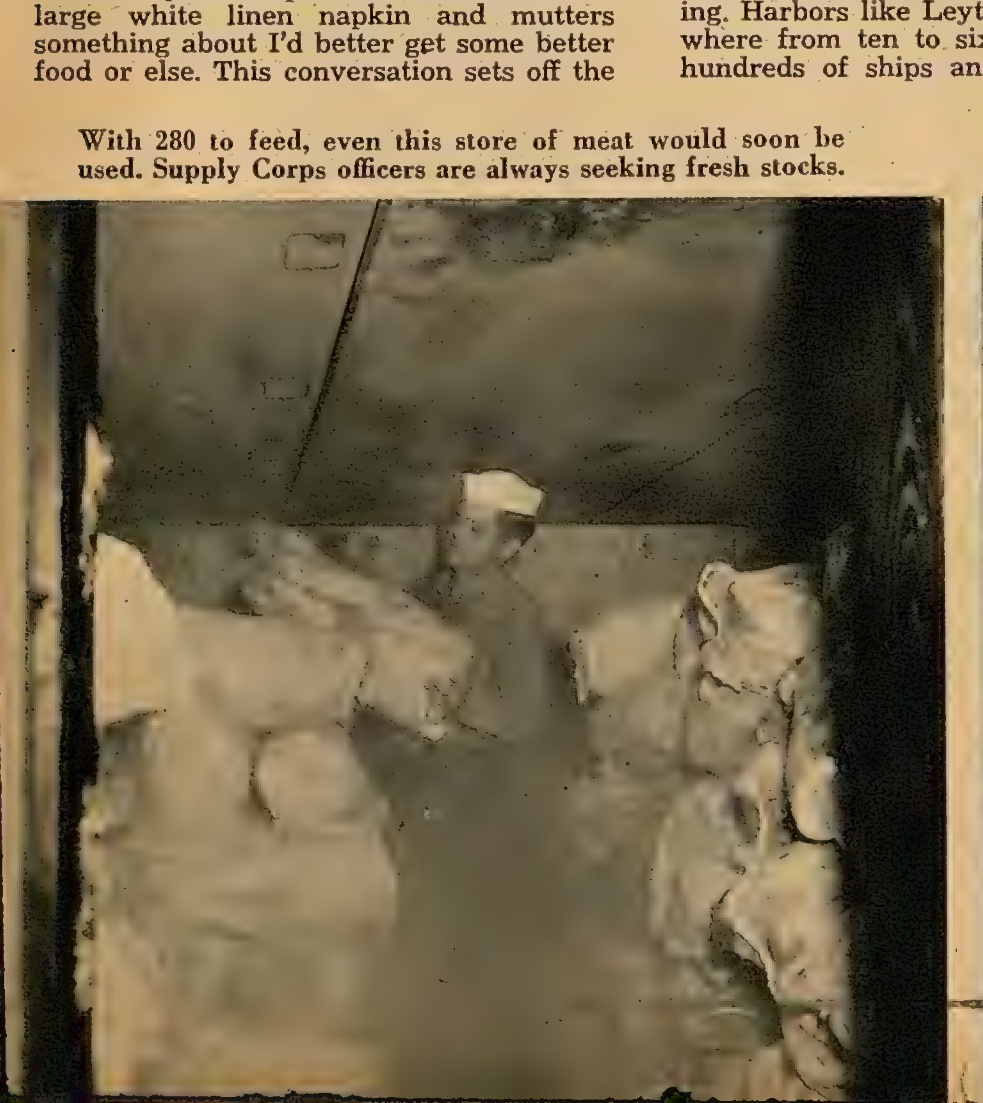
What with booms hoisting cargo out of the holds, working parties standing by, and long lines of naval supply officers waiting to present their orders, I could barely get through to the supply office.

A HARASSED storekeeper didn't even bother to look up; he was clearly busy, and I suppose, unhappy. After a lull of fifteen minutes, during which he shuffled through a foot-high stack of other ships' requisitions, he looked up sort of startled and asked, "Do you want to bring your ship alongside to load?"

Did I want to bring the ship alongside! That's like asking the wartime American housewife did she want four pounds of steak, 100 pounds of sugar, and a side of bacon delivered to her kitchen. Of course I did, only I had to get my captain's permission first. Besides, for all I knew, the destroyer might have departed the harbor in my five hours' absence. In the Philippines we thought nothing of weighing anchor on two hours' notice.

(*Continued on page 88*)

With 280 to feed, even this store of meat would soon be used. Supply Corps officers are always seeking fresh stocks.



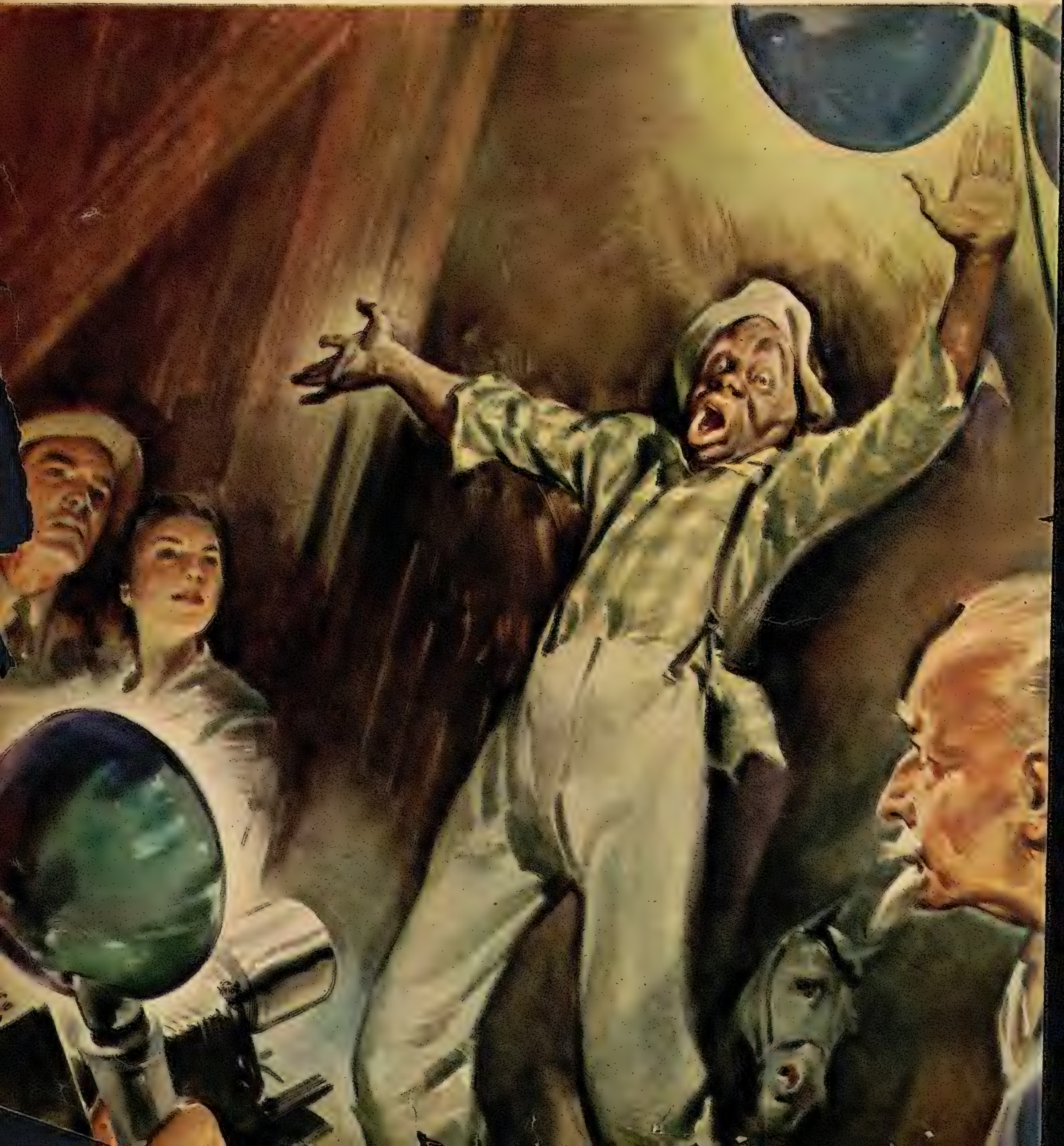
Ice cream is the Navy's favorite dessert, but sometimes must be rationed to make it last through lengthy cruises.

*There's a chuckle a minute in this tale of how the horse Roddy acquired a ghostly rider, and of the good which came of it. Impossible, you say? Well, maybe—but there was plenty of evidence otherwise*

### BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

As cameras hummed and clicked, Walter pulled up sharply and raised his arm—his face took on an expression of authentic terror.



# COLONEL PAXTON and the Haunted Horse

"I DON'T hold with alcohol," Colonel Paxton muttered (in his low voice, for he was talking to himself). "But when I meet a man who scorns—yes, scorns!—a friendly drop, who lifts his high-and-mighty nose and rebukes the cup of friendship, then I look out."

The colonel rattled his head angrily. "I do not trust such a man a mite farther than I can fling a three-year-old stallion."

He was referring to Barclay Sneff.

The colonel was very bitter about Barclay Sneff, and he pushed his wrinkled straw hat far back on his head and for a few minutes rocked briskly and indignantly in his chair.

He lowered an arm beside his chair, lifted his decanter from the floor, and poured a very small whisky into his glass. He drank it in a single swallow. Change, he thought resentfully; the world is full of change, and only a born fool would deny it. Take this valley—Yankee invaders everywhere, operating their stores and their filling stations. And now Sneff—

The veranda door opened behind him, and Mrs. Paxton came out and sat in the chair by the railing. She regarded the colonel quietly for a minute.

"You don't need to tell me," she said, low. "Your face shows it. Mr. Sneff was here as a delegate from the committee. He's turned the committee against you."

The colonel glared. "That," he said acidly, "is the situation. According to Sneff, the County Fair Committee must be reorganized as a board of business men." The way the colonel said "business men," it sounded like a new and violent oath. "The County Fair, in Sneff's words—his very words, so help me—must be lifted out of the horse-and-buggy days; it must be streamlined. The Fair, says Sneff to me, using his weasel voice, his six-per-cent-interest voice, is valuable publicity for the county, it means money to the merchants—" The colonel paused, glowering. "And all this was a windy introduction to the suggestion that I resign as chairman of the committee."

"Ah. Because you're not a business man—"

"Put it plainly! Because they think I'm an old fogey." The colonel struck the arm of his chair. "I want to fight it, but what chance have I got?"

"Not much, I suppose."

"Precisely." Colonel Paxton sank back, deep in gloom. He slapped the pockets of his coat, found his crumpled cigarettes, and lit one.

"The mistake," he said, "is mine. I'm a graybeard loon to have allowed that Sneff on the committee in the first place. Should have learned long ago you can't trust a Yankee."

Mrs. Paxton objected mildly.

"That's hardly fair. Mr. Sneff isn't a Yankee, not really."

"His grandfather came from Boston!"

"But the family has lived in the valley for right close to a hundred years."

"Blood," the colonel snorted, "will tell."

After a few minutes Mrs. Paxton said, "Of course the Fair *has* fallen off in recent years, hasn't it? Attendance does get smaller. And, naturally, that gives Mr. Sneff an argument to use against you—"

"I know," said the colonel sourly. "He's got all the figures to support him—a business man talking to business men."

Softly Mrs. Paxton said, "It's hard, perhaps, for us to understand, but times change."

They do, the colonel thought, indeed they do. He looked across the valley at the hills, now clothed in night. Times change and people change, and I don't like it.

BRIGHT lights were burning in the Sentinel office as Mrs. Paxton, a little breathless, mounted the stone steps under the portico and entered a room marked, OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.

Old Mitchell Roberson, publisher and chief editorial writer, looked up, and surprise was plain on his stout oval face. "Ellen Paxton!" he said, coming to his feet. "Delighted! But what are *you* doing out in the night air?"

He pulled up a chair for her. She sat, and said, "I am not here to listen to any of your banter, Mitchell Roberson. Night air! I'm only sixty-three, as you well know, and full five years younger than yourself."

"And the colonel?"

"At home, of course, fuming over his Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." She smiled, and Mitchell Roberson regarded her with affection. She folded her hands in her lap and said, "Mitchell, I'll come right to the point. Barclay Sneff called on the colonel this afternoon; seems the County Fair Committee is firm set on discarding the colonel. They want him to step down as chairman."

Old Mitchell's anger was swift. "Aye Godfrey!" he thundered. "The colonel's been heading that committee since—"

"Since he came home from chasing the Spaniards in Cuba," Ellen Paxton said easily. "But ranting won't help any. I've got a plan, and I want your aid."

"You're talking about a move to beat the committee? Is it honest?"

"Not entirely."

"Ah!" said old Mitchell. "Now we begin to understand each other, Ellen. Proceed."

Mrs. Paxton proceeded. "I don't need to tell you, Mitchell, that attendance has slumped at the Fair these recent years. Once, in the old days, there were fifty thousand paid admissions; last year it was less than ten thousand. The committee—Sneff and young Tom Rose and Mr. Graves and the others—figure maybe it's the colonel's fault. And do you know, maybe it is."

Old Mitchell nodded.

"But," Ellen Paxton said, "the colonel still has control this year—the committee can *ask* him to resign, but they can't force him out until the January election. And the Fair opens on the twenty-first—"

"Fair opens three weeks from Thursday."

"How'd you like to see fifty, maybe sixty thousand paid admissions this year?"

The publisher narrowed his eyes. "How'd you like to fling a stone from here to Washington?"

"I wouldn't," Ellen Paxton said, "because I can't see any profit in it. But with your help I think we can build up Fair attendance to a good fifty thousand."

"It's a big order. How'll you work it?"

She hitched a little forward in her chair. "Mitchell, I think it can be accomplished by the insertion of one small news item in the columns of your paper. Do you remember Uncle Todd Wolcott?"

"I do, vaguely. Your mother's brother. Went to Savannah in the eighties."

"The very one. It was in Savannah that he owned his haunted horse."

Mrs. Paxton paused rather dramatically, and the effect was as she desired.

Old Mitchell said, "*Haunted* horse?"

"That's right. Seems he had an old roan in his stables, and the stableboys took a notion it was haunted. A ghost rider, they swore, spirited the old roan out late at night to race him across the fields—"

"Poppycock!"

"Of course. Stableboy superstition. But hundreds of people came from all over to gawp at the haunted horse."

"Very amusing. But what—"

"Just this: If a horse can be haunted by the accident of a stableboy's imagination, it can also be haunted by deliberate plot. Do you see? Uncle Todd Wolcott's haunted roan was a fortnight's sensation in Savannah—and I aim to have a sensation for the Fair."

The publisher drew heavily on his pipe. "Ellen," he said, "you're an old rogue."

MRS. PAXTON smiled modestly. "I'm glad you understand, Mitchell. We've a very good horse out at our place—you know Roddy, don't you? We can haunt Roddy; and we can encourage the colonel to enter him in the final race at the Fair, the Saturday race, the big race. *That* should attract the crowds—because we'll run Roddy without a jockey. Without a visible jockey, you know. The ghost rider will be up. Do you like it?"

Old Mitchell did not respond immediately. Finally he leaned forward.

"I think I like it, Ellen," he said. "I'm not sure, mind you—I'm not quite sure. Smacks of fraudulence, Faginism, corruption of the press, and malfeasance of public trust. But I'll say yes. We'll try your plan."

Ellen Paxton chuckled. "You're a fine fellow, Mitchell. I'm sometimes just a little bit sorry I didn't marry you."

"You had the chance," old Mitchell said. His face was, for an instant, set in a mask of seriousness; and then he grinned. He turned to his typewriter. "You dictate, Ellen."

*(Continued on page 70)*

# The Camera Eye

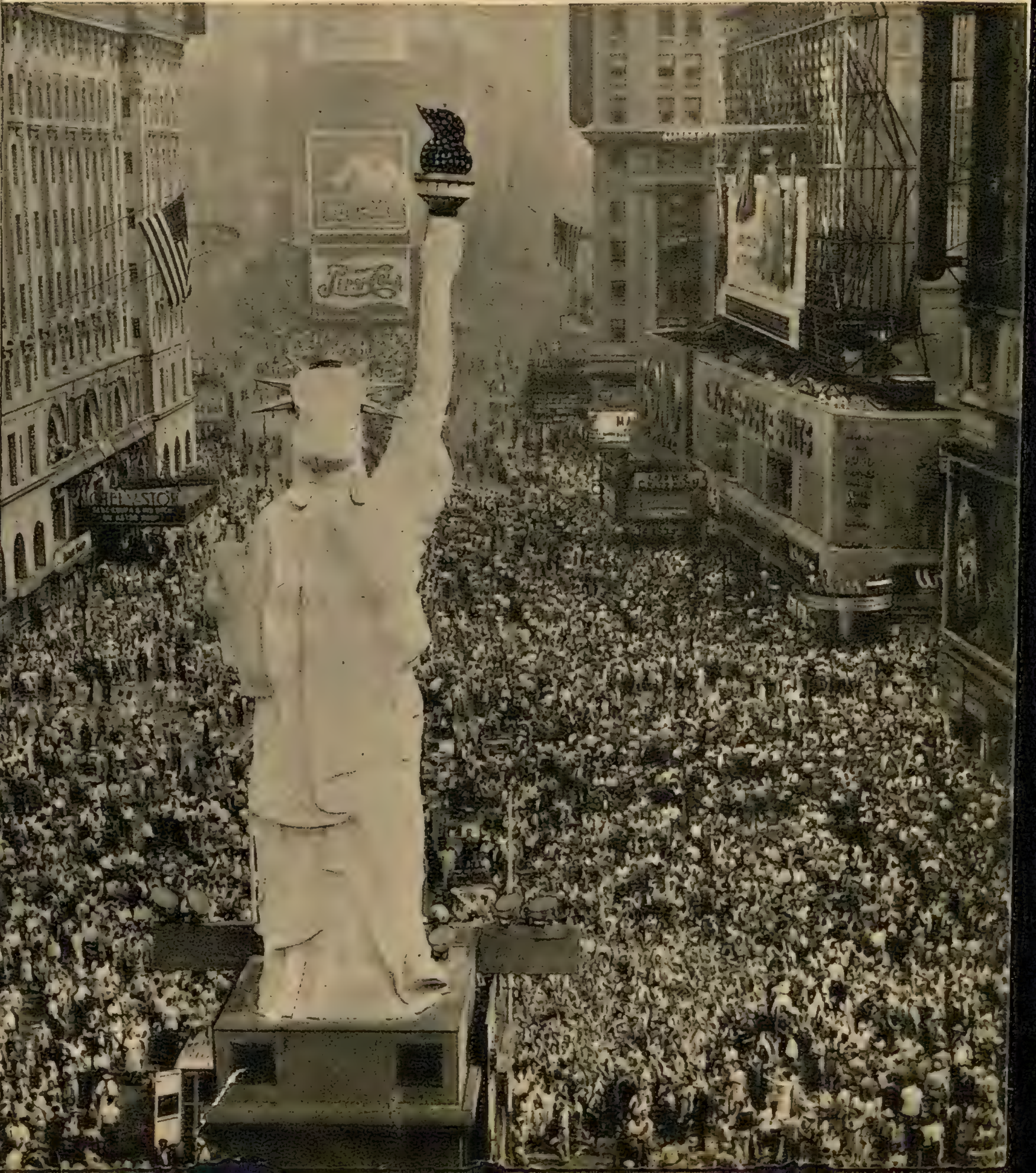
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

**THE TRUMANS SMILED**—It was a glorious day at the White House, where these exultant waves answered the cheers of capital throngs.

**PERILS OF JOURNALISM**—Too much speed on the turns caused a spill when White House reporters raced for the telephones.

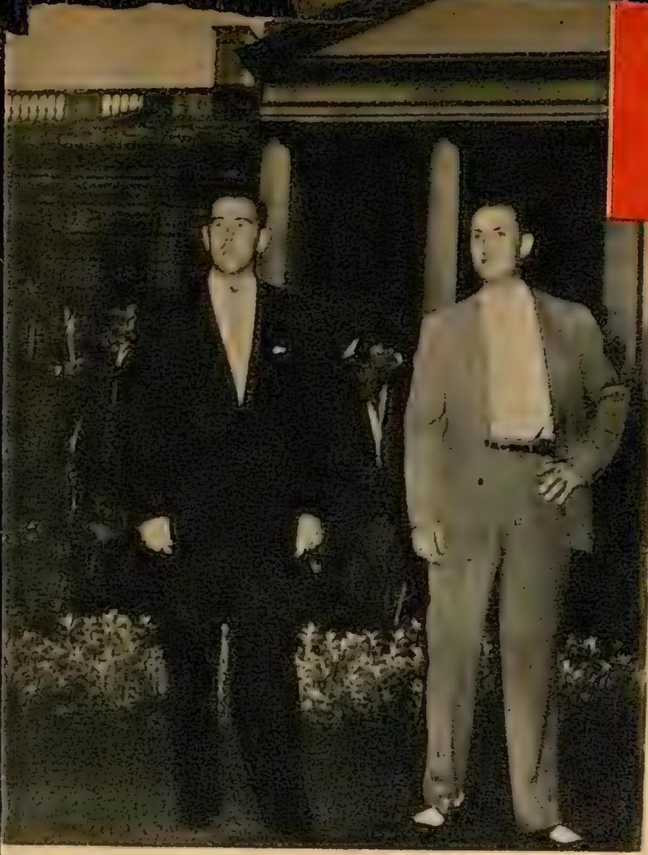
TIMES SQ
BROADWAY
TIMES SQUARE
BROADWAY
TIMES SQ
BROADWAY
TIMES SQUARE
BROADWAY

**CROW'S-NEST**—Seaman Alex Caperna from Baltimore won a cheer from the Times Square crowds by going aloft on a lamp post to unfurl his flag. It was rugged climbing.

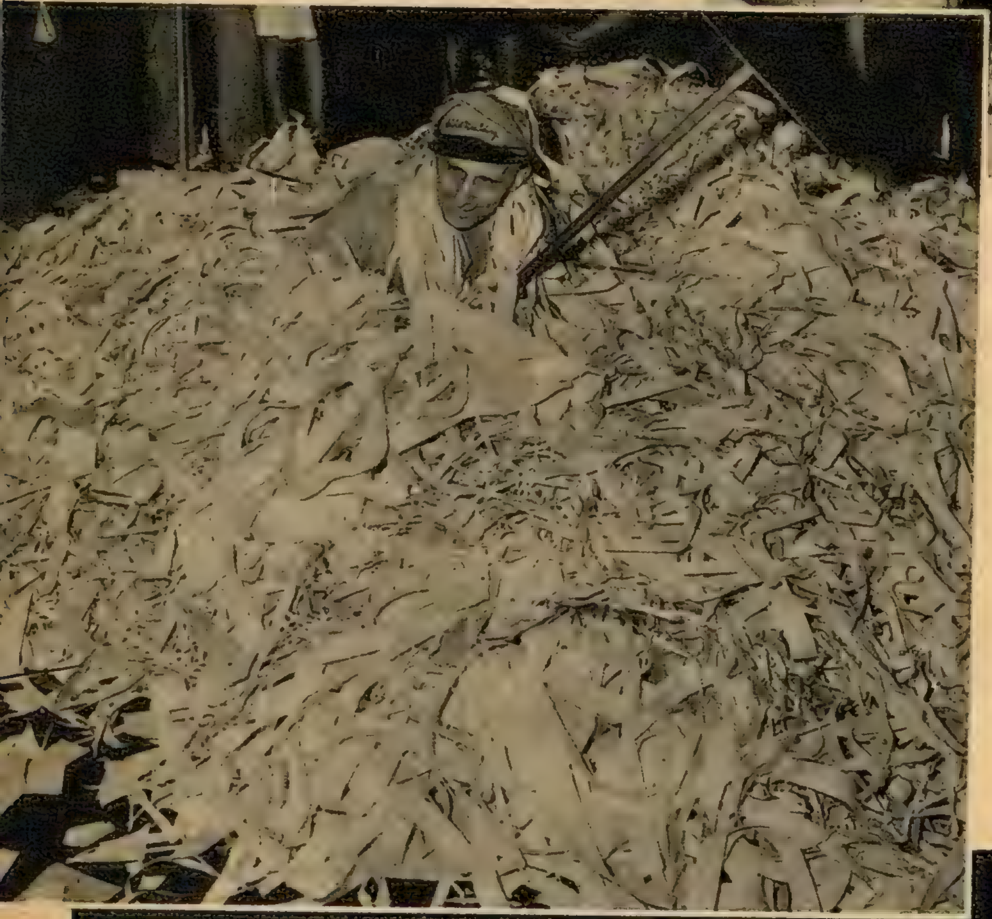


**OL' LADY LIBERTY**—Triumphantly the old girl seems here to be bestowing a blessing of hard-won peace on her milling thousands of votaries. As usual, all Gotham seemed headed for Times Square.

# VICTORY



The Detroit Free Press
PEACE!



**CASUALTY!**—While Detroit's celebrants surge about, Pfc. Leonard Maks declares time out. Lipstick decorations show that—though outnumbered—he did his gallant best until the very end.

**BLITZKRIEG**—No mere red tape ever did this to a man! In Chicago, Frank Borelli pardonably wonders what miracles he is supposed to accomplish with just one solitary broom.

**SAN FRANCISCO, TOO**—enjoyed its share of high jinks. Old Glory flew high over Market Street after these valiant (and gymnastic) servicemen proved that monuments were easy at such a time.

TRUMAN ANNOUNCES WAR IS OVER

**NO HOLDS BARRED**—was the rule in Washington. When soldiers and sailors literally swept these girls off their feet, the photographers were looking about for asbestos film.

# The Pumpkin Flower

*It was absurd for this comical little Pablo to think he could win the lovely Manuela—when all he had in the world were a fighting chicken and a guitar. But—properly used—what more does a man need?*

## BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

YOU cannot understand how it was with Pablo Luz, señor, unless you are aware of the times and the customs and have been in this part of Mexico on an evening when the mockingbirds are singing, and the wind is soft, and the little stars shoulder the moon up over the hills like a great golden wheel. And to know how it was with Pablo, it is also required that you have music within you and be in love.

Pablo Luz came down from the hills on an evening such as I have just described. His guitar was slung over his shoulder with a crimson sash, and he had a yellow cactus blossom above one ear, and carried a sack with the head of a fighting cock sticking from it. And yonder, where you see the house that nestles like a little white chicken under the wing of the big hotel, he saw Manuela Quizando for the first time, and at once began to be in love.

This, señor, is not to be wondered at. Manuela was in the garden, cutting roses to be sold at the big hotel to *turistas* like yourself. It is enough at this time to say that Manuela was sixteen, with hair like the midnight and dark stars for eyes, and to tell you that every evening a half of a dozen young men serenaded her. And Santiago Hernandez, who owned three fishing boats and even had money in the bank, was already claiming her as his *chulita*.

Pablo Luz did not know of Santiago. He halted under the oak trees and put the gamecock gently on the ground and covered it very carefully with his sombrero. He removed the cactus flower and looked at it with a sad smile. Then he tossed this cactus flower over his shoulder; he was throwing aside all past loves for this little one among the roses.

These things Manuela smiled—perhaps a little coquettishly—to see him do. He was a little man, señor, a comical little man with a sharp face and eyes too large. And his cotton clothing was too large, too, and torn. He wore *guarachas* fashioned from an old automobile tire, and it was plain to see that the guitar and the fighting cock were all the things he owned in the world.

But there was the music within him, and this new thing which warmed his heart. And love, as you know, makes all men feel of a size and importance that cannot be estimated. Pablo Luz plucked the strings of his guitar and began his first serenade, wiggling his toes in the dust as he played:

Little dove, come quickly to my country
And we shall be in grace with God;
We shall go from the hill to the mountains
And happily we shall live.
I want never to leave thee,
But always to adore thee.
Little dove, come quickly to my country.

Who is to judge, señor, the quality of music that comes from the heart of one in love? It is true that Pablo Luz had never been schooled in music and could play but four songs; and of his voice one can only say that it was a large voice for so small a man. But in that first song to Manuela, señor, there was a something. A sincerity, perhaps, to make her know the words were not idle.

Santiago came up behind Pablo Luz and put one hand over Pablo's mouth. With the other he stilled the guitar.

She leaned on the fence with the roses in her arms and listened. But then an upstairs window opened and was filled by Doña Felipa, the mother of Manuela.

"Manuela!" called Doña Felipa. "Manuela, *hija*, come at once into the house! And you with the guitar and the voice of a burro, be on your way!"

Pablo Luz was shy. He stopped singing, and Manuela said, "But, *mamacita*, here is a stranger who may be seeking lodging. Would you drive him to the big hotel that has made you poor?"

"The big hotel? *Ay, por Dios!* That one go to the big hotel? Does he look like the rich *turista?*"

Pablo Luz slung the guitar over his shoulder and took a purse from his pocket. He said, "Look, *vieja!* I have money, and where this came from there is more. Let me see your rooms."

The money made a difference to Doña Felipa and she came down to the garden.

"What is that thing?" she asked when Pablo put on his sombrero and picked up the sack.

"This," said Pablo Luz, proudly stroking the chicken's head, "is Pancho Villa, the best *gallo* in all Mexico! Pancho, little one dear to my heart, salute the beautiful señorita!"

THE gamecock crowed, señor, and tried to flap his wings in the sack. Manuela clapped her hands in delight, but Doña Felipa only looked stern.

"Like all gamecocks," she said, "that one is a bird of the devil. I will not have it in my house."

"Pancho goes where I go," said Pablo Luz, putting his purse away.

"But think, *mamacita*," Manuela said. "There is the stable and nothing in it. Could not the *gallo* stay there?"

"For tonight," said Doña Felipa, folding her arms. "But if there is to be any permanent arrangement, the rent of the stable will be a *peso* a week."

"It is of no consequence," said Pablo Luz, being in love. "The chicken will earn a thousand times that." And he came through the gate, seeing nothing but the girl who was more beautiful than all the roses she held in her arms. Nothing else, that is, except the pumpkin vine that flourished beside the walk. Pablo stopped to examine this pumpkin vine, and was heartened to see it would not be in bloom for several weeks more.

I have said, señor, that it is necessary for you to understand the times and the customs, and so I will explain to you the custom of the pumpkin flower.

Just as it is the custom to play four serenades in one evening beneath the window of your *amante*—and never any more, señor—so it is that a girl may inform her unlucky suitor that she wishes an end to his attentions simply by pinning a pumpkin flower on her left breast.

Now you know why Pablo Luz was glad that it would be a little while before the pumpkin bloomed.

*BUENO, SEÑOR.* In the manner I have described, Pablo Luz came to this place and lost his heart to Manuela Quizando. He arranged to stay on at the house of Doña Felipa, paying four *pesos* a week for himself, and one *peso* for the rent of the stable so that the little red-and-black chicken would have a roof. And to Juan Quizando, the ten-year-old brother of Manuela, he paid a few *centavos* for the feeding of this little chicken.

Of course Pablo had but a little money, and so he went to work, but not much. Always he was going to win a large sum by betting on Pancho Villa in the cockfights which are held nightly in this place. He worked among the fishing boats for perhaps two hours in the morning, except, of course, on saints' days. But when the sun was high he lay in a hammock in that garden, playing his guitar; and even when Manuela was gone to the big hotel to sell her flowers, there were dreams of her in Pablo's eyes.

On the second evening, Pablo, too, went to the big hotel and tried his luck at playing for the *turistas* in the patio. But after the first song there were only a few *centavos* in his sombrero. And, besides, the manager ordered him away.

"I have seen you at Doña Felipa's house," the manager said. "Her business gets worse all the time. Go back there and tell her if she is wise she will accept my offer to buy her house and land."

"It will not be necessary," said Pablo. "I have a little chicken that can earn a thousand *pesos* in one night."

He was leaving, when one of the *turistas* stopped him. This was a man named Johnson, who said he was in Mexico to gather the folklore of this country—the music, and the *dichos*, and the *cuentos* that are told around the campfire.

"In my room," said Señor Johnson, "I have a recording machine. It is not likely that your songs will ever set the world on fire, but they sound as if they came from the soil. I'll pay you twenty *pesos* for each recording, and split the royalties—if any—with you. Come to my room tomorrow."

*"Gracias, señor,"* Pablo said, and walked back to where the manager was watching. To the manager he said, *"Viejo,* there are other reasons why it will not be necessary for Doña Felipa to sell her house. I, Pablo Luz, bid you good night!"

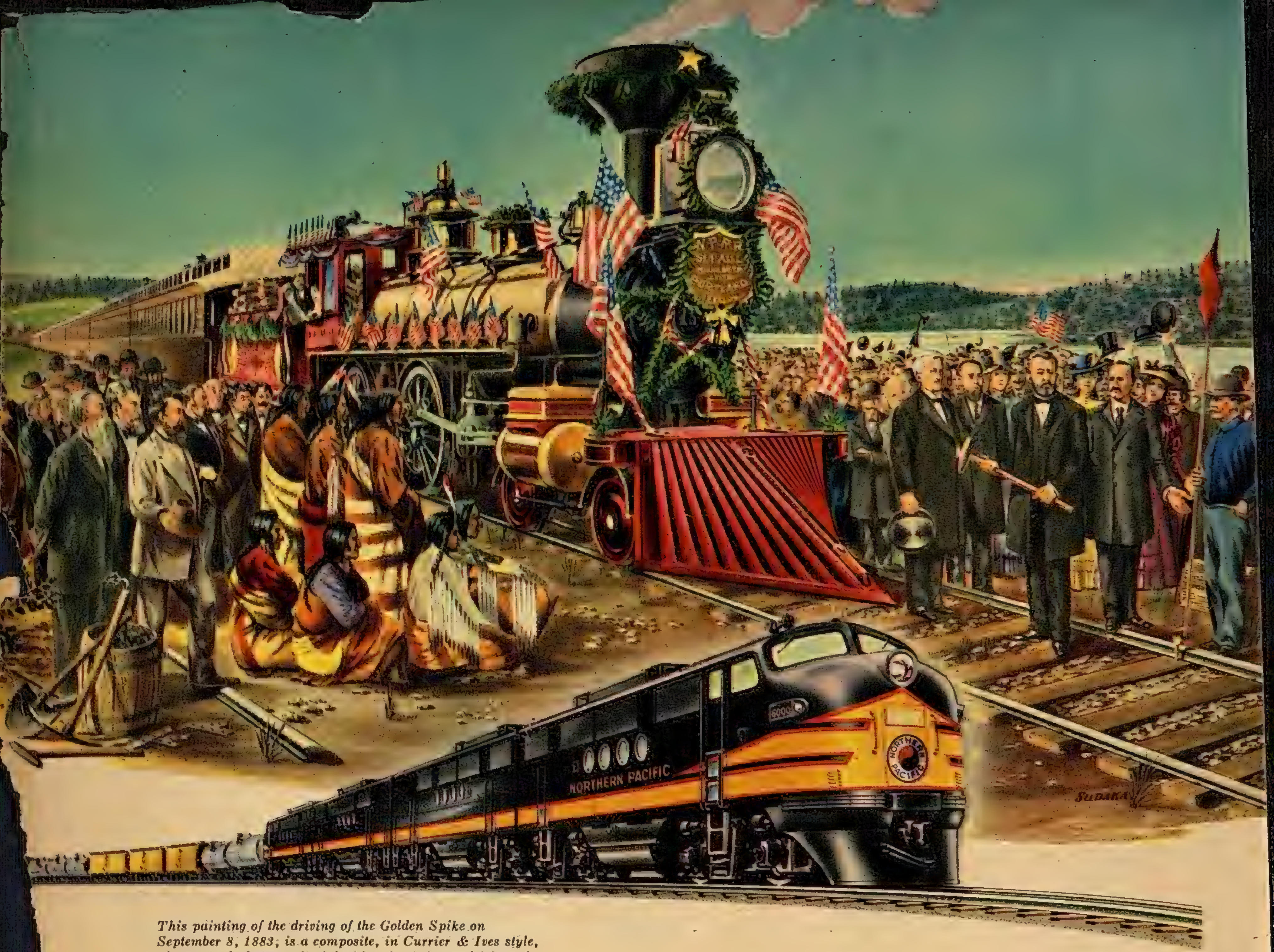
And he struck a chord from his guitar, and snapped his fingers at the manager. He went back to the garden at Doña Felipa's house, feeling *muy importante*. It was time, he thought, to serenade Manuela, and thus, according to the custom, to declare his intentions concerning her.

But just as Pablo struck the first note of his song, three men came up the walk and into the shadows beneath Manuela's window, and one of these was Santiago Hernandez.

Santiago was a large man, señor, and had that kind of courage which goes with owning three fishing boats and having money in the bank. He came up behind Pablo Luz and reached out to put one hand over Pablo's mouth, and with his other hand he stilled the guitar.

"It is well known," said Santiago, "that the young lady of this house is my *chulita*, and that I serenade her each evening at

(Continued on page 80)



*This painting of the driving of the Golden Spike on September 8, 1883, is a composite, in Currier & Ives style, of an actual photograph of the historic engine and a mural now decorating the Montana State Capitol in Helena.*

# WRITING NEW RAILROAD HISTORY

Sun glinting on yellow metal marked a great moment in railroad history that day in September, 1883. At Gold Creek, Montana, General U. S. Grant drove home a golden spike — and the Northern Pacific, first of the northern trans-continental railroads, was completed.

Shortly after, a special train puffed over the spot, carrying officials and distinguished guests from the East and Europe, on the first through train trip from St. Paul to Portland, Oregon.

History is still being made on the Northern Pacific, as great trains of battle-bound freight hurry westward in support of fighting forces.

For here mighty GM Diesel freight locomotives are writing a brilliant record of accomplishment over steep and twisting mountain grades.

Hauling greater tonnages faster and at lower cost, they are showing today what tomorrow can bring when whole lines are GM Dieselized. Then this momentous power will usher in an era when freight will travel faster, passengers ride with greater comfort, speed and luxury, and the whole land benefit from lower railroading costs.

**ON TO FINAL VICTORY**
**BUY *MORE* WAR BONDS**

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

**LOCOMOTIVES** ....... ***ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,*** *La Grange, Ill.*

**SINGLE ENGINES** . . *Up to 200 H.P.*
**MULTIPLE UNITS** . . *Up to 800 H.P.* . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, *Detroit 23, Michigan*

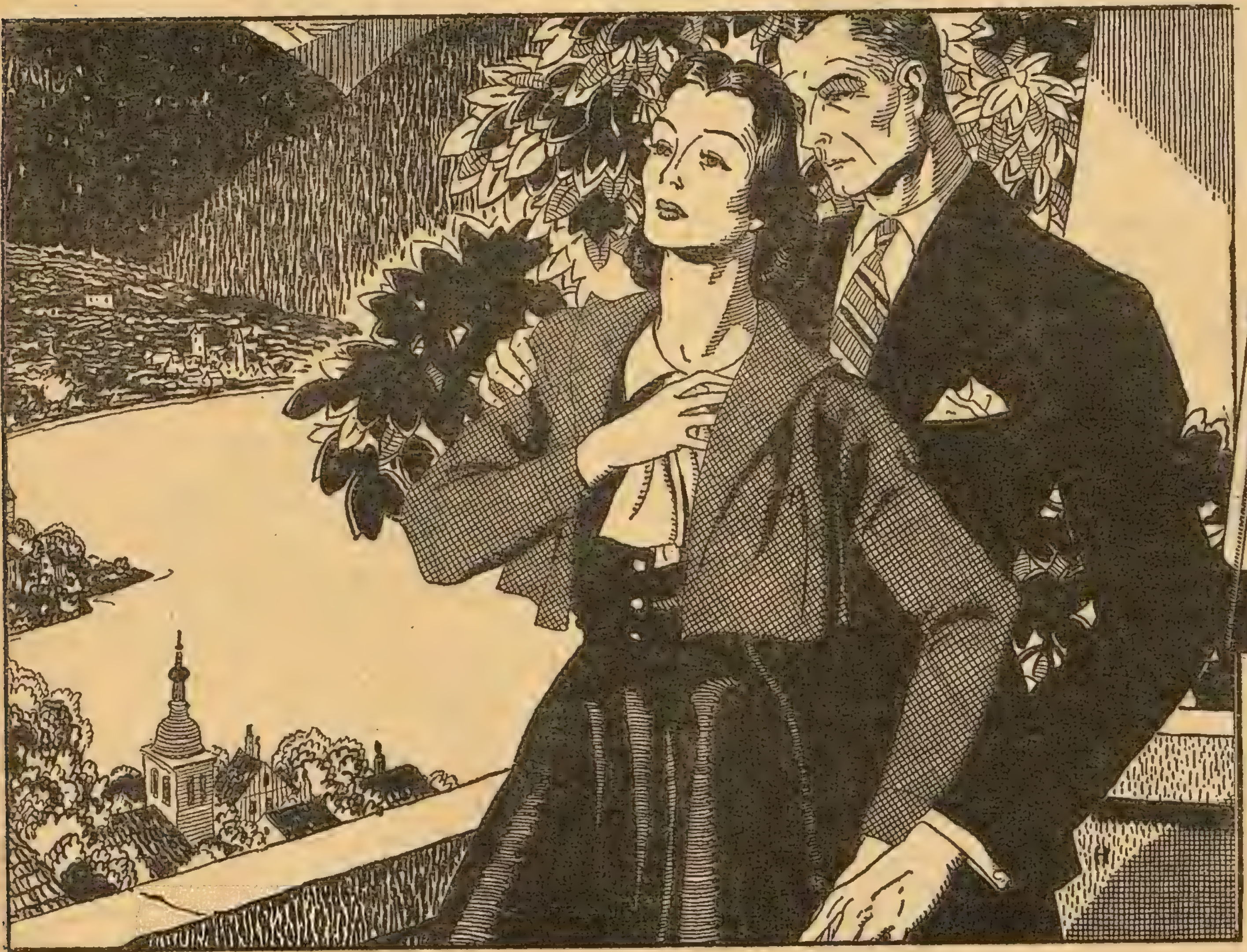
**ENGINES** . . *150 to 2000 H.P.* . . . *CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio*

# Reprieve

## BY WARWICK DEEPING

*Author of Sorrell and Son*

**The doctor said that Valentine Brown had just one year to live. That was quite O. K. with the disillusioned, browbeaten Mr. Brown. But he was determined to make the most of his one year. This story of a conventional man who found himself in an unconventional situation is characteristic of one of the most popular storytellers of our day.**



**A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION**

**READING TIME ONE EVENING**

*ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND*

THE man walked out of the shadow into the sunlight.

It was five minutes to six on a hot day in the month of May.

The station road had been tarred and shingled, and the sun had softened the tar, and the tires of departing cars picked up the shingle and rattled it against their mudguards. Across the way other cars were parked. The man stood holding his attaché case and scrutinizing the line of cars. He owned two such vehicles; neither of them was waiting for him.

Oh—well, he would have to walk. Doubtless his wife had the Daimler, and either Tim or Ursula the Morris.

A male acquaintance who had been collected by his wife, overtook the man just where the road dipped down toward the water and the willows.

"Hallo—there's poor old Brown. Left to foot it as usual. Better give him a lift."

Valentine Brown heard the car slow up behind him, and the hail of the friendly voice.

"Can we give you a lift, old man?"

Valentine smiled. He had quick, dark eyes, and very white teeth. Many women thought him attractive. He could look sad and dreamy, a romantic creature whom life had reduced to a dumb dullness.

"Thanks. I rather like walking after a day in a chair."

Valentine Brown came down to the river. He hesitated and then turned aside across the grass to lean against the white railings. He was tired, with that most terrible tiredness, a weariness of the spirit.

He took off his hat, that hard hat, and let the sunlight warm a pate whose hair was tinged with grey and growing

Copyright, 1945, by Warwick Deeping. Published by Dial Press, New York. Price $2.50.

thin. He watched the light among the leaves or the white clouds sailing.

So swallowed up was he in this sweet, sensuous, living world that he did not hear a car stop. A girl with a pert and sallow face addressed him.

"Hello, pater, feeling the heat?"

Valentine came out of his day-dream to confront that other reality in the person of his daughter.

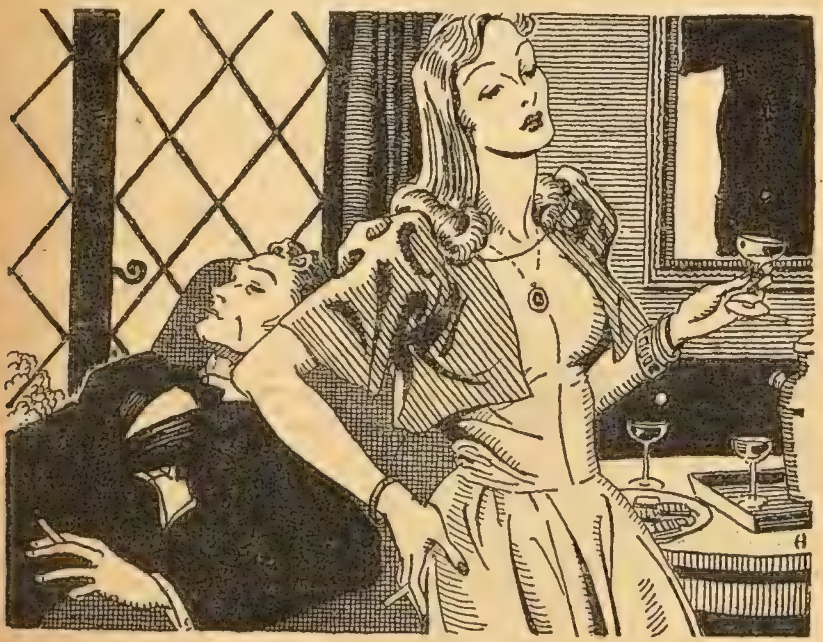
"Just looking at the river."

How was it that he always felt apologetic in the presence of this bright young thing? Ursula was nineteen, and completely complacent. She was a second edition of her mother, small and dark of eye.

Where had she been in his second car? She did not tell him, and he did not ask her. He had discovered that the family did not relish questions, and fobbed them off with casual flippancy.

The car climbed and swung left between two massive white gateposts.

Ursula spilled her father out at the foot of the terrace steps, and drove on to put the car away. Valentine Brown climbed the steps, and he climbed them slowly like a tired old man. He wandered into the house, left his attaché case in the library, and wandered out again. His wife had furnished and decorated High Chimneys in the most modern manner. There was nothing old in it. Everything was flat and shallow and flashy. The very fireplaces were fitted with electric heaters mimicking log or coal fires. Artifice everywhere—ostentation.



Almost he could say that he did not belong to High Chimneys; he ate and slept there, and was becoming more and more a man of silence, a shadowy sire whose significance had passed now that he and Betty were no longer necessary to each other, and those two aggressive children made him feel superfluous.

"Val—Val!"

It was like the sudden harsh scolding of a jay in these green glooms.

"Val—oh—there you are! What are you doing?"

Valentine Brown turned. What was he doing? Why—just nothing.

He saw the solid little figure of his wife, and he saw her in detail and with strange distinctness. Her face was like her daughter's, a pasty pudding; spectacles glimmered over her small fruity brown eyes. Her tummy stuck out, as did her chin.

She had a throaty voice, a voice of peculiar complacency. You could never tell Betty anything. Either she knew, or dismissed your statement with smug facetiousness.

"Have you forgotten? The Masons are dining and staying for bridge."

"I had forgotten."

She made a little contemptuous noise.

"You would. I can't think what's the matter with you these days. The Masons are always so early. Go in and change."

Valentine Brown rose from the seat, pulled his waistcoat down, and looked at his wife's ankles.

"It doesn't matter much, does it?"

"Of course it matters. The drinks. Mason is so sidy about cocktails, and that new girl is a nit-wit."

Her husband smiled a dim smile. What a funny world it must be when your chief conceit could be associated with the mixing of little drinks!

HIGH CHIMNEYS very much belonged to the boiled shirt world. It was a sign and a symbol. Valentine Brown found a particular garment in his dressing-room super-starched and utterly intractable. He broke the chain of one cuff link in an attempt to insert it. For three seconds or so he stood regarding the virtuous vestment, and then a strange and sudden anger flared in him.

"Damn you!"

Taking the thing by its starched front, with an outward jerk of his two hands he rent it and tossed it on a chair. He got into a soft shirt and a dark grey flannel suit and he went down the stairs.

Harold Mason stared at Valentine Brown as though he had caught his host wearing a ready-made tie.

"Hullo, old man, moth in the dinner jacket?"

Mrs. Brown had to explain the lapse.

"Val is so absent-minded. He was messing about in the garden and forgot the time."

Mason was tasting the cocktail which Brown had mixed for him. He had asked for a White Lady, and Valentine had given him a weak gin and vermouth.

"I say, old man, sorry, but I asked for a White Lady."

Brown glanced vaguely at the glass.

"Did you? Sorry. Mix one yourself."

His wife looked shocked.

"Really, Val!"

"What, my dear?"

"Do pull yourself together."

Her husband's idea of self-recovery was to mix himself a whisky and soda and wander off with it to a window. His son and daughter had joined the party. Tim liked his coat wasp-waisted and puffed at the shoulders. Ursula was in yellow, and yellow was not her color.

Harold Mason had edged up beside his hostess. He glanced over his shoulder at the aloof figure of Valentine.

"Not quite himself. Been working too hard. . . . Noticed it lately."

Mrs. Brown shrugged.

"Oh, just moods."

"Seen his doctor lately?"

"No. Do you think . . .?"

"Yes, dear lady, seems indicated. Believe in a fellow being vetted every six months, specially when he's fiftyish. May be nothing, of course."

"Val's not fifty yet."

"Oh—thought he was. Aged a bit lately. Not like you."

Mrs. Brown took the compliment smugly.

"Well, I'm interested in things."

"Yes, that's just it. Val isn't. Seems to have gone flat."

After dinner Brown lit his pipe, rose, and strolled across the terrace. His wife's brown jelly eyes followed him suspiciously.

"Val."

Her husband did not appear to hear her.

"Val!"

He half turned.

"Yes, my dear?"

"You might look for a couple of new packs of cards."

Valentine Brown moved slowly on, and spoke over his shoulder.

"Tell Tim to. He'd better take my place. I don't feel like—concentrating."

There was a moment's significant silence. The family was neither shocked nor worried. The old man just had a mood, but these moods were becoming a nuisance.

"Tim," said his mother, "see about the cards."

"Right-o, mater. As a matter of fact, I was. . ."

But his mother was not to be balked by both son and husband.

"Well, you're not. You're needed. Go and see about a couple of new packs."

"Right-o!"

THE loss of a temper over a shirt, and Brown's lack of courtesy to his guests—or rather, to his wife's guests—were incidental peas in the same pod. Valentine Brown went early to bed, but not to sleep. He heard the Mason car drive away. Footsteps came up the stairs, tapping along the polished boards of the corridor to his door.

A switch clicked and the room became a glare of light.

"Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No. Why?"

"Well—really! What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Just not feeling—social."

"There must be something the matter with you. A man doesn't behave like you did unless. . ."

Brown turned his face away and closed his eyes.

"I don't want a lecture, Betty. I want to go to sleep."

Betty Brown switched off the light. The click of the switch was more emphatic than words. Dr. Lambert was coming to tennis on Saturday. She would have a word with him then, and persuade him to tackle her husband.

DR. CYRIL LAMBERT was an early arrival for the tennis game, as he had patients to see at half past six. He had brought his wife with him, and Betty Brown, who hated to see an empty court, hustled four players onto it.

"Val, you must play."

It was a hot day and they were half way through the first set, the games being three all, when the thing happened. Valentine Brown was serving, and Dr. Lambert had been observing him. Brown was looking thin and shabby. His game had a slackness. He served to his daughter, a fast and lucky first service. She scooped it up into a short lob, and her father, running up to kill, faltered, stumbled forward, and fell into the net.

The doctor looked toward the row of chairs.

"Give me a hand, someone."

Her friends said of Betty Brown that she handled the situation with admirable self-control. Her husband had fainted, and no doubt the lapse was due to the heat and to his being out of condition. Betty Brown hustled four more players onto the court. The game must go on. She even apologized to her party for the contretemps.

"I'm afraid Valentine ought not to have played. He is so out of condition."

Her husband meanwhile was sitting up, looking self-conscious and like a very sick man.

"Sorry to make such an ass of myself."

"Take it easy, old chap. We had better get you into the house."

The doctor and Harold Mason helped him over the grass, for when Valentine Brown got on his feet his legs felt like water.

VALENTINE BROWN'S case was an obscure one. He was a tired man. He had lost both weight and appetite; he was anaemic. Dr. Lambert made a very thorough examination, but he could discover no very definite signs of disease.

"Look here, old man. I'd like you to see Sir Hector Hardcastle."

So Valentine Brown visited Harley Street.

Sir Hector Hardcastle was Pickwickian both in size and shape, a little, solid, solemn fellow with a big bald head and eyes that were almost sky-blue behind high-powered spectacles.

He drew his case-book toward him and picked up a pen.

"Now for the catechism, Mr. Brown. Your age?"

"Forty-nine."

"Occupation?"

"I am a hop-merchant."

Had Mr. Brown lost weight? He had; some pounds. And the appetite? Poor. Any pain after meals? No—sometimes passing discomfort.

The physician's sensitive little hands percussed and palpated. They dug deep yet gently into Valentine Brown's abdomen.

"Any pain there?"

"Just a little tender."

"Ah," said the physician, frowning. "I should like an X-ray, Mr. Brown."

"Just as you wish, sir."

"Yes, as soon as possible. Are you staying in town?"

"No, but I could come up and stay at my club."

"A good idea. There are certain preliminaries."

"Is there anything serious?"

Sir Hector looked straight at him.

"To be frank, Mr. Brown, I'm rather afraid there is. A rather rare condition. The X-ray may help me to decide."

Valentine Brown's lips moved.

"Cancer?"

And the physician nodded.

"I am afraid that is what I suspect."

VALENTINE BROWN travelled back to Shallerton like a man suspended between two worlds. He had been surprised to find how little he seemed to fear the doom that he might be carrying within him.

He would have to tell Betty, and he discovered an almost malicious satisfaction in the prospect. What would he see on her little pudding face? Annoyance? Pity? Concern? Almost he could see her smug little mouth shaping for those words: "What a niusance!" Yes, that had been his value in the house, nuisance value.

He got off the train and walked home. He saw his wife sitting with a magazine under a black and yellow umbrella. He strolled casually toward her, and sat down in a chair. He was silent.

Silence was always displeasing to Betty Brown.

"Well, I hope the great man has given you something for your indigestion."

Just that! Valentine Brown wanted to laugh.

"Yes, I believe he has."

VALENTINE BROWN finished his breakfast and lighted a pipe. As a protest and perhaps in the cause of experiment he had breakfasted well, and his stomach had accepted this responsibility without complaining.

"Oh, Bessie, I forgot to tell Mrs. Brown that I shall not be home tonight. Staying at the club."

"Very good, sir."

The staff of High Chimneys might have expressed surprise at such forgetfulness, but it did not do so. Valentine Brown was liked and his wife was not. He was considerate; he asked for things and did not give pert orders.

It gave Bessie pleasure to pass on that message, and the snub it should administer.

"The master asked to me to say, madam, that he will not be back tonight."

Mrs. Brown was at her bureau, scratching out a letter with a huge purple quill.

"What!"

Bessie repeated the sentence with deliberate and refined emphasis.

"How—extraordinary! Did he say. . .?"

"Mr. Brown said that he was staying at his club, madam."

Bessie closed the door and left her mistress biting the end of the purple quill. Well—really! To send a message to her by a servant! And why was he spending the night in town? Betty Brown was annoyed. She was not interested in Arthur Valentine as a man, but she still considered it to be her right to criticize and control him.

Well, she would ring Val up at his club just about the time he might be out. Yes, that was the thing to do. If he was out with some sudden "fancy," he would be caught out. Betty nibbled at the pen. Now, why hadn't she thought of that before? A secret affair might well explain his funniness. When other people did not behave as Betty expected them to behave she described their behavior as "funny."

VALENTINE BROWN had his X-rays and went to Sir Hector's office the next morning for the verdi[illegible] Sir Hector was standing on the hearthrug, his har[illegible] behind his back. His gravity was obvious.

"Sit down, Mr. Brown."

Valentine Brown sat down with a sudden sense of something slipping within him.

"I think it is kinder to be frank, and quickly so."

Valentine moistened dry lips.

"Can you tell me how long I have to live?"

Sir Hector stroked his chin. "About six months."

Valentine Brown's head went back with a jerk. So little as that? How strange!

"It may be longer."

A whimsical smile twisted his face.

"Well, I suppose one wouldn't be very keen to prolong it—at that stage. Shall I have much—pain?"

Sir Hector looked at him compassionately.

"No, not to begin with. It may be some weeks before you experience active discomfort. And . . . then. . ."

Valentine Brown waited, head up, eyes steady.

"And then—it will be dealt with."

Valentine Brown sighed. "I'm glad of that."

"Pain, Mr. Brown, is a great leveller and a great educator. I shall be writing to Dr. Lambert about you."

BEFORE leaving his Club for the station Valentine phoned up High Chimneys, and was answered by the parlormaid.

"I want Thomson to meet the 3.35 with Daimler."

The maid's voice was apologetic.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I believe Mrs. Brown has ordered the Daimler."

Valentine Brown found himself reacting in a new way to this domestic contretemps.

"My orders are, Bessie, that Thomson meets the 3.35 with the Daimler. Will you please see that he gets that order."

"Yes, sir. And shall I. . .?"

"You can tell your mistress that she can take the small car and drive herself."

"Very good, sir." Bessie's voice sounded pleased.

THOMSON was at Shallerton station with the Daimler, looking somewhat coy and apologetic.

"Has your mistress taken the Morris?"

"No, sir. I'm afraid I'm in Queer Street."

"Oh! How?"

"Mrs. Brown has sacked me."

His master gave Thomson a quick look, and there was a glitter in it.

"The notice is not valid, Thomson. I engaged you."

"Well, you see, sir, the mistress was. . ."

"That is my affair. I gave an order and you obeyed it. That is sufficient."

"Thank you, sir. You've always been considerate."

Betty Brown was waiting for the Daimler. Her party was to have been at the house of some new people, expensive and expansive people, and the Daimler Straight Eight should have proved to these pretentious posers that High Chimneys was very much high hat. Mrs. Brown heard the car and she sat like an ominous little black hen on a nest, waiting to fluff up her feathers.

She would tell Val a thing or two. No use his pretending to be seedy.

The trouble with her husband was that he had grown lazy and did not take enough exercise.

But, once again, Mrs. Brown was bunkered. Her husband, leaving Thomson to deal with his suitcase, walked straight through the house into the garden and past the ornate part of it to that peaceful corner on the edge of the woodland. He sat down there, and as he did so a significant thought came to him.

"Until the last moment of consciousness—life can be yours."

Betty Brown surprised him sitting there with his hat on his knees, gazing up into the trees and contemplating that fretted mystery of light and shadow.

She stood within a yard of him with her little pudding hands on the back of the seat.

"I have a bone to pick with you, my lad. In the future I'll ask you not to make me look a fool before the serv-[illegible]"

Valentine Brown smiled. How ironic was the situation, how utter was the estrangement between them! Here was he, a doomed man, being hectored by this little hen. Where was the sentimental flavor of married life? He could picture himself making the confession: "My dear, I am afraid I have bad news for you." An angelic woman would throw her arms about his neck and weep: "Oh, my darling, I won't believe it, I can't believe it. How can I go on living without you?"

He should not have smiled, and he knew it. Not to be taken seriously is exasperating to any woman.

"Don't grin. I won't be made to look a fool before the servants, and before those Porteous people. They expected me for tea."

Valentine Brown said quietly, "Well, there was the Morris."

"Ursula took that."

"Well, it's not much past four. Plenty of time. The Daimler is free now."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What do you expect me to say?"

"I expect an apology."

"For using my own car? After all, my dear, I am in the doctor's hands."

"Tsh," said she, "all you need is more exercise. You just sit about and imagine things."

Her husband gave a little laugh.

"Go and enjoy your party. I shall be quite happy pottering about."

"You never do anything else," said she and left him.

DR. CYRIL LAMBERT drove up the High Chimneys drive about 10.15.

Bessie answered his ring.

"Mr. Brown up yet?"

"Why, yes, he's gone to town, sir."

"Gone to town?"

"Just as usual, sir. It isn't Saturday."

Dr. Lambert looked nonplused, stymied, passed at the net. How extraordinary! Very plucky and admirable, of course. After so solemn a decision had been given by Harley Street, Dr. Lambert had expected to find his patient in bed, prepared for sympathy and consolation.

"Is Mrs. Brown in?"

"Yes, sir."

"I had better see her."

Betty Brown was at her bureau in the drawing-room dealing with a collection of bills.

He walked softly into the room, placed himself on the hearthrug and waited for the door to close. Mrs. Brown gave him a conventional good-morning.

"I suppose you have come about Val. He is being rather trying."

Dr. Lambert's eyebrows went up. Well, a man under sentence of death might be granted a little latitude.

"Poor old chap. It's understandable. I must confess it was a shock to me. Bad business."

Mrs. Betty swung round in her chair.

"Business? Is that it? Do you mean to say that there is something wrong with the business?"

"Dear lady, don't you. . .?"

"My husband never tells me anything about the business."

Dr. Lambert took a deep breath.

"It is not about the business. I heard this morning from Sir Hector Hardcastle. Your husband is seriously ill."

"Ill? But he's gone to town as usual."

The truth began to dawn upon Cyril Lambert.

"Mrs. Brown, hasn't your husband told you?"

"What?"

"That he has a growth?"

Dr. Lambert saw Mrs. Brown's face grow even more pasty, and her eyes dilate. Well, if she had to be shocked into realizing the position, the truth—like the flick of a wet towel—was indicated.

"I don't believe it."

"But, dear lady, Sir Hector Hardcastle is the expert on such cases. He has gone most thoroughly. . ."

Mrs. Brown's hands kept clenching and unclenching themselves. That was the only sign of emotion Lambert could observe. What was passing behind that pasty face? A conflict of emotions? Maybe some compassion and contrition were struggling in this little hedonist and attempting to neutralize the acid of her self-regarding ego. Were valerian and bromide indicated? They were not.

"Well, I call it disgraceful, heartless. . ."

Her bosom began to heave.

"Going off without telling me, just as though. . ."

"Yes," thought Lambert, "just as if you didn't care a damn. I wonder if you do?"

And suddenly Betty Brown sat down upon the sofa, and began to weep, but she sat solidly and it was obvious to Lambert that her tears were for herself.

"So—so—heartless—so funny. Treating me like a. . . Making me look a fool."

Cyril Lambert left her sitting there, biting at a handkerchief, a little figure of congealed, cold fat.

THOMAS SANGSTER sat with Valentine Brown in his private room, and Thomas Sangster was looking sad. He had served with the firm of Brody, Brown & Co. since the age of sixteen, beginning as the office boy. Now, at the age of sixty-three he was to have the firm's responsibilities placed upon his shoulders. Not that they were incapable of carrying them. His integrity was absolute.

"But what are you going to do, sir?"

"I am going to do, Tom, what I have never had time to do before, see something of the world. And there it is."

He displayed a sheaf of travel booklets.

"France, Germany, Italy. Perhaps Greece and Egypt."

"All alone, sir?"

"Yes, Tom, all alone. I've got rather used to loneliness."

"But, sir, if you—have pain?"

"I shall still have eyes, old man, and I can always make for the old city and a nursing home when the thing begins to grip me."

Thomas Sangster sat and looked thoughtful. He moistened his lips and spoke.

"I don't like the idea of the nursing home. I—I don't like it at all."

"Nor do I, Tom, in some ways, but they will know how to help make a clear end."

"You wouldn't consider coming to us, Mr. Valentine? We've got a good spare room, quiet and looking over the garden."

There was a shimmer of emotion in Valentine's eyes.

"That's the kindest thing I have had said to me, Tom. I'll remember it, even though I don't die on you. Poor Mrs. Sangster might. . ."

Said Thomas, "She's not that sort of poor, sir. Seems to me you spend more pity on other people than you do on yourself."

HIGH CHIMNEYS greeted him. It had never welcomed him. He had never felt it to be his, but the product of a ridiculous social vanity, which had become doubly ridiculous to a doomed man.

Valentine Brown strolled into the house, and was hanging up his hat when he heard footsteps, but they were not the footsteps of his wife.

"Is that you, sir?"

"Yes, Bessie. Your mistress in?"

"She's lying down, sir, upstairs. She asked me to tell you."

Brown walked slowly up the stairs, and knocked at his wife's door.

"Who's that?"

"Val."

"Come in."

The room was in half darkness, and he saw Betty lying on the bed. The room, quiet though it was, seemed to seethe with accusations. His wife's face loomed large and white and flaccid. And suddenly the soul of Valentine Brown was moved to pity. Poor Betty! She could not help her shallowness.

He crossed over and bent down as though to kiss her, but she put up a protesting hand.

"Thank you. I don't want that, after what. . ."

Yes, after what? Valentine Brown smiled vaguely, and went to sit down by the window.

"I'm sorry Lambert told you."

"Well, what did you expect? I think he was shocked at your callousness. I was."

"I'm sorry."

"You should be. Such a reflection on. . ."

Valentine Brown crossed his knees, and leaned back in the chair.

"Well, my dear, shall we try to be honest? I did not think you were very interested."

"Well, really!"

"And after all we have not been very intimate during these latter years. I cannot see it as any very great tragedy. You will have Tim and Ursula and an assured income, and I shall have. . ."

He paused. His voice was calm and gentle, and the undisciplined creature in Betty Brown desired neither.

"Yes, go on. What will you have?"

"Peace."

"What are you talking about? And now I should like to be told what you are going to do about everything."

Valentine Brown answered softly and gently.

"I am going away."

She sat up at that, abruptly, like a doll pulled by a string.

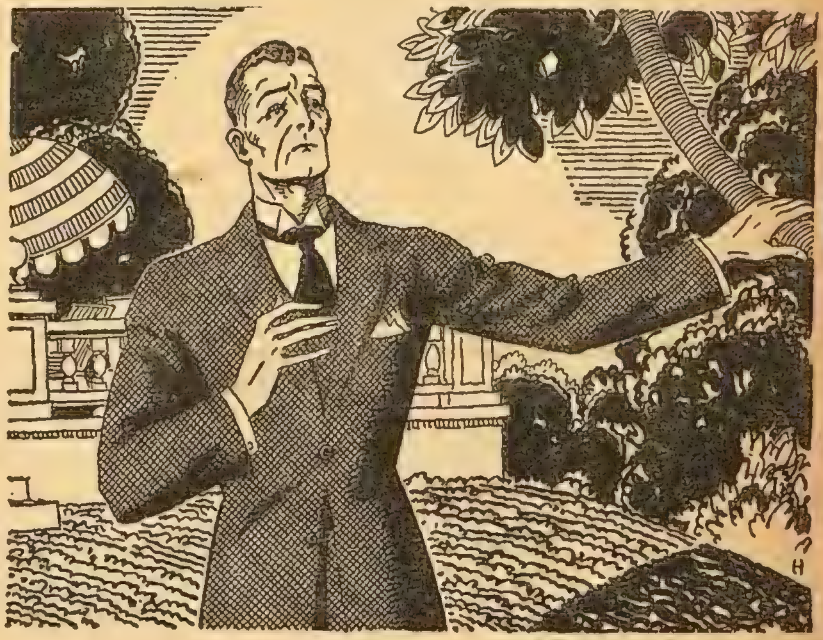
"Going away? What on earth do you mean?"

"I have rather a wish to see a little bit of the world—before I die."

"But you can't go gadding about alone."

Did she propose to come with him and retain control? Valentine Brown was quick to counter that possibility.

"Yes, I can. They tell me I may not have pain for some little time, and then I—oh—well, never mind. I have it all arranged."



She stared at him unblinkingly.

"Oh, have you? It is all very extraordinary. And may I be permitted to know what arrangements you have made about me?"

"Of course. That is what I wanted to talk to you about. I am arranging for you to count upon a thousand pounds a year from the business. You have your own money, you know. I shall settle two hundred a year each for Ursula and Tim, but the capital will be in trust."

"But I can't live on two thousand a year."

"I'm afraid you will have to try, my dear. It is more than I am allowing myself."

She continued to stare at him as though both he and the whole situation were incredible.

"And who is going to manage the business?"

"Sangster. And he may bring his son into it."

"His son! Why not Tim?"

"I am afraid Tim is not exactly suitable."

"Well, I like that! Your own boy pushed out by young Sangster."

Valentine Brown stood up.

"I have a feeling, my dear, that in the world that is to be a young man must stand on his own feet. Tim has a place in the world. It is up to him to keep it."

He turned, pulled up the blind, and looked out of the window.

"It is not a bad spot—this; I think it suits you. I have not shackled you with any stipulations. You will be a free woman."

She stared at his back. A free woman! And he could talk calmly about these things as though he was just retiring from business and taking a long holiday.

"You take it all pretty calmly, Val."

"Perhaps. What else is there to do?"

Dr. Cyril Lambert arrived at about half past six. He was told by the maid that Mr. Brown was somewhere in the garden.

Dr. Lambert was half way across the lawn when Mrs. Brown hailed him.

"Dr. Lambert. . . Just a minute, please. I want to speak to you about Val."

She teetered across the grass on her high heels, and Lambert waited for her. It occurred to him to wonder why poor old Brown had married Betty Brody.

"I really must talk to you before you see my husband. He is behaving in the most extraordinary way."

Lambert's silence was suavely judicial.

"My husband talks of going abroad all by himself. Of course you must stop that."

Dr. Lambert raised neat black eyebrows.

"Why?"

"Why? My dear man, don't you see that he can't do a thing like that? And he is being mean about money."

"I am afraid domestic finance is not my affair. As to your husband's plan of going abroad, I fail to see. . ."

"But supposing he gets seriously ill?"

"My dear lady, I am his doctor. Leave me to judge. The problem is between me and my patient."

"Well, really! I do think you men. . ."

"Supposing I see your husband?"

"Oh, very well. If I am not to be considered. . . ."

"Aren't you making everything rather difficult for yourself and for him, Mrs. Brown? After all, he is the sick person."

"Oh, very well. I thought I should find you a little more sympathetic."

DR. LAMBERT discovered Valentine Brown on his favorite seat on the edge of the wood.

"I'm damned sorry about this."

"Well, I don't know. I've been feeling tired of things. Seen my wife?"

"I have."

There was meaning and emphasis in those two words, and for some seconds both men were silent.

"She told me you are going abroad. Do you really feel up to. . .?"

"Absolutely. That's what is so queer. My number is up, and yet I don't feel a sick man. I might have weeks of peace."

"Yes, that's so. . ."

"Do you see any reason why I shouldn't go?"

"None at all. I can give you some stuff to take with you, and a prescription. Besides, old man, if you got hung up anywhere I would come out and fetch you home."

Valentine Brown gave this other man a glance of affection.

"Would you?"

"Of course."

"Thanks, old man. Funny, but I don't feel I knew you properly till now. Funnier still, I feel I haven't known myself, that queer child self that lives inside one. I have been too taken up with things that seem so important and aren't. Business can blindfold you. And now I have got the bandage off. I have a sort of notion that I am going to rediscover myself, the self that was a kid, years and years ago. Does that sound silly to you?"

"Not a bit. I wish I could do the same. We get shoved into moulds, doctor, lawyer, grocer. Once labelled you are expected to keep your label."

Valentine Brown smiled.

"Yes, I am tearing off the label."

THE white cliffs of Dover shimmered in summer heat. Valentine Brown occupied a chair on the boat-deck, and watched England grow dim.

The boat was very crowded. Valentine Brown became jammed in the mass as they reached Calais. Just in front of him were a girl in a black hat and a husky and restive gentleman with a fringe of greyish hair decorating a red and truculent neck. The girl had a suitcase in one hand, a bag in the other. The large man also carried a suitcase, and carried it without any consideration for other people's legs.

Valentine Brown studied those two contrasting necks, the man's red and arrogant, the girl's a creamy curve shadowed by very black hair. One was the stalk of a flower, the other the headbase of a bull. And what were the two faces like?

"Damned silly show!" said the man to the world at large. "Why don't they double the size of the gangways?"

The crowd seeped toward the gangway, and the girl and the truculent gentleman arrived there side by side. Valentine Brown saw him crowd forward, jostling the girl aside, and push his landing ticket at the official.

The girl and her hand luggage were thrust against the rail.

"Nice selfish beast. Give me one of your cases."

She turned her head and Valentine Brown saw her face, a creamy, gentle face.

"Thank you so much."

Her eyes lit up. They were very lovely eyes, eyes that could be suddenly afraid and just as suddenly happy. She had full red lips and young white teeth, and to Valentine Brown there was a strange and exquisite bloom about her.

"Rather a crowd today. Your turn."

She surrendered her case to him, and he followed her off the boat.

They came to the passport wicket side by side, each holding a passport open and ready to be scrutinized. Valentine Brown managed to get a peep at hers. He read her name. Sybil Burnside. What a pleasant name! It suited her dark and vivid comeliness. She walked on a few steps and waited, looking back at her momentary friend. Yes, he was quite old and he looked thin and ill. There was a greyness about his temples, and rather attractive wrinkles round his eyes. As a young man he must have been quite good looking.

He came through, smiling, and carrying her case.

"So sorry to keep you waiting. Now for the customs."

They passed on together.

"Haven't you any luggage?"

"Yes, my porter's on ahead somewhere, or I hope so."

Valentine Brown had a brain-wave. He had spotted his porter.

"I say, there's my porter. Let's dump your stuff with mine."

The porter recognized his gentleman, and was trying to attract the attention of an official. Valentine Brown moved on. He said, "Excuse me," firmly but gently to particular members of the crowd. "My luggage is there."

He was given hostile glances, but no one gainsaid him, and Sybil Burnside's case and bag were piled with his. The porter was a go-getter, and the customs man chalked everything, with but one casual glance at this most respectable Englishman.

"Well, there we are. The chap can put it in for you. By the way, do you know any French?"

"Some."

"Well, tell him to see you in first. No, I'll do the tipping."

Valentine Brown brought out his wallet, and showed the

Frenchman three ten-franc notes. That was sufficient to obtain Gallic politeness and cooperation.

"What class, madame?"

"Second."

They walked on to the platform, and the porter crowded up and into the train with her suitcase and bag. Valentine Brown raised his hat.

"Bon voyage."

She gave him a sudden smile.

"Thank you most awfully."

"Not a bit."

And with these trite and conventional phrases they parted.

THE tourist agency had reserved for Mr. Brown a bedroom and bathroom at the Hotel Trianon. Paris was hot and the room airless. Valentine Brown rose, threw open the window, and was assailed by the squeals of innumerable hooters and the roar of the restless streets.

Well, he would have a change and a bath, and then enjoy a stroll.

Suddenly he felt acutely alone, an alien, an exile. He could not speak the French tongue. There was no one here to whom he could talk, and so find some cure for loneliness in casual chatter. Where was the joy of being, the beauty that he had come to seek?

He wandered out into the street realizing that he had proposed to spend a week in Paris. Well, he had the sights to see, the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Luxembourg, the Bois, Versailles, even the Eiffel Tower. Sights? Horrid word! Churches and museums and picture galleries. Was it that he wanted life, not sights? But how ironical—he, a doomed man, lusting for life!

And then he saw her, the girl of the boat and the customs house. She was sitting at one end of a crowded seat and her face looked mysteriously radiant in the evening sunlight.

He hesitated. She saw him. She smiled.

In the course of his life Valentine Brown had seen hundreds of women smile, and the phenomenon had had no more effect on him than a falling apple hitting the ground, but the sudden light on that pretty face moved him most strangely. It was as though a window had opened in his wall of solitude, letting in all manner of magic sights and sounds and perfumes, a blackbird singing, the smell of the may blossom, moments of wonder and of mystery. Just a pretty girl smiling at a middle-aged man! Pretty? What a fool word! To Valentine Brown she was all that Woman had ever been in books and pictures, incredibly fair, exquisitely tantalizing, something mystical looking out of heaven.

He raised his hat; he hesitated; he was conscious of desperate shyness. Ought he not to walk on? Might she not resent his speaking to her in a strange city? His shyness and his self-effacement were abysmal, ridiculous, and so young.

But why be awkward to the point of rudeness? He turned aside. The smile was still in her eyes and upon her lips. Was it possible that she was glad to see him?

"I hope you had a good journey?"

"Oh, quite."

Valentine Brown glanced at the empty bench, and then at her.

"May I?"

She gave a little laugh.

"Aren't they public?"

Valentine Brown sat down.

There are various ways of sitting on a seat, the casual, the intimate, the slovenly, the correct, and Mr. Brown's pose was that of profile, at least to begin with. He sat squarely beside her, a good two feet away, and crossed his legs and looked straight in front of him. Not that he did not desire to look at her. He did so desire, and he was afraid. He had not yet recovered from the shock of realizing that a middle-aged man who had not long to live could fall in love like a dreamy boy.

"I'm afraid I don't like my hotel very much," he said.

"What is the matter with it?"

"Too much gold paint."

"So you did not come away for gilding and all that?"

"No," said he. "I came away to stare at simple things, and beauty."

That intrigued her. Was he talking for effect? She didn't think so. There was a peculiar simplicity about him, almost the candor of a child.

"So it's a holiday?"

"Yes. Quite a long one. I have retired and I felt I wanted to see lots of things I had never seen."

"I am doing just the same thing, but it is only a temporary lapse, an interlude. I have to earn my living, and I was just rather tired of it. I had saved up, and I decided—but I don't want to bore you."

"Please go on."

"Oh, well, I decided to spend my money and see things before I got too old and set."

It was his turn to laugh gently.

"Too old! That strikes me as. . ."

"Well, I'm thirty-two. That's supposed to be a rather critical age for our sex."

They seemed to have drifted into sudden intimacy, and that inward intimacy was reinforced by three French women who came to sit upon the seat. Valentine Brown had to move nearer. He gave her an almost apologetic look.

As dusk fell, he said, "Far to go?"

"I? Yes, it is rather far."

"I'm afraid I have kept you rather late."

"Are you suggesting that Paris isn't a proper place for a lone female after dark?"

Her rallying tone piqued him. He drew away and nodded.

"I am."

There was a pause, and then she said, "It is not dark yet, so you need not offer to see me home."

Valentine Brown was feeling particularly sensitive. He hesitated, stood up, and raised his hat to her.

"Well, I had better be saying good night. Thank you for letting me talk to you."

She watched him walk away. Dear, innocent old thing, had he felt snubbed? She had not meant to snub him.

Only when they were lost to each other did either of them remember that neither of them knew the name of the other's hotel.

BOTH of them asked the same question.

"Do I want to meet him again?"

"Do I want to meet her again?"

In each case the answer was relative. She could say, "Well, I really don't quite know. It might not be fair. He strikes me as the sentimental sort, and I'm not out for scalps. They are so easy at his age." Valentine Brown's response was much more complex and poignant. Most certainly he wished to meet her again even though her youth and her comeliness might tantalize and wound him. But he was afraid. It might be like putting his hand into the fire and getting it burnt—and for what? Just for the exquisite pain of loving her? And might she not find him slightly ridiculous or a bore?

Before he said farewell to the Hotel Trianon he felt it to be his duty to visit those other Trianons, the great and the little. He chartered a taxi to Versailles, and it was on the terrace amid all the stately formalism of the Quatorze that the meeting occurred.

Valentine Brown hesitated, raised his hat.

Her smile was welcoming.

"So you are still in Paris."

Obviously! His response was equally trite.

"Yes, leaving tomorrow."

She answered, "So am I."

That was a peg upon which to hang a problem. Were they linking up, or preparing for another parting?

And suddenly they were ceasing to feel strangers. Social formalities were dispensed with, and that which was simple and sincere in both of them walked out like some shy and wild creature into the sunlight. Her eyes were wide open to his, but with no conscious provocation.

He offered her a lift back to Paris in his taxi. When they reached Paris she realized that she did not want the drive to end.

"So you are off tomorrow."

"Yes, and you."

He looked hesitant, bothered. Should he ask her that most urgent question? She decided the matter by asking it for him.

"Where do you go next?"

He was nursing his hat, and he caressed it as though removing a speck of dust.

"I have an itinerary. My travel agency issued orders. So I am not quite a free agent but a sort of human parcel."

She laughed.

"Couldn't you undo the parcel?"

"I could. As a matter of fact, my next stop is Baden."

"Oh, Germany. I am stopping at Rheims."

"And then?"

"Nuremberg and Munich. And then the Tyrol."

He moistened his lips.

"Nuremberg, yes. Which hotel?"

"The Frederick."

"Mine too. Well, we may. . ."

They had arrived. He opened the door, got out, and hat in hand, held the door open for her. His shyness had returned.

"Thank you so much for a delightful morning."

He held her hand for a moment, and then got back hurriedly into the taxi.

THE Frederick Hotel at Nuremberg was very new and up-to-date and fearsomely efficient.

Sybil Burnside found herself at the reception office, being interviewed by a young man with a strange, hard, brassy face.

"You have a room reserved, yes? What name, please?"

"Burnside, Miss Burnside."

He consulted a chart.

"Yes. Room 107. I will send a page up with you."

She hesitated, and the brassy face regarded her.

"Excuse me, can you tell me if a Mr. Brown is staying here?"

The young man consulted a ledger.

"We have no Mr. Brown in the hotel."

"Oh. . ."

"There is accommodation reserved for a Mr. Brown, but he has not arrived."

"Thank you."

She felt disappointed and depressed.

VALENTINE BROWN reached Nuremberg about half past three.

Was she still in Nuremberg, and if so was he perpetrating a foolish gaff? The brassy-faced young man at the Frederick Hotel received him with impersonal politeness.

"A lady who is staying here has been inquiring for you, Mr. Brown."

Valentine Brown said "Oh!" and looked rather self-conscious.

"A Miss Sybil Burnside. Will you please fill in this form."

Valentine Brown took a pen, but his writing was not too steady.

In his room he changed and then went slowly downstairs. The staircase opened upon a gallery above the lounge, and he paused there to survey the land. He saw her sitting alone with her back to a pillar and a tea-tray on a table before her. She looked small and lonely in that great space, conscious of her isolation, and vaguely frightened.

Valentine Brown continued down the stairs, trying to feel casual, but conscious of a sense of drama. What would her little sensitive face reveal to him? He watched her as he descended; she was gazing rather fixedly yet abstractedly at a plate of cakes. There was a sudden lift and turn of the dark head, as though she had felt the challenge of interested eyes. She saw him.

There are moments in a man's life that can be so vivid and of so exquisite a significance that they live within him and never lose their precious lustre. So it was in the lounge of this German hotel when he saw the sudden transfiguration of her face. It had seemed shadowy and sad and overcast, but when she saw him it came alive; the whole of it seemed to shine, eyes, lips, teeth.

Valentine Brown sat down on the other side of her table, crossed his legs, and looked at her with a suggestion of shy playfulness. She liked being looked at in that way, especially so by him. She was mysterious and lovely to him, and as a woman she understood.

"Well, how do you like Nuremberg?"

He saw her face grow serious.

"I don't know that I do like it."

"Why not?"

"Does it matter?"

"Well, yes."

The subtle implication was that her likes and her dislikes were not feathers in the wind. She brooded a moment.

"Do you get feelings about places and things?"

"Sometimes."

"The way the people look at one here. The silly English! As though they hated us and were waiting. . . To me it's a sinister city."

"Surely they don't look at you like that?"

"Why shouldn't they?"

"Oh, well," and he gave a little laugh, "I don't suppose these Germans love us. After all, we spoilt their game."

She stared at her plate.

"I feel there is something going on in this country. They may smirk and be polite, but behind all that— I even feel it in the hotel. The waiters. They stand and watch you as though you were meat to be served up some day."

The lines of Valentine Brown's face had tightened. He was frowning.

"Do they make you feel like that?"

"They do."

"Well, let's move on to Munich."

AT MUNICH they had to separate for a while; Valentine Brown's hotel was the Grand Continental, hers the Karl Hof, a stuffy and shabby place which depressed her directly she entered it.

Valentine Brown had tea in the hotel, and then wandered out to discover how she liked her hostelry. In one of Munich's streets he happened to glance at a particular window. It was that of a chemist. Valentine Brown was moved by sudden curiosity. He turned aside and entered the shop.

"Er—could I be weighed here?"

Why, certainly. He was placed upon a weighing-machine with a large clock face, and the chemist read of his weight in kilos.

"Could you turn that into pounds?"

The chemist made the calculation, and wrote it down on a slip of paper.

Valentine Brown carried the slip of paper out with him into the street. The weight recorded by the chemist's machine was eleven stone five. He had gained four pounds! Well, that was all wrong, but Valentine Brown did not quarrel with this wrongness.

It took him a little time to discover her hotel. Its doorway was flanked by two clipped bay trees in blue tubs, and four iron chairs, painted green. She was sitting in one of these chairs. Valentine Brown sat down beside her. What would he think of the Karl Hof's iron chairs?

"Comfortable here?" he asked.

"Are you?"

"Your chairs aren't exactly. . ."

"No, but somewhat symbolical. Anyway, I've reserved a room for four days."

"Cancel it."

"But wouldn't they make trouble? I might have to pay."

Valentine Brown looked at his nicely creased trousers.

"May I settle it for you? I can fob up an excuse."

She appeared to consider the suggestion, her pretty head tilted, her throat showing.

"But why should you?"

"Just selfishness."

She gave him a sudden half timid, half consenting smile.

"All right. If you want to rescue me from. . ."

Their glances met and held for a moment. Then, he stood up, head in air. His face looked almost youthful.

"Thank you, my dear, for such good faith."

He left her and walked into the hotel, while she, as though touched by sudden light, sat with upturned face, a quick tenderness in her eyes.

Valentine Brown solved the problem with munificent cowardice. He produced his wallet and explained that he and Miss Burnside, the English lady who had just arrived, were friends, and that she wished to move to his hotel. But she did not wish the Hotel Karl Hof to suffer any loss. She would pay the reservation price of the accommodation she had booked.

At the Grand Continental she was given a charming little room whose window looked out into the green heart of a lime tree. Sunlight was filtering through the foliage, and making a dappled pattern of light and shadow upon the floor. She unpacked with the happy deliberation of a woman who liked beauty and comfort about her.

NEXT day Valentine Brown chartered a car that was owned and driven by a man named Spiegel. Herr Spiegel drove them to Simson's Hotel at Tutzing, for he was a man of understanding, and of selective taste in matching the atmosphere to the patron. Here were two people who were in love, so the white house on its terrace at Tutzing was the place for them. The gentleman might be a good deal older than the lady, but he had not run to fat and his eyes could look at a woman like the eyes of a bewitched boy. . .

They passed through the cool old house to the terrace and sat down under one of the many lime trees. From the shade of its green umbrella they could look down upon the lake whose color was deep blue.

A waiter produced a menu.

"Pork and green peas!"

Was that sufficiently romantic? The waiter put in a word. "It is very good pork, beautiful pork, and the peas are just out of the garden."

"Shall we?" Valentine Brown asked her.

She nodded and laughed.

"Then we can have strawberries and cream. That sounds more aesthetic. And afterwards cream cheese."

Both the pork and the view were beautiful, if such verities can be compared. Valentine Brown could confess that he had never tasted such pork, and his rashness in daring to eat it went unpunished, for it caused him no qualms. But he was to suffer from other qualms. Here they were sitting in the shadow on the edge of the sunlight, warmed with good wine and with that lovely scene spread before them, two people who, as sensitive hedonists, should have been completely happy, and yet that dreadful ghost called conscience came and stood at Valentine Brown's elbow. Sybil Burnside knew nothing of his other life, and he was beginning to be challenged by her innocence.

He ought to tell her. Had he the courage to tell her?

They came to the coffee and cigarettes, and suddenly the secret seriousness that was obsessing him seemed to infect her. She gazed at the blue water.

"Is this the lake where poor mad Ludwig drowned himself?"

"So the guide-book says."

"Poor mad dreamer!"

Valentine Brown watched the smoke rising from his cigarette.

"Is it always madness to dream?"

She glanced at him quickly. "How?"

"When one has to come back to reality."

"Need one?"

He was both frowning and smiling.

"There is a dreadful thing called conscience. Do you and I know anything about our other selves? Tell me about yourself."

Her eyes seemed to darken.

"Well, here goes. My father was a doctor in an industrial town. Overworked, I suppose, poor dear. He died at thirty-seven of T. B. We were left with about seven and sixpence.

"My mother was a rather helpless lamb. She tried running a small hotel in Cornwall. She was Cornish."

"That's where your coloring comes from."

"Well, we won't idealize. The hotel didn't pay, and my mother didn't last long after the failure. Just dwindled away. Then I went to London. I could type and do shorthand. And that is most of the story."

"Hardly that. Only the externals."

"Perhaps so. I've been secretary to half a dozen fellows. That is where I was supposed to grow tough, and to look after myself and shed illusions."

"And you didn't."

She flicked the ash from her cigarette.

"Just how tough are we, the new young? Oh, yes, most of us are pretty hardboiled. It hasn't been a very possible world for the young. And now I'm thirty-two. You may not believe it, but I have always had a silly soft core inside me. I came out here to give my silly soft core its one and only show. I had saved up some money. I said, 'In eight years, my dear, you'll be forty, and getting pinched about the mouth and the nose and the emotions. Give your silly self its one big splurge.' A woman must break out sometimes. So here I am."

AND then she was silent, profoundly absorbed in inward questionings. Her eyes had a sudden somberness.

Then she said, as though speaking to herself, "I said to myself, 'My dear, what's wrong with you is that you have never seen anything that is big or splendid, no mountains, no forests, no Rome, no Niagara. You have just been somebody's somebody, third rate, like most of us. Well, I suppose I wanted to kick. I suppose I realized that most of the moderns haven't a chance to be big, because they are just cheap potterers."

He looked at her with profound kindness.

"I don't see you quite like that."

She shrugged.

"Oh, you are a man. You've got on your sex spectacles. Just because I'm not hideous you think I'm wonderful, and mysterious, and all that."

"And what if I do? And perhaps you are."

She gave a little toss of the head.

"How nice of you."

He was smiling as he watched her.

She smiled back at him almost reproachfully.

"Well, you have turned me inside out. What next?"

He looked at her unflinchingly.

"Well, it's my turn."

"So I must listen?"

"Most certainly you must."

He felt for his tobacco pouch, and with deliberate and unflurried fingers began to fill his pipe.

"Firstly, I'm married. No, I'm not going to say my wife does not understand me. It was my mistake in the beginning. I did not understand her."

He put his pouch away, and brought out matches.

"I have two children, grown up. They are not particularly fond of me, and I can't say that I care much for them. I was fond of them when they were kids, but they grew up just like their mother. If that shocks you, well—there it is."

He lit his pipe, and she watched the flame rise and fall as he drew in air.

"I am a fairly wealthy man. I have retired from business, and I have also retired from matrimony. My lad is out in the world. I expect my daughter to marry. Well, there is the complete picture, my dear. If it has shocked you I can't help it."

She had withdrawn her hands into her lap, and sat gazing at the lake. Was this such news to her? It was not. She had suspected him of being married.

She was silent for a moment.

"May I ask you one question?"

"Of course."

"Why did you marry?"

He smiled to himself, and reflected before answering.

"Don't you know, my dear, that when a young man marries it may be just woman? The elemental urge, and all sorts of unfortunate illusions. The mistake and the blame were mine."

"Yes, I think I can understand that. And then?"

"The second time, if he is wiser and more fastidious, it is not woman, but the particular woman."

IN the car on the homeward journey, he said to her, "The verdict rests with you, Sybil. I shall have no grievance if you are tough with me. I just had to tell you the truth."

She looked so small and soft and vulnerable, so insecure, so much at the mercy of the world. He was filled with profound tenderness.

"I'm nearly old enough to be your father, you know, and I'll accept that privilege if you wish it."

Her eyes came to meet his. The tentative smile she gave him seemed to say, "And do you wish it?"

He was silent for some seconds.

"Do you remember that we were going to what they call the English Garden after tea, and to look at the Iser? Well, I shall understand if you do not wish to come. I'll wait in the lounge till five, and by that time you will know, and then I shall know."

When the car stopped at the Hotel Grand Continental she opened the door, which was on the near side, and without a word to him, fled into the hotel.

Valentine Brown walked into the lounge, but Sybil Burnside had vanished. He climbed the stairs to the first floor, and suddenly he felt tired and deflated. What an anticlimax to a perfect day! He could only suppose that he had appeared to her as the conventional and middle-aged philanderer who tried to provoke sentiment and pity by pretending that he was unhappy at home. There would be no need for him now to make that other confession, and perhaps shock her by telling her that he was a doomed man.

"But," he thought, "if she had been willing, I would have given my last months to her, and left her that which would have given her freedom and security."

WHEN Valentine Brown came to the last flight of steps he paused to survey the scene. The lounge appeared to be unusually crowded, and he wondered whether he would find a vacant chair. He was in no mood for contact with crowded humanity, and he was about to turn back when he saw a hand waving to him, rather like a pale little flame in a wind. She was there. She had been watching for him.

A moment ago he had felt a tired and disillusioned old man, but the significance of that signal seemed to inject youth into his spine. His feet had a springiness, his muscles fresh tone.

He trailed a path between the chairs and tables. She had her back to a pillar, and a vacant chair beside her. Her face had a vivid serenity. He saw that the table was laid for two.

She smiled up at him.

"I had to sit at a table. Such a crowd."

He smiled back at her, and their glances seemed to touch and clasp each other.

"Am I late?"

"No."

"Well, I was scared."

"Were you?"

"Horribly. Nearly had tea in my bedroom."

"Can you get the waiter? I told him I would wait till. . ."

Valentine Brown sat down.

"Then you can't have realized what a fright I was in."

She gave him a gentle, loving look.

"Were you? So you thought I was being tough."

"No. I was afraid I had bumped up against the soft core."

THE next day they drove to the Achensee and lunched in happy isolation at one of the multitude of tables outside the White Horse Inn. The whole of this beautiful world seemed to be theirs, though the waiter who served them was more moved by the empty tables than by the mountains. It looked like a bad season, a very bad season. He shrugged depressed shoulders, and damned the world that was cursed by "politics."

They looked at each other.

"Would you like to stay here?"

"I'd love it."

They came to their "White Horse Inn," reserving their rooms for a week. The whole hotel was at their service, for their fellow guests numbered five.

Would they ever forget that day when they wandered out together to climb one of the mountain paths? The path led them through flowery meadows, and then along the bank of a mountain stream up into the spruce woods. It was a hot and brilliant day, but so clear was this mountain air that Valentine Brown felt like a youngster.

Sybil stood gazing up into the treetops. They were motionless. No wind stirred them, no sound came from them, and no birds sang.

"It's all their own."

"Utterly."

"The haunted forest. This place is all Wagner. Listen! One ought to hear Siegfried's horn."

They came down through the spruce woods and across the meadows, hand in hand.

They could see their White Horse Inn, and the stretch of grass between it and the water. There was something visible there, a something that spread over the green surface like a sudden eruption of winged ants. For a moment they were puzzled by the phenomenon.

"What on earth is it?"

Valentine Brown had good sight, and he interpreted the thing to her.

"I'm afraid it's—people."

Not only could they see that human mass, but soon, in the clear air, they were to hear it. It came as a burble of guttural voices, the massed gabble of a crowd, a boiling up of discords in that peaceful place. For Germania had descended on the Tyrol, Youth Through Joy, and not youth alone, but fat men and fat fraus, staging an invasion that was prophetic.

"Good Lord!" said Valentine Brown, "I hope it's only an excursion."

But it was more than an excursion. Germania had come to stay three days.

After tea they wandered along the lake to a little wood and sat down there.

Valentine Brown was silent. She glanced at him. He was looking pinched and pale, and in his eyes there was something like fear.

"Anything the matter?"

He tried to smile.

"Oh just . . . well, it may have been the lunch." But his distress was obvious, and it troubled her.

"Why not go back and lie down?"

"I think I will."

They returned to the hotel and he gave her a wry smile as he went into his room.

She entered her own room, and remembering the barbarians, locked her door. She stood for a moment deep in thought and in conscious emotion. Then her eyes noticed something unusual. Her wardrobe door was open. She was sure that it had not been open when she had left her room that morning. She went to close the door, and saw something else—her suitcase, and the hasp of the lock was sticking up. She frowned at it. Surely, no one. . .? She bent down quickly and raised the lid. Her attaché case lived for additional safety inside the locked suitcase. She saw that both its hasps were unfastened.

For a second or two she stared at it, shocked and alarmed. Her hands went out, lifted the smaller case from the larger one and carried it to the bed. She hesitated before raising the lid. What would she find, or fail to find?

She lifted the lid, slipped her fingers into the pocket attached to it, peered.

Yes, she had been robbed. She sat down suddenly on the bed, with what was left to her lying in her lap, her passport, her return ticket. Money and her book of checks were gone. Her hands lay flaccid in her lap, and her eyes stared at them.

What a mean and dastardly trick! And who? One of the new German crowd?

She was alone, penniless, with him!

VALENTINE BROWN lay stretched on his bed in trousers and vest, with the window open and the blind drawn. The griping pain had passed, but it had left behind it other and more subtle pangs. That pain had challenged and reproached him. It had said, "Man, I am here. You understand my significance. You have been clutching at love and at life when death is not far away."

Valentine Brown lay and listened to that terrible voice, so quiet, so implacable. Yes, he ought to have told her in the very beginning. He had dreamed and procrastinated and perhaps sacrificed her because he had so wanted to love and be loved. She had been like the Spring miraculously flowering in the days of his December.

He said to himself, "You cad!"

Well, he would tell her that very evening, even though he might see sudden repulsion and disillusionment in her eyes.

Such was his decision, and now that it had hardened in him he became eager to implement it. He arose and dressed himself with care and went down the corridor.

He knocked at her door.

"You'll find me down by the lake."

A small voice answered him.

"Yes, by the lake."

So absorbed was he in his problem that he did not hear her footsteps on the grass. She was beside him before he had divined her presence. He rose quickly, confronted her, and saw a little, pale, frightened face.

"Such a terrible thing has happened. I've been robbed."

"My dear! What a dirty trick! Have you told the hotel people?"

"No, I just couldn't. I don't believe any of the staff did it."

"One of those damned Germans."

"They left me my passport and return ticket, but the bill is due tomorrow."

How like a child she was in the sudden innocence of her panic.

"My dear, don't worry."

"But. . ."

He put an arm about her shoulder and she accepted it. He drew away, toward a little grove of trees.

"Your loss is mine, darling. Leave it to me."

He drew her so that she faced him. He had both arms about her now.

"We won't worry the hotel. We have been too happy here to end it with such a vulgar problem."

Her hands went to his shoulders. She looked at his tie.

"I—I don't want to have to take money from you."

"I know."

"If you could lend me. . ."

"Yes, I'll lend it to you if you would rather have it that way."

Her eyes lifted to his face.

"You are a dear, Val. You do understand."

"Of course I understand, darling."

Her face seemed to crumple.

"It means . . . of course . . . I shall have to go home . . . at once."

"Do you want to?"

"Oh, no."

Her tears were sudden and catastrophic. They moved him profoundly.

"Oh, Val. . .!"

"My dear, my darling, all that matters to me is your happiness."

His confession was forgotten in the exquisite exaltation of their mutual surrender.

HE could not sleep, and his bed refused to accept his wakeful body. He began to walk up and down the room with naked feet, and as it seemed to him soundlessly, but so absorbed was he in the stresses of emotion that he remained unaware of one small sound that he made. A floor-board creaked every time he passed over it, a rhythmic sound that was like the slow complaint of some rusty mechanism.

She too was awake, tense and sleepless. The night had a brittle brightness for her. The moonlight shone into her room. She could hear those Germans snoring, but after a while she became conscious of that other sound. She began to listen to it, question it. The creaking of a board in his room. What did it mean? That he was walking up and down? She could think of no other explanation, and having accepted it, she was moved to question its inspiration.

Was he in pain? She slipped out of bed, put on her dressing-gown, and going out into the corridor, knocked at his door.

He heard the knock and stood rigid in the center of the room.

"Yes, who is it?"

"Sybil. Aren't you well?"

"Yes, I'm all right. Sorry if I. . ."

"I thought I heard you walking up and down."

And suddenly the decision came to him.

"Sybil?"

"Yes."

"There is something I want to tell you."

He opened the door and saw her standing there, a dim figure with a dim face.

He felt a great yearning toward her as she walked into the moonlit room, and also bitter shame. But perhaps he was exaggerating the intensity of her caring, for how could she love him as he loved her?

She sat down, knees together, hands folded rather like a shy child at her first party.

"Let me get it over. I may have done you a wrong, my dear. I don't know, but I hope not. You see, when I began to care, I did not think you would care in the same way. Perhaps you don't. I'm not a very vain man. . ."

She was looking up at him intently.

"What are you trying to tell me, Val?"

He turned and walked up and down, and once again that board creaked. It worried her.

"Sit down, Val, and tell me. I thought. . ."

"That I had told you everything? I hadn't. I wish to God I had."

"Then tell me."

He sat down on the edge of his bed.

"I—I have only a few months to live."

She did not seem to take it in at once. She sat staring at him with a stricken, shocked stillness, and her silence accused him.

"Yes. It's true, my dear. Try not to think me a cowardly cad. You see, I couldn't quite believe."

Her lips moved but no sound came from them.

"Tell me that you don't. . ."

Suddenly she put her hands to her face.

"Oh, what have you done to me? I do—oh, I do."

He started up from the bed, but she too had risen. Her arms fell. She moved toward the door.

He stood hesitant, shocked, trembling. Then he crossed quickly and opened the door for her.

"Oh, what a silly, selfish beast I've been! You see, I didn't think you could. . ."

She did not look at him and he let her go but with a dreadful yearning toward her and a feeling that she was lost to him.

"Try and forgive me, Sybil, if you can."

VALENTINE BROWN sat down again by the window, straddling the chair, with his arms crossed on the back of it. Then he got up and went out into the corridor, and knocked gently at her door.

"Sybil."

There was silence.

"My dear, I can't bear this. I must do something."

There was a little sound of naked feet upon her floor.

The door opened. She was in some pale colored pyjamas, and her face was as pale as the silk.

"Oh, Val. . .!"

He lifted her, closed the door with a foot, and carried her into the room. Her head lay on his shoulder. The moonlight streamed in. He heard her utter a profound and surrendering sigh.

"My God, what a selfish beast I have been! I put off telling you, because I wanted. . . Well, I wanted to be free of a sense of taint. That sort of thing may make one feel unclean."

She turned her head and looked up at him. Her two hands were clasped about his arm.

"Tainted? You could never be that to me."

"My dear."

"What is it?"

He whispered the word, loathing it, and he felt her shudder.

"Oh, Val!"

"Try not to hate me."

"I don't believe it. Why, you're so alive. You don't look like that."

"I shall never look like that to you, my darling."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm not going to park my wretched body on your pity."

She faced him, her hands on his shoulders.

"Val, is that all you think I'm worth?"

"But, darling. . ."

"Just a little pleasure girl?"

"I have never thought of you in that way, but as the most wonderful and exquisite thing in the world. If I have loved you selfishly. . ."

She looked at him steadfastly.

"Val, don't send me away."

"But, my darling, how can I take this from you?"

"Listen, if I were like what you say you are, would you leave me in the lurch?"

He had to smile at her.

"You have me. But that is rather different."

"How?"

"Well, you would be giving so much, for what? All I can do is safeguard your future."

"You mean?"

"I want to leave you something that will help to protect that soft core of yours."

"Money?"

"Yes, just that."

She bowed her head and let it rest against his body, and for a little while she was silent.

"Val, you don't understand, or won't understand. Be honest with me. You say that this our being together has been a wonderful thing, a last thing. Is that true?"

"Utterly true."

"Well, it is true for me too. If I have given you that, doesn't it mean a wonderful thing to me? And you have given me the same wonderful thing. Now, are you going to send me away?"

She raised her head, and her face was very close to his.

"Are you?"

"Oh, my dear, you tempt me too sorely."

"Val, I love you, I love you as I never thought I should love any man. Why should I go away? Is love such a paltry, cowardly thing?"

He held her fast. He put his lips to her hair.

"No, I'll not let you go through all that. But, my God, I'm a coward. I want to compromise. Shall we stay together a little longer, until. . .?"

She raised her face to his.

"Yes. Kiss me, Val. Oh, my dear, if it weren't true!"

THEY decided to break the journey at Interlaken, that most pleasant place sitting on a green cushion between its two blue lakes, with the Jungfrau white-peaked in the distance.

A heat wave saw them off from Innsbruck, and the Austrian train was late. If they were for dallying, so was the transportation. The journey was circuitous, and after six hours of starvation they found themselves in a restaurant car that was like an incubator.

They began with soup. It looked greasy and was tepid, and Valentine Brown refrained from it. They reached Interlaken in the cool of the evening, and were met by the hotel bus. Sybil had grown silent. She looked tired and pale and Valentine Brown left her in peace.

"A little supper, and then bed for you, my dear."

She smiled rather wanly.

"I don't think I want anything to eat."

He was half undressed when he heard those sounds in the bathroom, sounds which came from the depths of outraged nature and could not be concealed.

He knocked at the bathroom door. "Sybil, dear; something wrong?"

She answered with an anguished breathlessness.

"Oh, Val, I'm in such pain. I keep being sick."

"Poor darling. Look here, you must have a doctor. I'll go down at once and get the hotel to phone."

"I feel so cold, Val."

He hurried out and, dressing in scrambling haste, ran down the stairs to the office. He found the night-porter there, a fatherly person. A lady was very ill. Would he phone at once for the best doctor in Interlaken?

"I'll ring up Dr. Muller, sir."

Dr. Muller was short, stout and baldish, with blue eyes that were shrewdly kind behind the glasses of his pince-nez. He spoke very good English. He was one of those solid men who never appear hurried, and whose deliberate pragmatism is consoling in a crisis. Valentine Brown introduced himself and they shook hands.

"I think it is something she had on the train, doctor. Probably the soup."

"You had no soup?"

"No."

They arrived at Sybil's door and Valentine opened it. He did not attempt to enter.

"The doctor, dear."

He closed the door upon Dr. Muller, and walked up and down the corridor. He heard footsteps, and a half dressed chambermaid appeared, clasping a bottle in a pink cover. Valentine Brown went to meet her; he thanked her and took the bottle.

He knocked at Sybil's door.

"Excuse me, doctor; a hot bottle."

Dr. Muller bade him come in. He was standing under the electric hanging-light, reading a thermometer. Valentine carried the bottle to the bed.

"Here you are, darling."

He looked at her anxiously, and she managed to smile.

"Feeling a little easier?"

"Yes."

Dr. Muller laid his thermometer aside, and turned to them.

"A healthy body, sir, is sometimes wise as to what to do. Sickness is painful but protective. It is my opinion that the worst is over."

He patted Sybil's hand.

"Starvation and bed, until I give you permission to eat."

TWO days of rest and semi-starvation produced in Sybil such a healthy hunger for the sweet things of life that Dr. Muller gave her his blessing and a warning. For a man who had a thick neck and looked like a German he had a pleasant sense of humor, and he accepted an invitation to dine with them at the hotel.

"Val, Dr. Muller seems a very sound little man. I want you to talk to him about yourself. You could after dinner tonight. And he would know whom to send you to."

"If you wish it."

"Oh, I do."

"Then I will . . ."

Valentine Brown ordered a special dinner and particular wine for Dr. Muller, and he himself did justice to that dinner, which, indeed, was a sign of faith. Yet, how much faith had he in him? Was his wilful gaiety like the champagne? But they were all of them gay, and Dr. Muller, warmed by the wine and the atmosphere of grateful friendliness, thought them a most charming couple, though it might be a little unusual for a man and his betrothed to travel about together.

Dr. Muller was happy. He perspired, and beamed upon them both. He even told funny stories. Yes, it was a very warm night, and when Valentine Brown suggested that they should take their coffee in the garden, Dr. Muller was pleased. You could perspire less self-consciously in a cool, dim garden. If your forehead twinkled, so did the stars. They took their coffee round one of the white iron tables, with the Jungfrau vaguely visible as a great white ghost.

Dr. Muller accepted a cigar. And then, quite suddenly, Sybil left them.

"I want to ask you a favor, doctor."

Dr. Muller bowed in his chair.

"You see, I am supposed to be suffering from cancer of the stomach. I came abroad to enjoy a kind of last holiday before giving up."

Dr. Muller removed the cigar from his mouth. The two lenses of his pince-nez did not glimmer, but were set in a steady and astonished stare.

"Cancer?"

"Yes. That was the diagnosis. I am supposed to be a rather peculiar case."

Dr. Muller took a series of pulls at his cigar. Its tip glowed like a firefly.

"This is most extraordinary. You have none of the appearances of a man with cancer. No discomfort of any kind?"

"None."

"No loss of weight?"

"No, I think I have gained in weight."

Dr. Muller took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Most extraordinary."

"It is. But you can imagine it is rather terrible for us both, the suspense . . . the . . ."

"Why, of course, Mr. Brown. It must be."

"Will you examine me, and also suggest the name of one of your leading physicians who might give a second opinion?"

"If I may be permitted to say so, my friend, you have great courage."

Valentine Brown smiled at the glowing tip of the cigar.

"Oh, I don't know. No use whimpering. But, since I met—Miss Burnside . . ."

"All the difference."

"Most damnably so."

Dr. Muller made a gesture with his cigar.

"Now I understand why she left us. And I gather that you would wish for an early examination?"

"Yes, no time like the present, doctor."

VALENTINE BROWN was lying on his bed, head low, arms stretched beside him. The ceiling lights were brilliant above him, and Dr. Muller was sitting on a chair beside the bed, gazing intently at his patient's stomach.

"Breathe slowly and deeply."

Valentine Brown watched his own abdominal wall rising and falling. So a man's hopes might rise and fall.

"Good. Now, relax. Let the muscles go soft."

Dr. Muller had little pink hands with short fingers, but they were precise and sensitive hands. They began to explore Valentine Brown's tummy.

"That's good. No pain there?"

"No."

Dr. Muller straightened his back, and sat upright in his chair.

"Well, my friend, I can find nothing."

A queer little smile flickered over Valentine Brown's face.

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing."

Valentine Brown sat up with his arms about his knees. And suddenly he laughed.

"If I am a humbug, doctor, much good may come out of much error."

"Wait one moment. This is a very serious problem. I should like you to be X-rayed again. I should like you to go into Dr. Jung's Clinic at Geneva."

VALENTINE BROWN redressed himself, feeling like a man who has had a cold plunge and come from it taut and stimulated. It occured to him as he knotted his tie that if Dr. Muller proved right, then he would owe his new liberty and life to another doctor's mistaken diagnosis. How fantastic! He had had to be doomed to die in order to recover the delight of living. But, by heaven, that opened up other problems! The dream of a few exquisite weeks might be transformed into a lasting reality.

Dr. Muller was polishing his pince-nez, and when he spoke he appeared to be addressing himself to his glasses.

"You have my opinion for what it is worth, Mr. Brown. And now, if you will excuse me, I will go home. I have spent a most delightful evening."

"Oh, don't hurry, doctor. Your opinion may be worth more than I own in the whole world."

Dr. Muller replaced his pince-nez and smiled through them.

"I am assuming, sir, that there is someone else to whom—"

"Another most significant diagnosis, doctor."

"Ah, yes, but I beg of you do not assume me to be infallible."

"I won't. But I think we can hope just a little."

"Yes, perhaps a little. It is possible that you are one of those peculiar cases that mislead even the experts."

"Does cancer ever disappear of itself, doctor?"

"There are cases recorded where such an assumption is possible but not probable. My opinion is that you never had the disease. But I would like Dr. Jung's confirmation."

They descended the stairs together and walked across the lounge, and shook hands in the doorway.

"Good night, Mr. Brown. I will arrange everything with Dr. Jung, and let you know immediately."

"Thank you, doctor, thank you for everything. But there is one thing you have forgotten."

"What, sir?"

"Forgive me for mentioning it—your fee," said Val.

Dr. Muller's face crinkled in a sudden smile.

"Oh, my fee! Well, Mr. Brown, there are some happy occasions when a fee seems rather superfluous. Besides, I have had a delightful evening. May I count that as my fee?"

THE room was all white, white as to walls, furniture, curtains, fittings. Valentine Brown was sitting up in bed, clad in sky blue silk pyjamas, festal pyjamas.

He had passed through the whole complicated ritual in Dr. Jung's Clinic, and in half an hour he would be told the verdict.

The door opened, and Dr. Jung stood smiling at him. He was a very large man with a great black head, a hawk's beak of a nose, and peculiarly luminous eyes.

"Well, Mr. Brown, my verdict is that you no more have cancer than I have."

Brown closed his eyes for a moment. Whatever a man's hopes may be, the shock of reality, and of reprieve, may strike him over the heart. He felt giddy.

"Doctor—I—"

Jung crossed suddenly to the bed, and put his hand gently upon Valentine Brown's shoulder.

"Lie down for a moment. That's it. These things go to the heart."

"Yes, doctor."

Valentine Brown lay flat, with his head on the pillow. He breathed deeply; he kept his eyes shut.

"A sort of dazzled feeling."

"Quite so, my friend. Lie quiet for a while, and let the reality soak in."

SYBIL BURNSIDE walked by the lake where the trees threw their shadows, and the shadows flickered upon her face. In half an hour she would know the truth, and though she had been a passionate fanatic in her incredulity, she was more afraid now than her lover. And just what did she fear? How much of her material self was mixed up with this fearfulness? It has been said that woman has more moral courage than man, and that her courage is linked more with emotion than with logic, but Sybil was among the moderns in her make-up. She could look at her face scathingly in a mirror.

And what did she see? Those little sordid spots which the amateur psychoanalysts love to scribble about, the shabby selfishness, the involved preoccupations of sex, the vanities and greeds of the petticoated commercialist? She could ask herself the question, "How and why do I love him?" and she could answer that question with her eyes on her inward mirror. "I love him, and I do not know why, save that the thought of his having to suffer rends me. Which means, I suppose, that I do not love him for the things I might lose or might get. I want him to live and be happy, just because I love him in that sort of way. I would rather love him and lose him than just be a nasty little exploiter."

She sat a while on a seat, watching the peaceful water, and the play of light through the trees. Her face had a curious suggestion of cleanliness, a soft, pure sheen. Its features might be a little sharpened by suspense, but the eyes were tender and innocent. Indeed, it was as innocent as the face of a flower.

Oh, blessed utterness of loving, without guile, without distrust! She knew that even if the thing was taken from her, the dear essence of it would remain. She would have experienced something that was without dross, something that could make her love herself for loving as she had done. Had the "Toughs" debunked all sentiment? How very shallow and silly was such scoffing, for only by loving utterly and selflessly could you be friends with your God's own self.

She glanced at her watch. It was time for her to be going. She took one last look at the lake and set forth quickly on her slim legs toward that particular street. Straight on for two hundred yards and then the first turning to the right. Her calmness seemed to leave her as she walked; she was in a fever to confront finality. The white house towered up above its high railings, and the cherry trees and lilacs in its little garden. She read the name on the plate fastened to the gate. Dr. Jung—surely that name was propitious. The gate swung sweetly to her hand, heavy though it was. She passed up the tiled path and rang the bell.

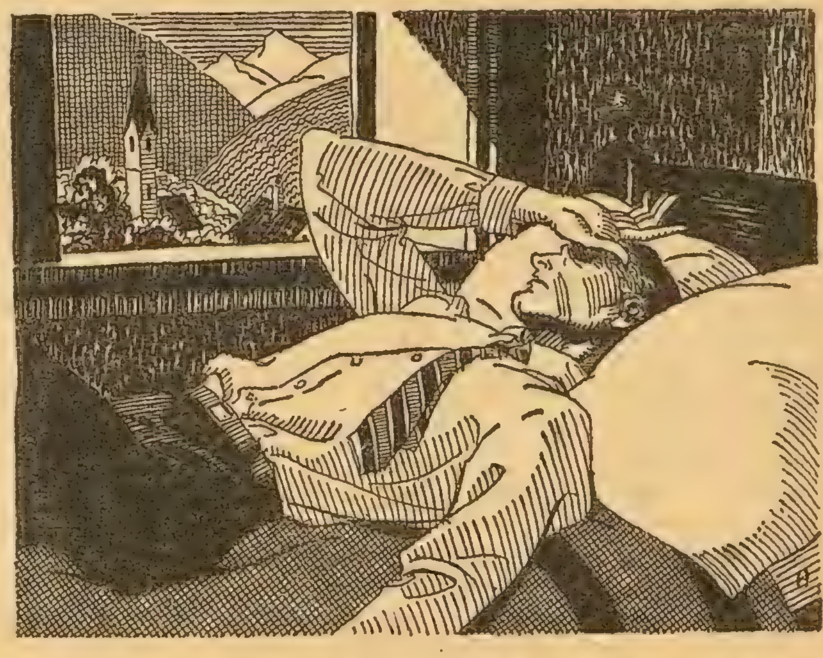
She was conscious of waiting for the face that would greet her. Would it smile, or would it be dreadfully serious?

It proved to be a pleasant, rosy face, and it smiled at her. She smiled back.

"I have come to see Mr. Brown."

"Yes, Mrs. Brown."

The nurse took her up the polished stairs. Everything seemed to shine in this Swiss Clinic. She saw the gleaming floorboards of the corridor. Someone was whistling. Was that in order? The nurse gave her a half laughing and half sisterly look as she paused before the particular door. The whistling came from within. The nurse knocked.



"A visitor, Mr. Brown."

Valentine Brown was fastening his braces.

"Come in."

The nurse closed the door on them and did not linger. Valentine's fingers left the last button undealt with. For a moment they remained looking at each other, and the smile upon his face spread to hers.

"Well, you were right. I've been reprieved."

SHE said to him, "Oh, let's go back to Interlaken."

So to Interlaken they returned, taking their new problems with them, and in the cool of a summer morning they sat on a seat under the shade of a grove of beech trees half way up a little hill.

They held hands as they sat, and the question they asked was mutual.

"Well, what are we going to do now?"

The greenish light under the beech trees gave her face a lovely pallor, and as Valentine Brown looked at her he thought, "Here is a creature whom I cannot hurt."

But they were of the modern world, or rather they belonged to a world which, being sensitive and separative, is a law unto itself. They had led conventional lives, but they had lived them under secret protest, and now that a new life dawned for them they did not tap and scan the social barometer. People were not seriously disturbed by what you did or what you did not do; they were much too egotistical and complacent for that; but they loved to blame, and in doing so to hold a flattering posy to their own noses.

He had taken off his hat and placed it on the seat, and suddenly she passed a caressing hand over his hair.

"I like the way it grows, Val."

"Do you, young woman!"

"And I like those little patches of gray."

"No need to dye them, then."

"Somehow they make you look wise and kind."

"Do they forsooth! Well, that's just what I have got to be."

"Why?"

He looked at her steadfastly.

"What are we going to do about all this? You know what it means, if . . ."

"If? Dear man, I recognize no If."

"But I might."

"Do you think I am afraid to go on with it?"

They looked steadily into each other's eyes.

"No, you're not?"

"Are you?"

"Not afraid, but responsible."

"For me?"

"In a way, yes. It can be such a shabby business."

"I don't see it like that."

"Nor I. But other people will. They always seem to like rubbing it into a woman."

"Meaning that I netted you?"

He nodded. "That's what makes me a little shy of . . ."

But she was smiling, and her smile gathered itself into a little happy laugh.

"But I am not marrying the other people. I suppose we shall be married some day, Val?"

"Of course. When all the legal chicanery is over."

"And I shall be an honest woman again!"

He winced. "My darling, don't talk like that. It's not so easy for a man to accept the sacrifice."

"But it isn't a sacrifice, Val. I'd be ready to go into court and smile at the judge, and say, 'Yes, I wanted this man, and I've got him. And I have no regrets, and there are no apologies. And that is that, my lord!'"

His eyes narrowed as he smiled at her.

"Aren't you being a little tough?"

"No, Val, just soft core all through."

They sat in silence for a while, looking through the trees to the green valley and its two lakes lying in the sunlight, and in gazing upon this lovely landscape they seemed to be contemplating their own future.

He said, "Then, what do I do?"

"What do you want to do, Val?"

"You know, my dearest one."

"Will she be very hurt?"

"Hurt? Well, I am nothing to her but a piece of property. Sounds cynical, but it's true. And she will have her property. She has money of her own, and I shall settle an income on her. Money will be no complication."

Her fingers tightened upon his.

"Oh, Val, think! We can begin all over again together. How lovely and wonderful and clean! Let's dream, darling, let's dream."

"Right, dream away."

"And then let's compare our dreams."

A YOUNG English couple who were on their honeymoon and staying at the Victoria Hotel, appeared upon the winding path, arms about each other, heads together. The seat upon which Sybil and Valentine were sitting was in the deep shade, and the honeymooners did not see this other couple until they were close upon them. To Valentine there had been provocation in the young man's youth. Those two were matched as to age, whereas he . . . He did not know it, but he was frowning. Was he being fair to the woman he loved? Would he not be an old man when she was but a Juno?

She glanced at him and surprised that frown.

"Dream gone wrong, Val?"

He gave her a sudden startled and defensive look.

"No. Only—other responsibilities."

"You do take things seriously."

"Because I'm so much in love with you. Look here, do you realize that I am forty-nine?"

"You don't look it."

"Never mind—I—"

"You don't look it to me. Besides, I'm not in my first bloom. Thirty-two. A very serious age for a woman. Either she settles or goes sour."

His smile came back.

"Sour! That's a thing I can't imagine you being."

"Well, I wasn't far from it. You've rescued me just in time. That's the truth, Val."

He drew her to him and kissed her.

"You do comfort a man. After all, I ought to have a good spell to come."

"Of course, darling. Any dream yet?"

"No, not exactly. I had got lost in ways and means. And you?"

"Oh, yes, I've got my dream."

"Let's hear about it."

"Put your arm around me."

"How's that?"

"Lovely. I feel so safe and secure with you, Val. That does matter to a woman."

"Well, let's have the dream."

She looked up into the trees.

"It's country, not London."

"Yes, country."

"Somewhere by the sea, but not too near the sea. Perhaps in Devon or Cornwall. I should like to be able to walk down to the sea, down in a green valley. And the house. A real house, one that's been lived in. There was a house in Surrey I used to love. It was white, with a thatched roof, and had funny old church windows. It had fruit trees and a cedar and a red brick wall, just the sort of house that a woman loves."

"All women?"

"Perhaps not. But I must be a bit out of date, Val, in some ways. I want a home. I've never had a real home. I'd love to have things about me, the things that make a woman feel good. I think I have had enough of the fribbling, fretting lipstick world. We young have so debunked things. To be in the fashion you ought to call me Fish Face or Flat Iron."

He laughed.

"Yes, I know. I had a family, The young won't allow themselves any illusions. I believe my daughter's latest used to call her Candle Grease. But let's get on. What do we do in the dream house and garden?"

"You're the man about the house."

"No more than that?"

"Oh, it won't be just a garden. Wouldn't you love some land, real land, not 'grounds'? I mean, doing things for ourselves. We could grow fruit and flowers."

"A kind of market-garden?"

"Well, why not? And keep poultry, and perhaps a cow."

"Two complete rustics. Supposing you grow bored?"

"What is boredom, Val?"

"You seem so wise these days that I'll leave the answer to you."

"Well, isn't boredom having nothing real and interesting to do?"

"Jolly good definition. But so many people aren't interested in anything but games and little drinks. Do you think you will always be wanting to milk the cow?"

She put up a hand and gently smacked his face.

"Don't be sarcastic. Women hate sarcasm."

"It wasn't sarcasm. I have a notion that now and again you will feel a little urge toward the White Horse Inn and this sweet place, and Provence and Rome."

"I may. I rather like the French idea, work hard all the week, and dress up like anything on Sunday."

"I'd like that too."

"What, dressing up?"

"No, seeing you dress up. You carry clothes rather nicely. I shall be quite cocky about your clothes."

This time she caressed him.

THEY idled up the hill through the woods, and were surprised by a little secret valley brimming with sunlight like a bowl full of amber wine.

"Isn't it lovely? Things do surprise one. It's good to be able to catch one's breath."

"That's what I do often."

"When?"

"When I look at you."

"Val, we have got to get back to realities."

"Quite so. I have them in mind. I'll write to her tonight."

"I don't want to see the letter."

"You needn't."

"I'm an awful egotist after all. I don't want to think you ever belonged to anyone else."

"I didn't. Not in the way I belong to you."

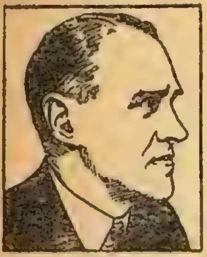
Valentine Brown wrote his letter.

THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By Joseph Anthony

ON the day in 1908 when we first meet the gentle Scottish priest whose story **Bruce Marshall** tells in **The World, The Flesh and Father Smith,** he is hungry and tired, and petulant because a sailor has chosen this awkward moment to die. To make matters worse, the sailor refuses to be repentant about the women of his gaudy past. He stubbornly maintains that they were all of them too beautiful—and some of them too kind—to be the subject of regrets.



*Bruce Marshall*

"In despair Father Smith asked the old sailor if he was sorry for not being sorry for having known all those women, and the old sailor said that yes he was sorry for not being sorry and hoped that God would understand. Whereupon Father Smith said that he thought that perhaps God would understand, and he absolved the old sailor from his sins."

Beginning on a note of earthy humor, the absolution scene develops into one of poetic tenderness. But you'll look in vain for the point where this transition begins; the moods that this story creates are the cumulative effect of its simplicity and candor.

Through the eyes of shrewd, kindly Father Smith, the author gives a wistful panorama of the era that ended with the thud of Hitler's bombs on England.

The last chapter, with its touching scene of the old priest's death, provides an apt parallel for the first one:

"And suddenly as he lay there he knew the answer to it all . . . how God's saints might eat peas off their knives; how the banker might be last and the harlot first . . . Why God often chose blunt ugly men to do the task of angels."

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

**DYNAMITE ON OUR DOORSTEP, Wenzell Brown's** account of conditions in Puerto Rico, lives up to its title. It tells of two million people crowded on a beautiful but poverty-ridden island, and of their fierce and illogical hatred for the United States.

*Wenzell Brown*

The Puerto Ricans, says Mr. Brown, are convinced that we have exploited them cruelly—yet they become infuriated when one of the wicked Yankees suggests granting them national independence.

Mr. Brown tells this story as typical of the neurotic psychology of our problem children:

"I have been told that Juan X was killed by the police, then seen Juan X immediately afterward, then heard the original teller of the tale repeat his story a moment after Juan has passed by.

" 'But you saw Juan go by,' I would protest. 'He was safe and uninjured.'

" 'No,' says the Puerto Rican. 'He was killed. I saw the act myself.'

" 'But look, here he comes again.'

" 'Do you insinuate that I am a liar?' Then, screaming: 'Shall we take such insults from the American pigs?'

" 'No,' joins in Juan X. 'Kill the American!' "

Mr. Brown served as teacher in Puerto Rico's public schools before the war, and returned recently for a fresh survey. "America's record in Puerto Rico," he says, "has been neither excessively good nor bad. She has dumped hundreds of millions of dollars into the Island without making any noticeable difference in the slums, the health conditions, or the general poverty."

Published by Greenberg: Publisher, New York. Price $2.75.

# COCKEYED CROSSWORD

## BY TED SHANE

### HORIZONTAL

1 A commando raid in silk panties (two words)
11 The neighbor's naughty kid is a brat; yours, a cute little what?
14 Operatic tonsil-tearing device
15 To parcel a non-existent commodity into small bits so everybody can have none
16 Cowfeederia
17 Apartment seeker with an airplane might live in this
18 What I hope rationing will soon be
19 Grass course
21 Ixnay, Otchskay
22 Was wise to
23 Ickes says it may not be coaled this winter
24 Jerk's initials
25 Ain't not
26 Low-down person with a sole
27 To bind piggishly
29 Actor
30 One who loves his fellow man—with gravy
32 What rose buyers get stuck with
34 In hot weather, remove clothes and sit around in these
35 Greeks find tea in it
36 Ma's command to pa
37 They do push-ups in the spring
38 British Wave
39 What my putts do to the cup without falling in
40 Song writer's favorite kind of nook
41 The hot corner (base definition, isn't it?)
42 Indoor doghouses
44 What to say to make your wife stop nagging
45 Kind of desirable mouth on a woman
46 Winning combination (it hopes)
47 Ticklish Underwear (abbr.)
48 Main thing in America (abbr.)
49 Jerk
50 Kind of skinny 2
51 Young Sadie Glotz—with money
52 One-woman wolf
54 Amount of TNT 1 lb. of atomic bomb equals
55 He keeps on the bed sheets when he rises
56 Thin figure
57 Jaloppy squeak squelcher
59 Dis woid goes wid dems and dose
60 General condition of the baby
61 Erector set that made good (two words)

### VERTICAL

1 Youth hits the downward path on these
2 They cover lots of ground
3 That up-and-coming Stevens woman
4 Killer driller
5 Flattener
6 Orange with the belly button
7 Last Sunday's roast
8 Trombone juice
9 Leg Oglers (abbr.)
10 Seagoing shavetails—
11 —and what they are, first trip out
12 The starving carnivore (two words)
13 What the salesman does to the expense account
20 Ag'in'
22 Sharp's a tack
23 Flesh hangers
26 Air enters, dreadful sounds emerge from this
27 Kind of man gals don't always like around
28 Pre-Franco Spain
29 How golfers often lie
30 Brainy sweater girls
31 He believes in terra firma, the firma the less terra
33 Raindrop that bounces
34 It's all Woolley and a yard wide on Monty
37 You're likely to find an Arab hanging out in one
38 Who is usually used for this?
40 Spend like a war billionaire
41 Conjunction
43 What the glazier's brat was
44 Animal that goes pop
46 Relaxed like a board
47 To pull the legs of gals
48 A P-80 doing 350 m. p. h. is going how?
50 Put on play things and relax the activity glands
51 Used pull to get ahead
53 Cow croup curer (abbr.)
54 Thickheads Encourage Flunking (abbr.)
55 Much excitement
58 Texas in a nutshell (abbr.)

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H | E | L | L | G | R | A | M | M | I | T | E | S |
| A | L | B | I | N | O | ■ | I | O | D | I | N | E |
| L | A | ■ | P | A | L | ■ | G | R | A | N | G | E |
| S | I | R | ■ | T | E | R | R | E | ■ | D | I | D |
| E | N | I | D | ■ | S | E | A | ■ | G | E | N | E |
| Y | E | M | E | N | ■ | S | T | A | R | R | E | D |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | A | E | S | ■ | E | R | A | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| S | P | E | R | A | T | E | ■ | K | I | N | G | S |
| T | A | R | S | ■ | A | V | A | ■ | L | U | R | E |
| A | R | A | ■ | P | L | A | T | O | ■ | T | A | X |
| R | O | S | C | O | E | ■ | O | L | E | ■ | P | T |
| C | L | E | A | N | S | ■ | L | E | G | R | E | E |
| H | E | R | P | E | T | O | L | O | G | I | S | T |

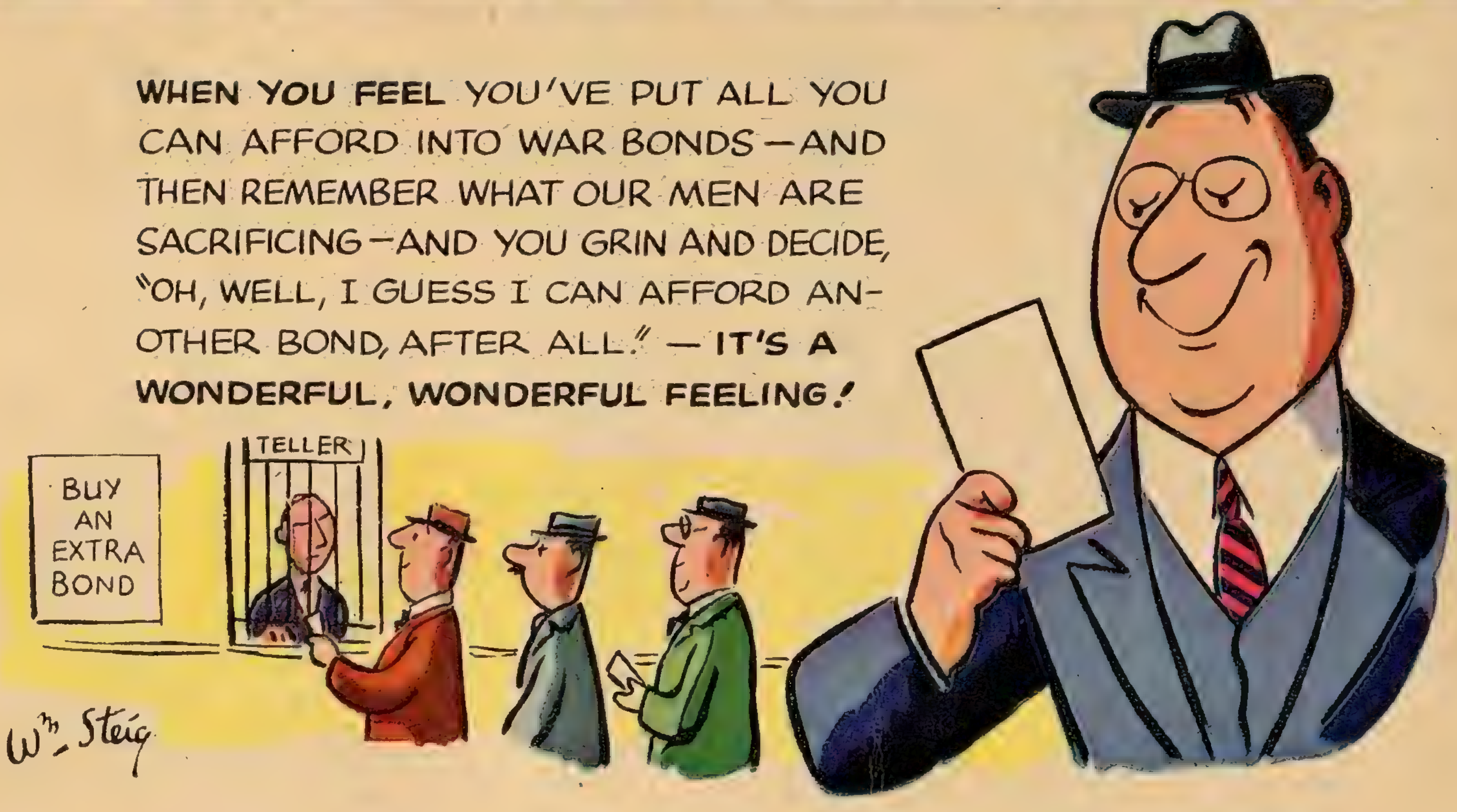
Last week's answer

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | ■ | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | | | | ■ | 15 | | | | | | ■ | 16 | | |
| 17 | | | | ■ | 18 | | | | ■ | 19 | 20 | | | |
| 21 | | | ■ | 22 | | | | ■ | 23 | | | ■ | 24 | |
| 25 | | ■ | 26 | | | | ■ | 27 | | | | 28 | | ■ |
| | ■ | 29 | | | | ■ | 30 | | | | | | | 31 |
| 32 | 33 | | | | ■ | 34 | | | | | ■ | 35 | | |
| 36 | | | | ■ | 37 | | | | | ■ | 38 | | | |
| 39 | | | ■ | 40 | | | | | ■ | 41 | | | | |
| 42 | | | 43 | | | | | ■ | 44 | | | | ■ | |
| ■ | 45 | | | | | | ■ | 46 | | | | ■ | 47 | |
| 48 | | ■ | 49 | | | ■ | 50 | | | | ■ | 51 | | |
| 52 | | 53 | | | ■ | 54 | | | | ■ | 55 | | | |
| 56 | | | ■ | 57 | 58 | | | | | ■ | 59 | | | |
| 60 | | | ■ | 61 | | | | | | | | | | |

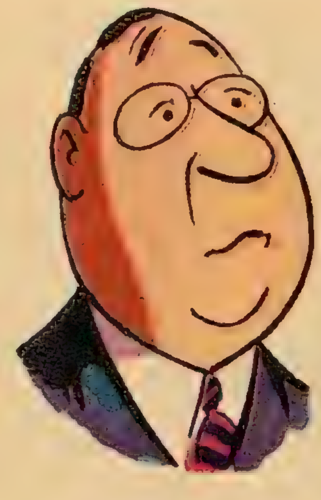
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

# IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

**WHEN YOU FEEL** YOU'VE PUT ALL YOU CAN AFFORD INTO WAR BONDS—AND THEN REMEMBER WHAT OUR MEN ARE SACRIFICING—AND YOU GRIN AND DECIDE, "OH, WELL, I GUESS I CAN AFFORD ANOTHER BOND, AFTER ALL." — **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**


TELLER
BUY AN EXTRA BOND
Wm Steig

**(BEFORE)**



**WHEN A NEIGHBOR** INVITES YOU OVER FOR A MARTINI—AND YOU ACCEPT WITH THAT "OH-WELL-I-SUPPOSE-I-HAVE-TO" ATTITUDE—AND THE MARTINIS ARE MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO GRAND AND SMOOTH AND DELIGHTFUL —**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

**(AFTER)**

**94.4 PROOF - 100% SMOOTH**

KINSEY
PROOF. 94.4, DISTILLED DRY
OF RICHER BOUQUET AND FLAVOUR
PRODUCED ESPECIALLY FOR SUPERIOR
MIXED DRINKS AND COCKTAILS.
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin

# KINSEY
## the Genial GIN

MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL**: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

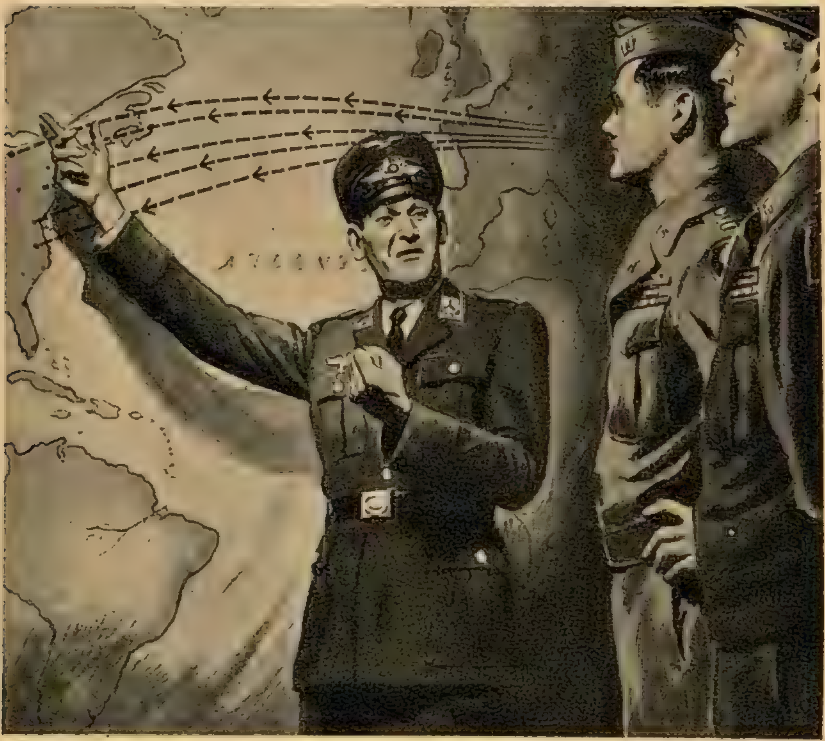
*Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

# . . . by the Skin of our Teeth

**SEVERAL TIMES during the European phase of this war, victory was almost within Germany's grasp . . .** on land, on the sea, or in the air.

Above all, knowing the vital importance of air supremacy, the Nazis tried time and again to wrest it back from the Allies.

**And they almost succeeded.**



## Time ran out

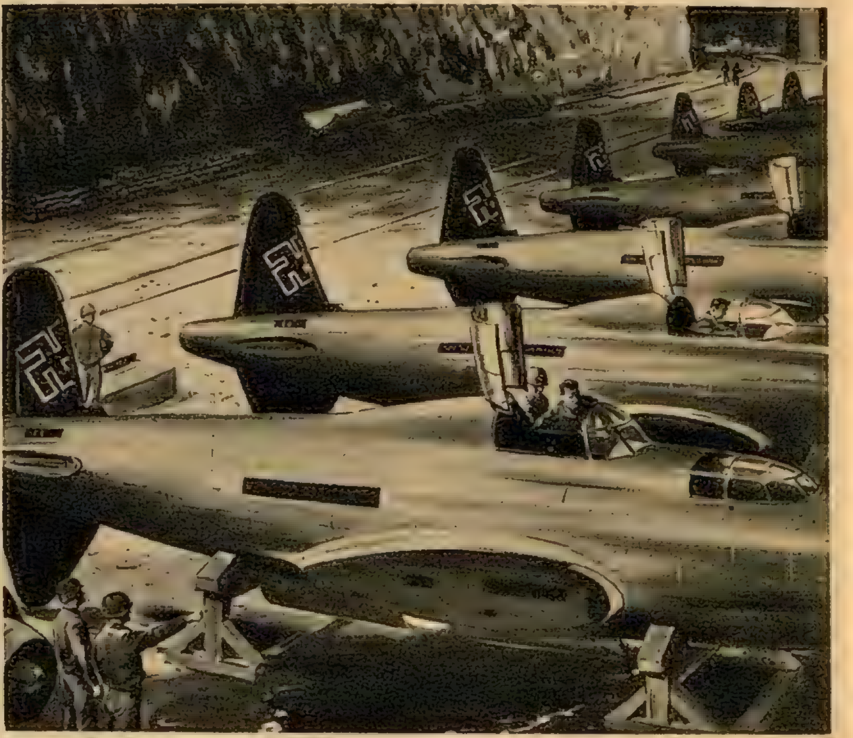
Especially in the last months of the war, our margin of safety was slimmer than most of us suspected.

Some of our best scientists estimate that if Germany had had a few months longer in which to perfect weapons under development, she could have seriously threatened our ability to win the war.

The truth of this is known best to certain American military experts **who have since inspected some of Germany's underground research laboratories and war plants.**

Here they saw secret weapons in various stages of development . . . **weapons which might conceivably have turned the trick for the Nazis if they could have used them boldly in a last desperate gamble.**

**Some of these things can now be revealed. Others cannot —yet.**



## Target: U. S. A.

In a converted salt mine, our ordnance officers examined nearly completed jet-propelled heavy bombers . . . **bombers claimed by the Germans to be capable of crashing high explosives into the industrial cities of the eastern United States and flying back again across the Atlantic.**

Goering himself said the planes had been successfully test-flown and would have been in operation if Germany could have held out 3 months longer.

Japan, too, with her ever-improving planes and suicide aerial attacks, tried desperately to whittle

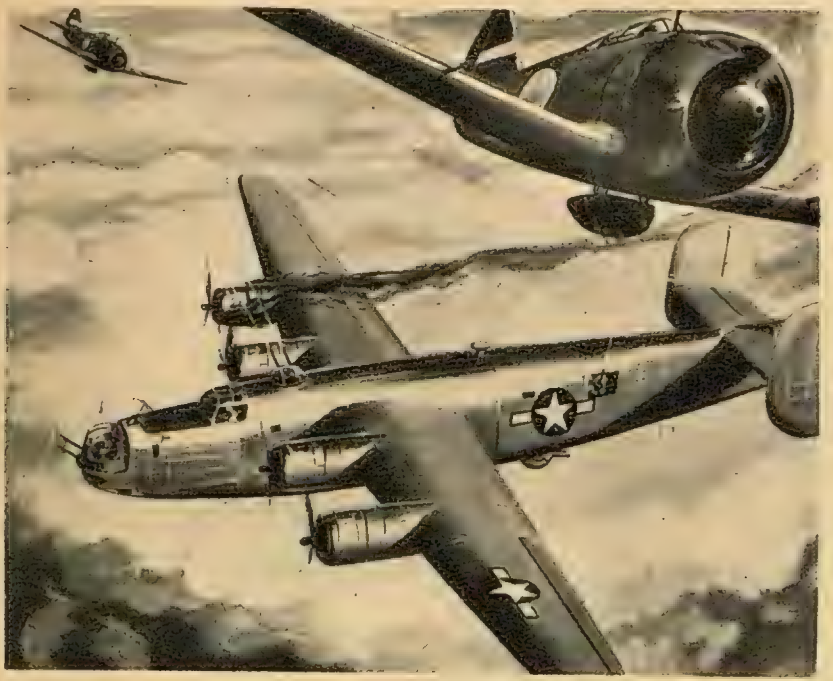
There were planes potentially better than anything the Allies had in combat at that time.

If time hadn't run out on the Germans, **quantities of these jet planes might have changed the balance of air power in their favor.**

In a V rocket plant, burrowed 800 feet deep in limestone rock, our technicians found blueprints for a fearful V bomb with an estimated range of 3000 miles.

"We planned to destroy New York and other American cities starting in November," said a German rocket engineer.

down our hard-won air supremacy. But the Japs were no more successful than the Nazis before them had been. The tide had turned.



## Why Japan surrendered

Now that victory is ours in the Pacific, many people sincerely believe that it was U. S. air power that brought Japan to her knees.

This, we believe, is not entirely true.

**But Japan's defeat points out one lesson that simply can't be argued down: The nation that loses supremacy in the air cannot win a war or remain secure in peace.**

Because of this fact, Japan's case was hopeless even before the advent of the atomic bomb. It was only a question of time before she caved in . . . for she had lost control of her skies.

## The race we must keep winning

America is now ahead in the development of new aerial weapons.

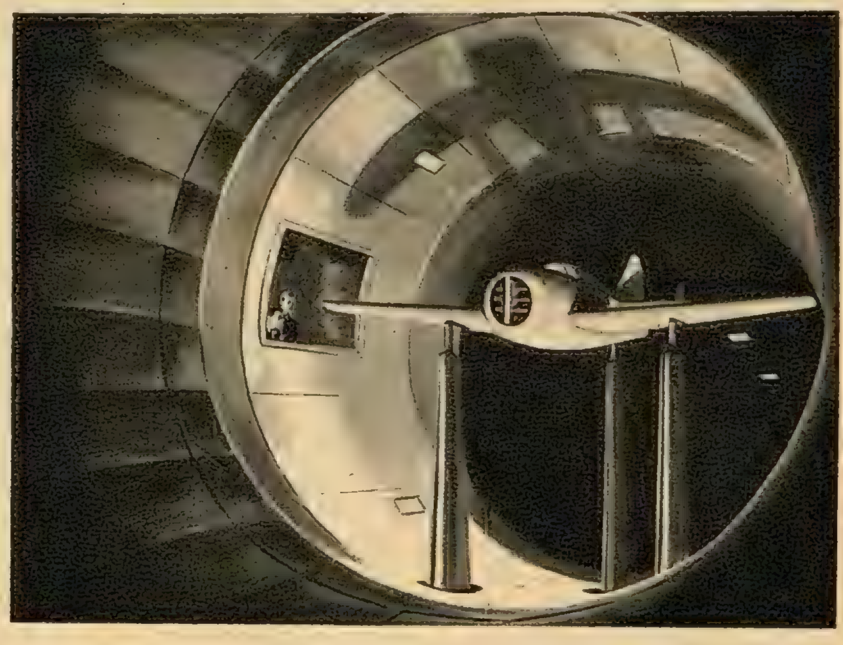
But there can be no security for us in the future if we rest content on our present-day superiority and allow ourselves to lag in aeronautical research and development.

**Constant and continuing research in the field of aeronautics is a MUST for America . . . today and always!**

As long as we maintain our air superiority after victory, **no aggressor nation is apt to be foolhardy enough to dream of attacking us.**

But experimental research is only the **first step in winning the race that will insure America from attack in the future . . .**

The best planes periodically resulting from this research must be put in production in sufficient quantities to develop *manufacturing techniques and tools* and to keep the nucleus of a manufacturing organization which can be quickly expanded if ever needed.



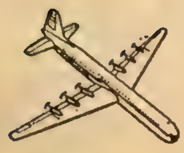
**We must also have enough planes for our Armed Services to train the Flight and Ground Crews in their use.** ***One or two experimental planes are not enough*** **to keep our Air Force and manufacturing organizations ready for any emergency.**

Only when the design and production "bugs" always present in a new plane are revealed and eliminated by use—can our ever-improving aircraft be considered ***proven*** **military weapons.**

**LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG**
**IN THE AIR!**

# CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.
*Member, Aircraft War Production Council*



**CONVAIR MODEL 37**
*Pan American Clipper*

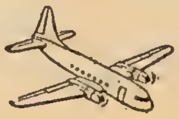
**LIBERATOR**
*4-engine bomber*

**LIBERATOR EXPRESS**
*transport*

**CORONADO**
*patrol bomber*

**PRIVATEER**
*search plane*

**CATALINA**
*patrol bomber*



**CONVAIR MODEL 110**
*commercial transport*

**SENTINEL**
*"Flying Jeep"*

San Joaquin Valley Fruit
+ Old-World Pot Still Method
= Croix Royale Fruit Brandies
CROIX ROYALE
APRICOT BRANDY
84 PROOF
CAMEO VINEYARDS CO.

In the smiling valley of the San Joaquin grows the celebrated fruit from which Croix Royale is now distilling Fruit Brandies by the painstaking method of the Pot Still.

Croix Royale Fruit Brandies have all the bouquet and flavor of the fresh fruit itself. Apricot, Peach, Plum, Kirschwasser (Cherry). All 84 Proof.

*Send for free recipe booklet.*
*Address Dept. SF*

**Cameo Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.**

**WAR BONDS COME FIRST, ALWAYS!**

Made by Old-World Pot Still Method
CROIX ROYALE
Say Croy Royal
Fruit Brandies
84 PROOF

# PUT IT OVER

Continued from Page 20

keeping the ball away from DeSola's heavy bat, and before he knew it he had pitched himself into the three-and-nothing hole—three balls and no strikes. And this was real trouble. He had to get the next one over. A base on balls would force in the tying run.

A tall loose figure on the mound, he felt himself the focal point of seventy thousand pairs of eyes in the stands, the center of a maelstrom of sound, the measured clap-clap-clap-clap of the Gray Sox rooters trying to rattle him, and the pleas shouted in unison by the Titanic fans, "Put it over! Put it over!"

That was when the anger had begun to stir in him. It wasn't his fault he was in the jam. An error of judgment and two physical misplays had filled the bases. And now he was supposed to get them all out of it.

He felt the pressure upon his teammates, upon Crucci at second and Horse Wilson, his catcher, who had contributed to the jam. If Speed got DeSola out, their errors would be forgiven. On him now rested the sole responsibility for the difference in the winners' and losers' share of the Series cut, no small matter of three thousand dollars each. He could see the figure of Ed Delaney, the Titanics' manager, one foot on the edge of the dugout, and could feel the pressure and worry that was on him. The Gray Sox runners were jigging on the bases, the coaches at first and third were yelling and waving to rattle him, and the whole Gray Sox team was crowding the front of the dugout, jeering, catcalling, riding him. He didn't mind them. They were opponents. It was the anxious rooting of his own side that was filling him with a kind of bitter fury.

THE fielders were peppering it up, calling to him to hide their own nervousness—"Stick it in there, Speed ol' kid. Put the big one over, boy. Give him the old fireball, kid."

But it was the monstrous voice from the stands booming, "Put it over! Put it over!" that was beating him down and causing the emotions of wrath and resentment to boil within him, and he found himself filled with an uncontrollable hatred for them. Who were they to shout at him, to command him, to rest the responsibility of their mass wishes in his arm? What gave them the right to bawl at him as the instrument of their desires? Listen to them yell at him like maniacs. Forgotten by the fans were the errors of his teammates. They remembered now only that he had pitched himself into a hole with three successive balls and that if he threw one more the victory already won would be wiped out.

"Put it over! Put it over!"

What did those yawping idiots think he was going to do? He could throw that strike. It was in his arm. He saw in his mind exactly where he would blaze the ball through while DeSola stood with his bat on his shoulder. Then he'd get him. He had the nerve, the control, the guts, and the speed.

SPEED faced the batter and began his wind-up as the shouts and the screaming and the noise, the pleas and exhortations ascended anew to a crescendo. And with it there rose in him a sudden stubbornness and a contempt for the people in the stands who were putting the burden on him, and for his teammates for their greed and heavy eagerness to have him pull them out of the hole, and the stubbornness took command before he was aware of its power and it mastered his steel-and-rawhide arm and the ball went—not over the plate, but wide and high, so that Horse Wilson had to jump for it, and DeSola slung his bat away and trotted to first base while the tying run came in over the plate and the stands rose up and poured a torrent of abuse upon him.

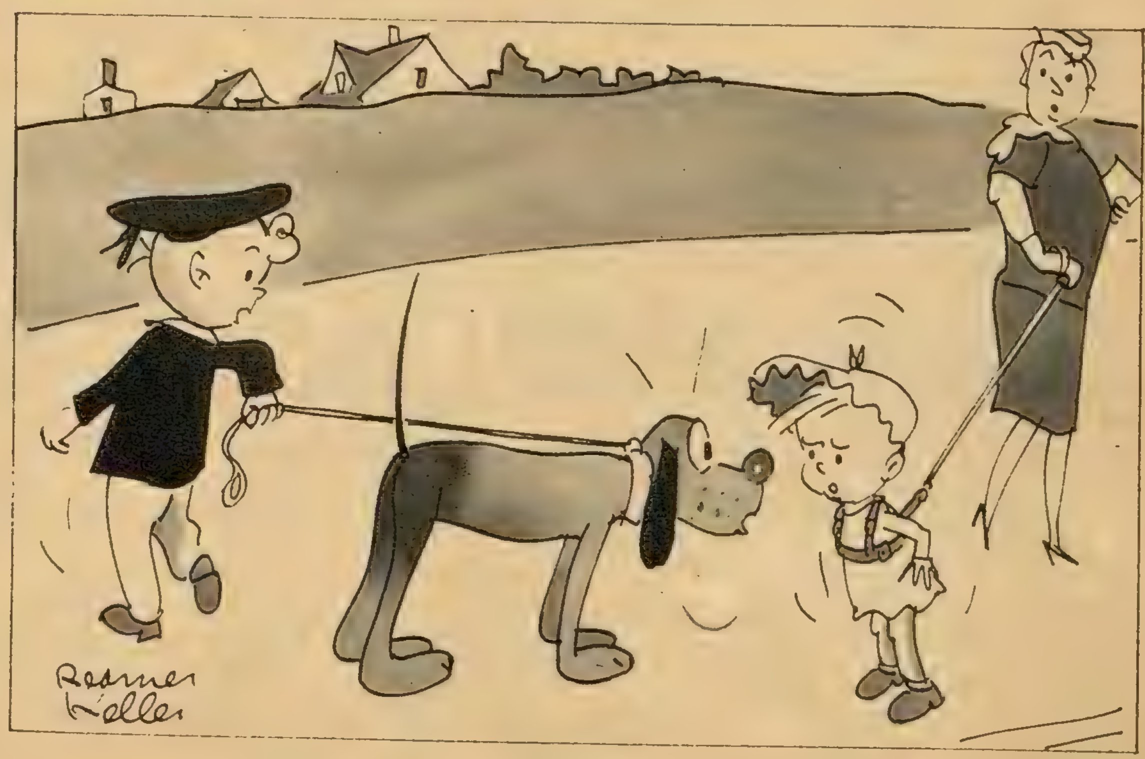
"Yellow! Quitter! Take him out! Oh, the bum!"

There was hubbub and confusion, rejoicing in the ranks of the Gray Sox, consultation by the Titanics with Delaney, coming out onto the field. And in the end the manager decided to let Speed stay in there. If he got the side out and the game went on, they would need that fireball in the extra innings when the shadows lengthened.

And so Speed, still quivering with anger, faced Whitey Thompson, and on the first pitch completely, involuntarily, threw him up a nice fat cousin ball which Whitey laced into center field for a double, and that was that. The sports writers, particularly those who had said that Speed had a touch of beagle in him when the blue chips were down, had a field day, and ten days later Speed was in the Army.

*(Continued on page 60)*

## HARDTACK



# Here's the Big News about New

# Static-Free F·M Radio

**(F-M . . . "Frequency Modulation"— sensational new method of radio broadcasting)**

1.

**Not even thunderstorms** . . . or other natural static will mar a Zenith F-M radio's life-like tone. No popping or crackling to annoy you, because all static or interference will be virtually abolished. And only a Zenith will have a new way to increase listening range.

2.

**Smooth as satin** tonal realism will be a feature of Zenith F-M radios. You'll hear music and voices against a backdrop of velvety silence. No electrical noises, no distorted sounds . . . just pure, uninterrupted listening pleasure. When you hear it you'll agree it has the "touch of genius."

3.

**Genuine F-M...not imitation...** Zenith collaborated with the originator in bringing F-M to its present peak of perfection. Through long experience in operating its own 50,000 watt F-M station, and through important new Radionic developments, Zenith will have F-M radios with the touch of genius.

4.

**No overlapping or fading stations** with genuine Zenith F-M. It will be as superior as a sharp photograph is to an out-of-focus snapshot. Each F-M station will tune in with razor-sharp precision and stay on the beam until you turn the dial.

5.

**Records come alive!** First, Zenith's new way to reproduce record music ends all needle-noise, scratch and rattle. Then, the music goes through the static-free F-M radio circuit. The result—all the hidden beauty never heard in records before, plus the tonal realism of F-M.

**Naturally a Leader in F-M Because Zenith Concentrates on**

## RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

Following the discovery of F-M (Frequency Modulation), Zenith joined with the originators in its development. In fact, Zenith's 30 years of concentration on Radionics Exclusively has played a vital part in bringing genuine F-M to its present perfection.

This vast reservoir of experience in Radionics—*the science of radio waves* has led to amazing achievements in manufacturing F-M devices for the armed forces. And all Zenith's wartime discoveries will be incorporated in the coming new Zenith F-M Radios and Radio-Phonographs.

When you see and hear them, you'll know instantly that there's a "touch of genius" in everything Zenith does.

**BUY VICTORY BONDS— BETTER THAN CASH!**

**For the Best in Radio Keep Your Eye on Zenith**

**ZENITH**
**LONG DISTANCE RADIO**

COPYRIGHT 1945, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

**RADIO • FM • RADAR • TELEVISION • RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS • HEARING AIDS**

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?

*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

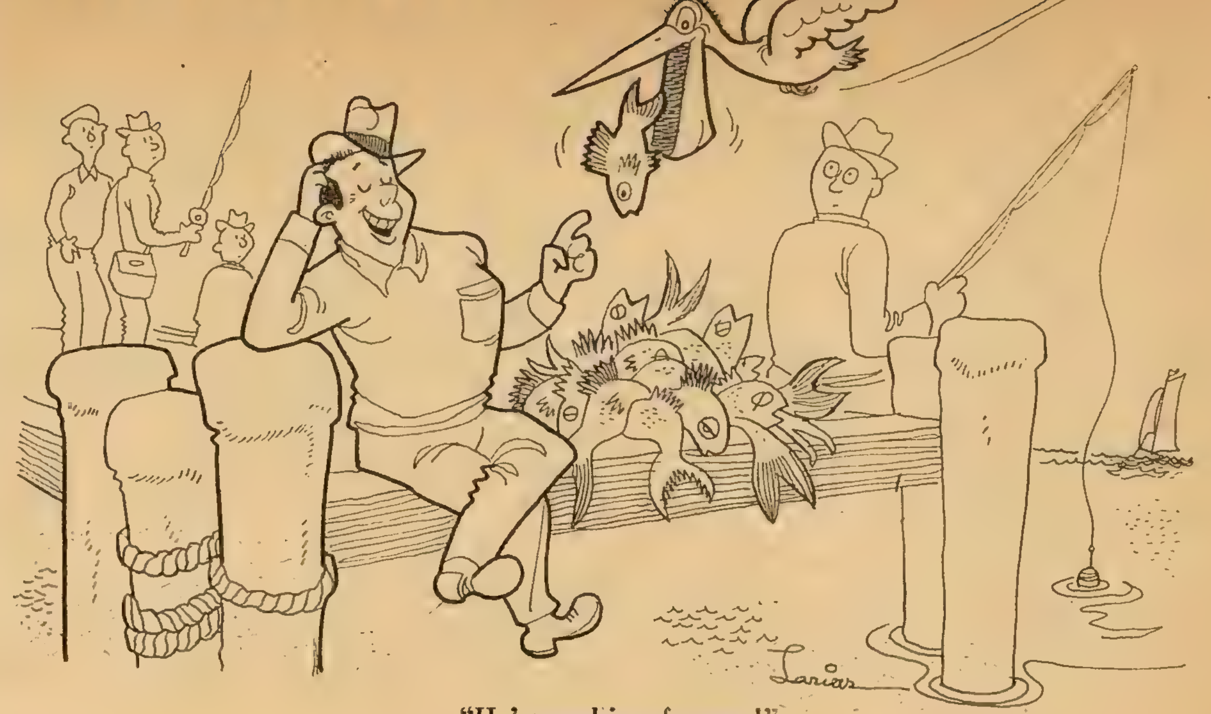
3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

*Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

# THE HOME FRONT



"He's working for me!"

(*Continued from page 58*)

And here, in a way, was the same damn thing. Somebody else had screwed up the detail, some brass hat had pulled a boner, some guy with bars or a gold leaf hadn't used his bean, and the bases were loaded again, and now they were calling on him to put it over again, to go out there and throw the winning pitch.

And as he looked over the open ground and the target and the still bodies in front of it, he knew he could do that too, if he lived to get within the range of his throwing arm. He could plunk it right down the middle of that opening for a called strike if it weren't for the anger, the remembered anger, that was blazing inside him again.

THERE was no sound now from the watching fear-ridden men, but he could feel the silent pressure each was exerting upon him to go out there and save them from being killed by the bullets that would spit from that nest. And in his ears rang the nasty echo of the chant from the stadium, "Put it over!"

Speed was ready now, and the sergeant with great care picked out two fragmentation grenades to do the most damage in an inclosed space, and gave them to him, one in each hand. The men watched with their gleaming eyes, and something in Speed's face, some of the anger and the bitterness that came through now, kept them from saying what they wanted to say.

But the sergeant growled, "Good luck, kid. Nobody could do it but you. If I had your whip, I'd be out there trying it myself. You throw that strike and the medics can get to those guys out there."

Speed's head snapped around to glare at the sergeant, his long jaw was tense and unpleasant, and he was set to let him have it. If he had the whip he'd be out there himself. Like hell he would. Like hell any of them . . . But the words never came out, for his eyes became caught up in those of the sergeant and there was something in the sergeant's face that stopped him cold. It was the realization that men who are in the kind of trouble one gets into in a war do not lie. The sergeant was sincere. He really meant that—"If I had your whip."

And it was in all their faces, the corporal at the walkie-talkie, the dogfaces crouched in hastily dug depressions, or taking cover behind rocks and trees and stumps, in the wide expression of admiration and hope in the eyes of the kid lieutenant. And Speed knew at that moment that it was true. Any of them, all of them, would have tried it had they had his throwing speed, his skill, his accuracy. But they hadn't it. That special gift and talent was all his own. But it was also an extension of their fervid hopes and desires. Each would have given his soul at that moment to have possessed it, to have been able to make assurance doubly sure by doing it himself. A trick of fate made it necessary for them to rely upon him, to do it for them, but each in spirit was about to make that dreadful journey with him.

And with the understanding, his anger faded and a new emotion took its place.

It wasn't bad; it was good to be able to do something nobody else could do so well. It was beautiful to have guys relying on you, rooting for you to come through for them.

Much knowledge came to Speed in that pregnant moment, for now, too, he understood something of the vicariousness of sport and all those shouting fans who wanted to see him win. They were all him. Each one of the screaming, exhorting thousands was himself on the mound preparing to blaze over that winning pitch. He was their right arm. And each one suffered a hundred times more than he, because, filled with the same burning desire for victory, they could only sit helpless in the stands and cry out and project their wishes upon the one gifted with the ability to put it over. In the pinch they were all in the same boat.

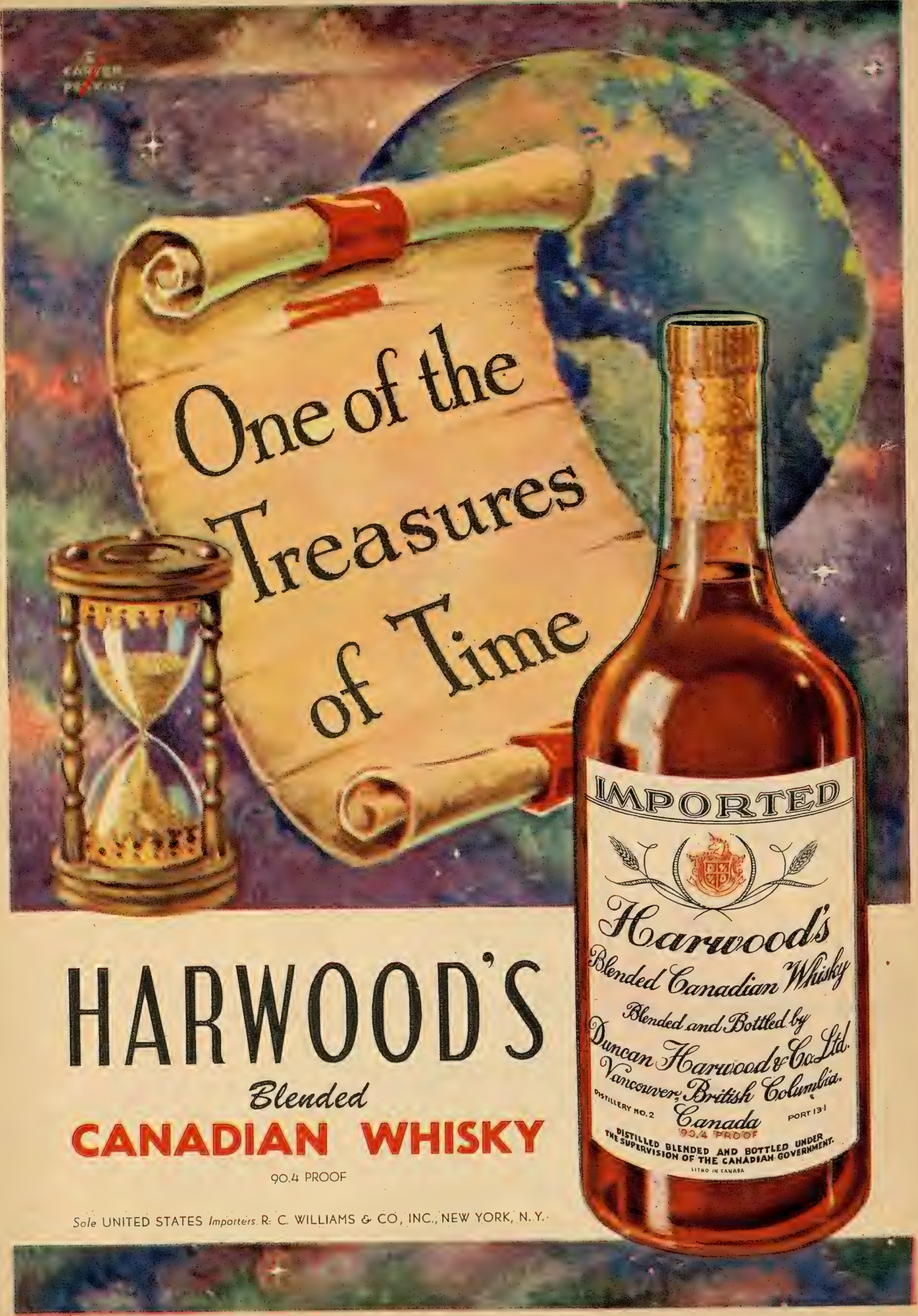
AND in that same moment he knew that if he got away with this, if they all got out of this jam and the war was over and he went back to baseball, it would be a different Speed Flensbaugh out there on the mound, a guy who had found out something and who wouldn't be found wanting in the clutches.

He took the pair of grenades, glanced at them, and grinned. He said "O. K., sarge. Call in your outfield. This one is right over the middle."

The tension was broken, and the old pepper cries went up on all aides: "Atty, ol' Speed. Stick it in there! Give 'em the big one, boy! Right down the alley, Speed! Smoke it over, feller!"

Still grinning, the grenades vanished in the maw of his huge hands, Speed got down on his stomach and began to crawl and inch his way forward across the open ground. . . .

THE END


One of the Treasures of Time
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia.
DISTILLERY NO. 2
PORT 13-1
Canada
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
LITHO IN CANADA

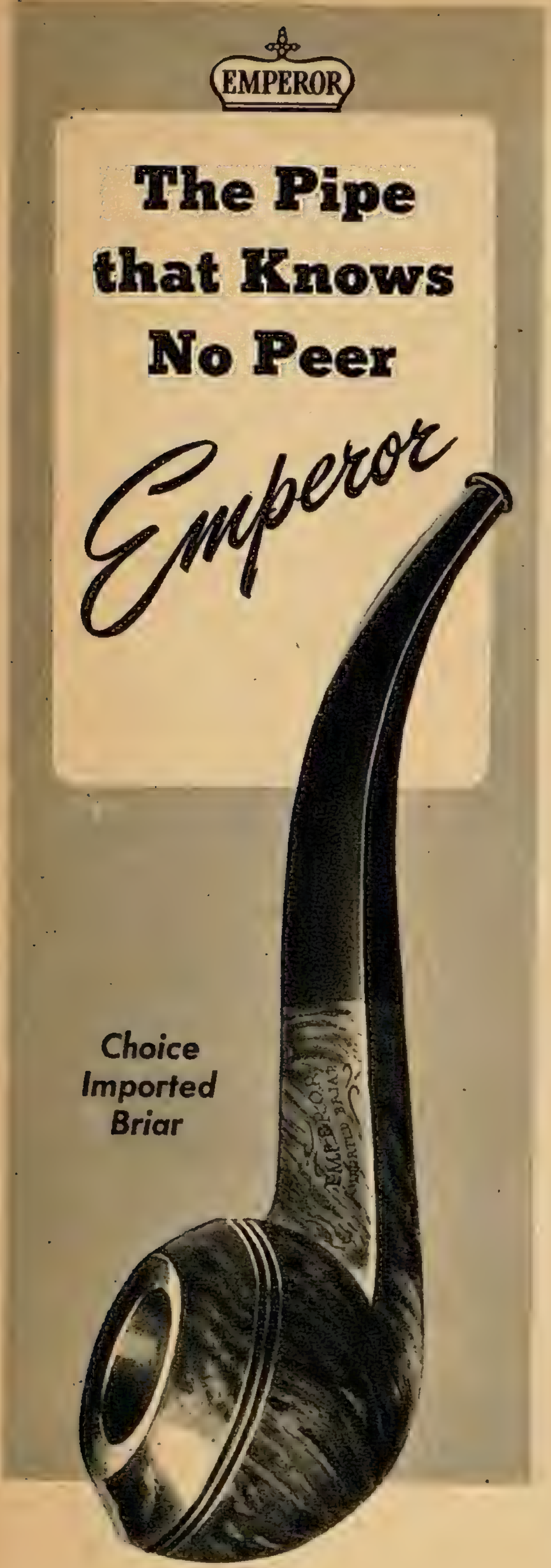
# HARWOOD'S

*Blended*

**CANADIAN WHISKY**

90.4 PROOF

*Sole* UNITED STATES *Importers* R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.



FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection.

For every Emperor Pipe is a notable work of art, a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. These are pipes you can confidently discuss with any pipe-lover.

Truly you who own an Emperor possess a pipe that is second to none in America!

The shape illustrated above can be had at
$3.50 $5.00 $7.50

**EMPEROR PIPES**

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

## UNCLE SAM'S BORROWED HANDS

Continued from Page 25

forward. They were guilty, they said. But earnestly they asked for another chance, and got it.

Once, in the Whittier area, thirteen men refused to work. Just transferred from a camp in the Riverside district where they had been picking navel oranges, now they were picking Valencias—a lower-paid job. They demanded the higher rate. That couldn't be done—the WLB would permit no break in wage ceilings. This was explained, but they still refused to work and had to be repatriated.

Occasionally an *obrero* will go A. W. O. L., just walk out of camp without saying where he's going. The camp manager gives him six days of grace and then notifies the nearest War Food Administration office, which in turn reports the case to immigration authorities. Even when they pick him up, he gets another chance. He can go back to his assigned camp, but if he refuses, he is repatriated.

MOST people don't know it, but safety engineers consider farm work comparatively dangerous. Orange pickers fall off ladders and strain ligaments, or have sunstrokes. Tractors sometimes throw over backward like bucking broncos. Lockjaw is no joke. Inevitably, in a crowded bunkhouse, colds run riot. And inevitably young men—especially when they're bachelors in exile—will seek young women, or some not so young, and the result sometimes is venereal disease.

When Manuel Manriquez became ill, he didn't have to worry about doctor's bills. Medical care for imported farm workers is required by international agreement, and Manuel was eligible for emergency dental care and for all the medical and hospital treatment he might need. This is the responsibility of the Health Services branch of the Office of Labor, War Food Administration. And the branch is doing a remarkably fine job.

Mrs. Lini Stoumen is its administrator and supervising nurse of the southern California area. She has had extensive experience in public-health work among Spanish-speaking people in New Mexico and Puerto Rico. Of Dutch extraction, she is a jolly blonde young woman whom the foreign nationals quickly take to their hearts. Under her are thirty-five nurses who visit the labor camps and hold clinics.

The nurses make their regular rounds, handling about half of the workers' health problems. If a man needs immediate doctor's care or hospitalization, the nurse is empowered to refer him to a local dentist or doctor or to send him to a near-by hospital. The bills are promptly paid by a corporation set up by the War Food Administration to by-pass time-wasting red tape: the Agricultural Workers Health and Medical Association.

A doctor is also in attendance at clinics held regularly at various camps. At the Leffingwell ranch, for instance, a general clinic is held two nights a week, and a third evening is given over to a venereal clinic.

IT was at such a general clinic that Manuel Manriquez (which isn't his name) was examined and ordered repatriated. The facilities are primitive, but are cheerfully made to do. Incidentally, language is something of a problem, for the *obreros* speak only Spanish. Interpreters waste time, so the nurse has earnestly set out to pick up enough Spanish to get along. She has succeeded pretty well; she is a robust and hearty person who loves her work, and her patients realize it.

There were an unusual number of cases for repatriation that evening. After Manuel Manriquez left, several men with colds came in to get nose drops and throat swabbings. Then came a worker who was obviously very ill. He proved to have a rheumatic heart, and the sympathetic young doctor again had to recommend repatriation.

The next man showed hands that were a mass of sores. The doctor had seen such cases before: in the routine of work, the patient had been dipping his hands into something to which he had an allergic reaction. Then he had scratched the itching rash and given his hands a severe secondary infection. They were treated and bandaged.

And then, for the second time in one evening, came a case of psychoneurosis. This *obrero*, also very young, complained of persistent headaches, as he had done before. But examination revealed nothing physically wrong with him. Here again was a case of homesickness too severe to be borne, expressing itself in disguised form. There was nothing to do but recommend that the boy be sent home.

There are other aspects of the protective work of the Health Services branch. For

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

*(Unabashed)*

**MACBATH:** The famous Scot in the tub.

**SQUAWRREL:** Fight between Indian women.

**ADMISS-SHUN:** Crashing the gate.

**JIVORY:** Boogie-woogie piano keys.

**SHAMPION:** He won on a bluff.

**LEADERKRANZ:** The head cheese.

**A TOMIC ACHE:** What Hiroshima got, in the belly.

**MARRYTIME:** Wedding at sea.

**PO-WET:** A bard in a bath.

**WE'RE-Y:** Us is tired.

**When a nurse asked Aunty, a colored patient 109 years old, how she managed to live so long, she answered, "Chile, when I worked, I worked hard; when I rested, I sat down easy; and when I see I was going to worry, I just went to sleep."**

instance: Recently a train arrived in California with 1,000 Mexican nationals for the Riverside district. During the first week one of the men was discovered to have meningococcus meningitis. There are standing orders for such an eventuality. Immediately every man who came in on that train was hunted up and treated with sulfadiazine.

It was a job, but not another case of the disease occurred, and the one patient recovered and is now hard at work.

Is it difficult to recruit Mexican workers to come to the United States? On the contrary, men flock to the recruiting center in Mexico, far more than are immediately needed. So each man has to wait for his number to be called. But some get impatient and *buy* the numbers of men in line ahead of them—pay for a chance to come to the United States!

Why are the *obreros* eager to come here? And why, in spite of hard work and monotony and acute homesickness, do they stay? The answer is—*dinero*. Mexican nationals have earned $100,000,000 in the United States.

They are not cheap labor. They are paid the prevailing wage. The War Labor Board is adamant on that score.

Now consider what this means to the Mexican national. At home, in Puebla for instance, a farm hand earns two pesos a day—plus, perhaps, a quart of corn kernals to be ground into flour. Skilled workers get up to five pesos a day. In our money, then, the range runs from less than fifty cents to less than one dollar and twenty cents for a day's work.

IN the United States the *sobrero* is paid just what our own citizens are paid. Orange pickers get a minimum of seventy cents an hour. They're exceedingly good at the work. In some cases they are guaranteed thirty cents an hour plus so much for each box of fruit—and they earn as much as twelve dollars a day. More skilled men, such as milkers and tractor drivers, are paid from $160 to $200 a month. And they are guaranteed work for 75 per cent of their time here; if less work is given them, they receive three dollars a day in adjustment.

Though they pay a maximum of one dollar and fifty cents for housing and board, their compensation insurance and medical care are free. Furthermore, they pay no income tax to the United States, and no social security tax. It's true that 10 per cent of their pay is withheld, but this is compulsory savings, given to them when they return to Mexico.

Now, our United States dollar is worth almost five pesos—the exchange rate is $4.85. So when the Mexican national sends his pay home, and most of them do that with a big part of their wages, their money is multiplied almost by five. It means that work formerly worth two pesos a day is now paying from twenty to forty pesos a day! And more.

The result is a real improvement in their lot. Some *obreros* have already bought farms at home with their savings. Others plan to use their money to buy horses, cattle, and farm machinery, or an education. And some, no doubt, are daydreaming about buying an American jeep!

At first a lot of the Mexican nationals went home within five or six weeks. But now the tendency has changed. The food is better suited to their taste. And they get furloughs; when they simply *must* make a visit home, they are allowed to do so—at their own expense, of course—and to return to the camps they left. Also, they are staying on to earn as much as they can, for they understand that, now the war is over, importing of foreign labor has ceased, and that sooner or later all foreign nationals imported as they were will have to go back.

A lot of them would like to remain in the United States and become citizens. But their stay here under labor contracts cannot and does not initiate citizenship papers. Mexican nationals have married Spanish-American girls who are U. S. citizens. They are having children, too; but this does not alter the man's immigration status. When his contract time is up, if not before, he must return to Mexico. His wife can go there with him. But if he wants to become a citizen here, he has to come in under the quota and go through the usual immigration process. Children of such couples, however, are nationals of both the United States and Mexico and may become citizens of either country.

Besides Mexican nationals, of course, we have imported other foreign workers. Some 1,200 Newfoundlanders were brought in to do dairy work. In midsummer 500 Jamaicans arrived in California for farm work, and another 1,400 were expected. Still others had been imported from Barbados and the Bahamas.

It's been a big, important program. We got the farm help we needed so badly; the foreign worker got the money advantage he needed badly. All in all, it's been a Good Neighbor's good turn for everyone concerned!

THE END

---

# CHRISTMAS JOYS—AND BURDENS—FOR THE NAVY

Continued from Page 23

letters rather than to roll up and mail a whole newspaper.

Even transporting letters is a big job, and one that's increasing steadily. In 1943 the Navy handled 154,000,000 air-mail letters and 144,000,000 ordinary letters; in 1944, 374,000,000 air-mail and 235,000,000 ordinary. In the first five months of this year alone, the volume had climbed to 300,000,000 air-mail and 141,000,000 ordinary. These are the Navy mailmen's prime responsibility. They get priority along with food.

Before the Japanese surrender navy postal units—officers, men, and equipment—went ashore with each invasion, and the first echelon carried skeleton postal equipment enough to start letters flowing to and from the men across the vast Pacific.

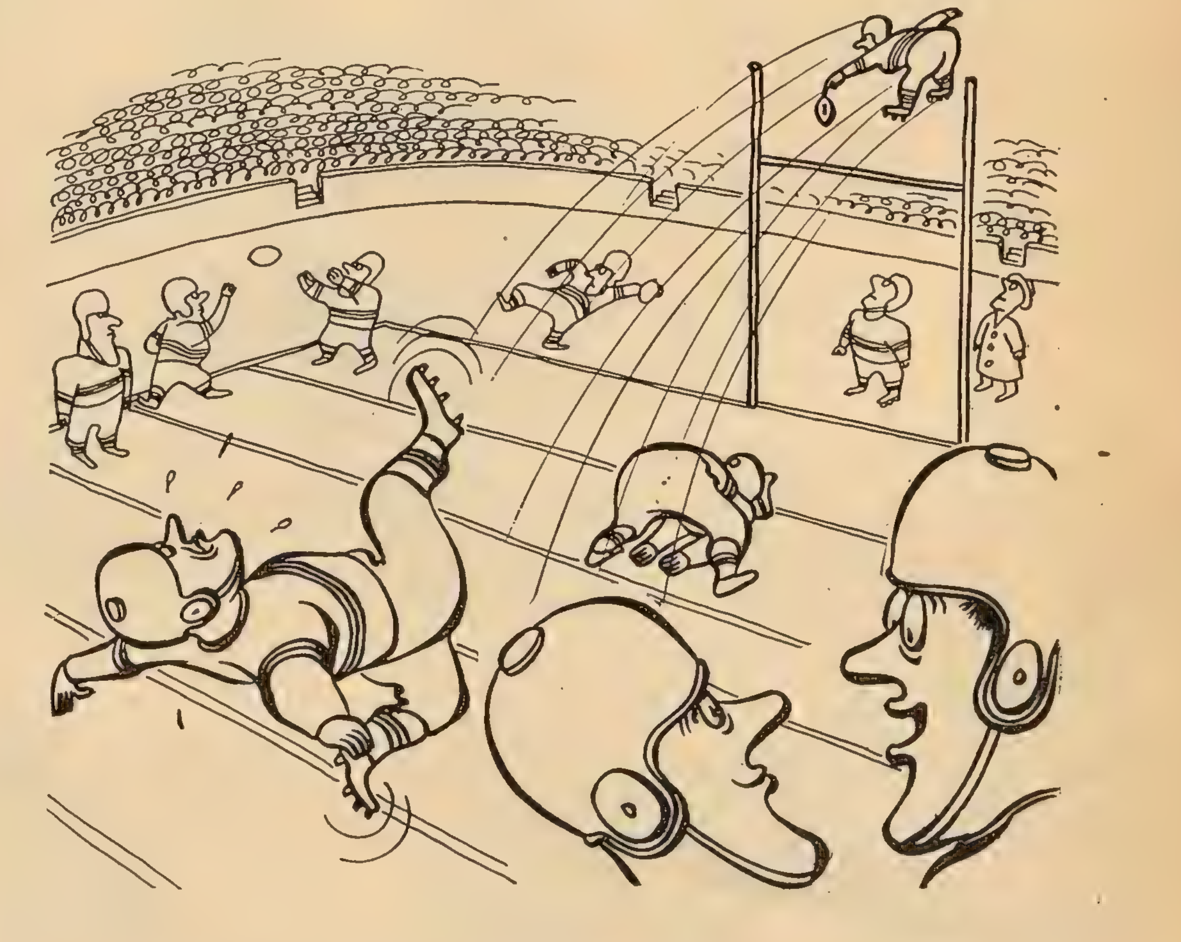
The Navy expects that the traffic through the fleet post office at San Francisco—in letters alone—will soon reach 150,000,000 a month, a quantity equal to six letters a day for every person in a city the size of Boston.

Facing this enormous volume in first-class mail, its finest morale weapon, the Navy now asks the public to help by reducing the staggering Christmas rush on parcels, and by mailing none at all unless they're wanted.

If your serviceman doesn't make any specific request and you still want to make him a gift of tangible value, there's an easy solution—you can always buy a bond and put it away in his name.

THE END

*Advertisement*



*"Norvin ate three helpings of Wheaties this morning."*

Norvin does things in a big way when he's had a big breakfast—including lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Hefty nourishment in those crisp whole wheat flakes. Hearty nut-sweet flavor. Kick off with a big bowl of Wheaties—tomorrow and every morning.

WHO CAN PUT A RAILROAD UNDER A *Microscope?*

**70,000 PEOPLE CAN . . .
AND DO, EVERY DAY!**

They know every tie and rail in Baltimore & Ohio's 11,000 miles of track. The "inner secrets" of giant locomotives ... every train movement ... each office operation ... all these, and many more, are known to them as a housewife knows her own kitchen.

Working together, these men and women of the B&O literally keep this railroad "under the microscope" 365 days each year. This thoroughness brings two-fold benefits to B&O customers!

First, the individual "know-how" of B&O workers and their wholehearted will to work together keep today's trains moving swiftly and safely ... "on time" as usual.

Secondly, their constant alertness to new ideas and ways to improve service helps the B&O set a pace in progress.

With B&O's 70,000 men and women, railroad progress is an earnest business. It is *the science of making things better* ... for you!

R. B. White
R. B. WHITE, *President*

LINKING 13 GREAT STATES WITH THE NATION
B&O
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

## THE RANCOROUS MR. RANKIN

Continued from Page 19

He carried the ball for the Congressional bloc which fought frantically last year against a federal ballot for servicemen. "If it [the Worley bill] passes, it will sink the ship of state!" he cried. "It will end our form of government." The gentleman from Mississippi was fooling no one, including himself; he meant that a federal-supervised ballot would give the vote for the first time in their lives to the Negroes of eight states, serving in the armed forces. The emasculated bill finally passed gave each state authority to set up controls over the soldier vote, and in the vast confusion most servicemen went voteless.

According to Secretary of War Stimson, 4,900,000 servicemen of voting age were overseas last November. Yet only 108,691 —less than 2.5 per cent—cast ballots in the Presidential election. In the understatement of the decade, Mr. Stimson termed this an "insignificant" use of the franchise. On April 6, 1945, Wendell Hardie, former Navy gunner's mate who survived four major campaigns in the South Pacific, left at Rankin's office a wooden swastika medal as a "token of contempt for his leadership in depriving U. S. servicemen of the right to vote in 1944." Even this scathing gesture left Rankin unperturbed.

RANKIN is as subtle as a punch in the nose and has the singleness of purpose of a man-hunting old maid. Whatever his motives, he works hard at them. He boasts that he has answered more roll calls in the House than anyone else during the last ten years. He is an indefatigable speechifier. Washington observers say he makes the most uninformed—and uniform —speeches in Congress.

Regardless of the issue, he usually winds up his oration in a burst of corny clichés upholding Southern you-know-what. On dull days he has been known to enlighten his colleagues by extolling the virtues of the mockingbird, official bird of his state, or urging a Congressional investigation of a New York manufacturer for using inflammable material in children's cowboy suits.

Rankin's sheer fury and undisguised bias often shock opponents into silence. He has expressed sentiments voiced elsewhere in America only in direct quotations from Goebbels' race-hate propaganda. On at least five occasions he has been involved in public brawls, and one had a tragic aftermath. On June 4, 1941, he accused "Wall Street and a little group of our international Jewish brethren" of attempting to plunge the United States into war. Representative M. Michael Edelstein, New York Democrat, rose and reminded the House that Hitler talked the same way when he started. After branding Rankin's speech as unfair and un-American, Edelstein walked into the lobby of the House and dropped dead from a heart attack.

Rankin continues to attack Jews and, for that matter, anyone who passes a slur —fancied or real—on his honor. Last February the sixty-three-year-old gamecock threw a couple of punches at Representative Frank Hook, Michigan Democrat, when he was called a "dirty liar" after suggesting Hook was a Communist. Two weeks earlier, Rankin and Representative Emanuel Celler, New York Democrat, almost came to blows when Celler criticized Rankin's attacks on racial minorities as un-American.

Rankin in repose looks little like the sinister character liberals say he is or the vindictive gaffer his speeches proclaim him to be. A short, deceptively wispy party, Rankin speaks without a pronounced accent in an earnest, rather dull manner except when he is a-stompin' and a-rantin' during a combustible harangue. Cartoonists find him a disappointing subject for caricature. His only distinctive physical feature is a shock of white hair which does not lend itself to satire.

Neither spellbinder, master of repartee, nor logician, Rankin nevertheless is a feared antagonist in debate. He simply refuses to be embarrassed, confounded, or discouraged.

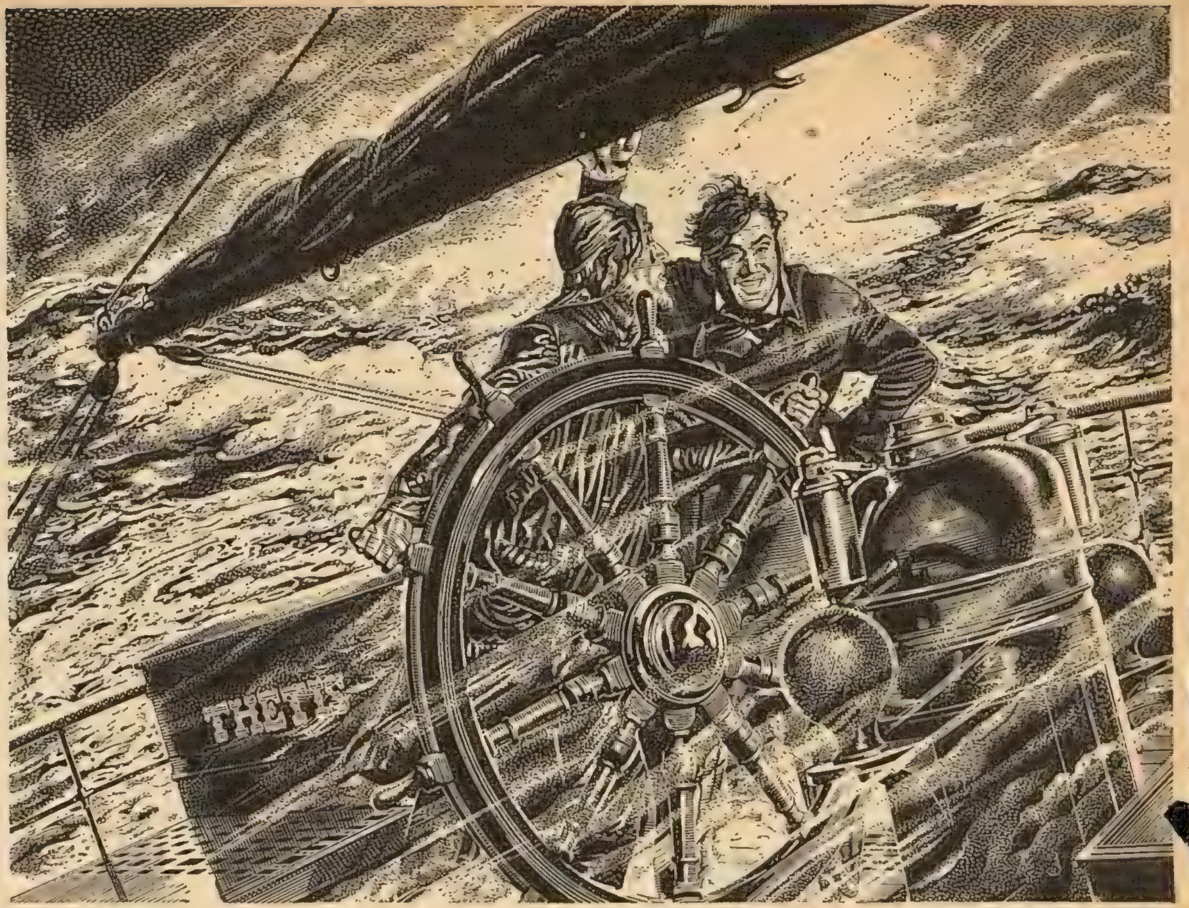
ALTHOUGH he has successfully led the forces of reaction against antilynching and antipoll-tax bills, the FEPC, the soldier vote, and wage-and-hour legislation, Rankin has been repudiated just as often. In May, when he tried to whitewash an investigation of alleged brutality and inefficiency in Veterans Administration hospitals, he attempted to hold Albert Deutsch, a reporter, in contempt for refusing to divulge sources of information particularly damaging to the Veterans Administration. The Veterans Committee declined, by a vote of thirteen to two, to uphold Chairman Rankin.

A few weeks later he attempted to pull another fast one, when only five members of his twenty-one-man committee were present, by recommending a bill releasing war veterans from the compulsion of joining a labor union as a condition of employment. The outraged yelps of protest that arose throughout the country brought him a resounding defeat at the hands of his own committee. Much of the muddling delay in correcting the deficiencies of the G. I. Bill of Rights is traceable to the smoldering antagonism in the Veterans Committee fanned by Rankin's tactics.

Incredible as it now seems, for nearly twenty years the Mississippi Mudcat actually was regarded as a left-wing liberal in Congress. He gained this paradoxical label by his crusade against public utilities to bring cheap power to the people. Admittedly, Rankin has long been the outstanding Congressional expert on public power. He was co-author, with the late Senator George Norris, of the bill creating the Tennessee Valley Authority, an enduring monument of the New Deal. Rankin is on safe ground when he writes in his autobiography for the Congressional Directory: "Succeeded in getting every county in his district connected up with the TVA and supplied with electric energy at yardstick

GEORGE WOLFE

"Joe's little woman was in and put her foot down!"



Out of the storm . . . a Ghost Opera

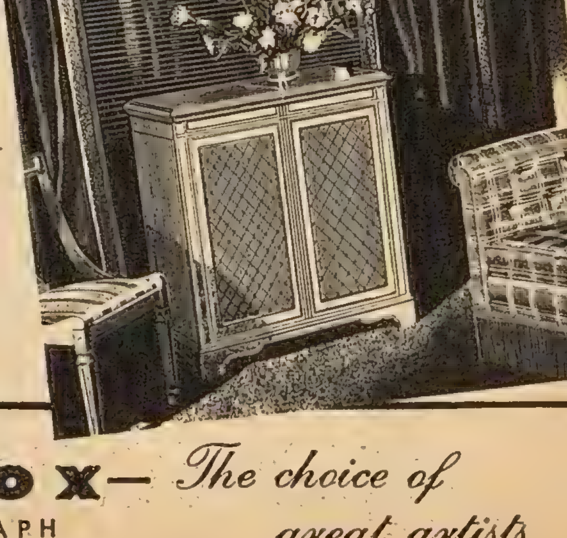
**Inspiration for his immortal opera,** *The Flying Dutchman*, came to Richard Wagner as he sailed across the storm-tossed Baltic. He was entranced by the helmsman's tale of the Dutch sea captain who, battling contrary winds off the Cape of Good Hope, defied even Satan, who accepted the challenge . . . and the Dutchman's ghost ship still sails.

**As immortal** as the legendary Dutchman are the many operas Wagner composed. To appreciate to the full his mastery of music, hear his thrilling operas played with all their intended brilliance by a Magnavox radio-phonograph.

**So faithfully,** so beautifully does this fine instrument reproduce great music that it has been chosen above all others by many famous artists—among them Kreisler, Ormandy, Heifetz and Beecham.

**Sold in America's fine stores.** See and hear the Magnavox side-by-side with other instruments. Compare the beauty and workmanship of cabinets; hear the life-like tone. Compare prices. See how much more you get for your money with Magnavox! Once you have heard Magnavox you will never be satisfied until you own one.

»» Illustrated at right is the Magnavox Regency Symphony, a reproduction of late 18th century furniture art combined with all the wonders of radio science. The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.



Magnavox— The choice of great artists
RADIO PHONOGRAPH

Ann Rutherford
featured in "Bedside
Manner," an Andrew
Stone Production

*Oriental Pearl* Replicas
at Their Loveliest*

Laguna

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*In three price groups:
$30 . . . $20 . . . $10
with diamond-mounted clasps from $50*

*At fine jewelry counters . . . If your jeweler can't supply you, write to us*

ROYAL CRAFTSMEN, 36 WEST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
*Simulated

rates serving thousands of farm homes with cheap electricity."

The opposition recalls that he has never viewed with alarm the sweatshop conditions in hosiery mills of his home district. Still, Rankin has performed distinguished services in the fight for cheap power for communities beyond his political province. In 1939 he introduced a bill to create a project similar to TVA at Niagara Falls, which he said would save New York State consumers $250,000,000 annually. The same year he urged the construction of the Denison-Red River Dam in Oklahoma, and last January he asked for the establishment of eight regional TVAs throughout the country.

For a man who has been around so long, he has become the subject of singularly few amusing anecdotes or revealing tidbits of personality. Perhaps he's just not the type to inspire warm, human-interest yarns, and he's certainly no help to a biographer gathering material for his life and times; he is much too preoccupied with the perilous future, threatened—he thinks—by the rising tide of color, to dwell upon the pleasant past, if any.

He was born in Itawamba County, Mississippi, on March 29, 1882, and went uneventfully through public schools and the University of Mississippi law school. Graduated in 1910, he hung out his shingle at Tupelo and was prosecuting attorney for four years until World War I. At this point Rankin is likely to become pretty touchy. In his autobiography he describes himself as "an ex-soldier of the World War." More precisely, he spent twenty-one days in an officers' training camp shortly before the war ended. The following year, aged thirty-seven, he married Annie Laurie Burrous of West Point, Mississippi. Their only child, a daughter, was born in 1923.

THERE are only two other facets in his personal dossier worth mentioning. He has a prodigious memory for battles of the Civil War—especially those won by the Confederacy.

And then there is his extreme sensitivity. Although he won't hesitate to cut an opponent to ribbons, Mistuh Rankin is mighty vulnerable to criticism. "Don't interrupt me when I'm speaking," he will snarl at a member after having seized the House floor by sheer lung power. "Don't look at me so ugly" and "Stop persecuting me" are other customary asides. Actually, they're concessions, for he resorts to a sudden and convenient deafness when a damaging question is put to him.

Rankin's first five terms in Congress were high-lighted only by bush-league logrolling and silly temperamental explosions. He made the headlines only by his occasional puerile outbursts. His first experience with the heady stuff brewed by headlines came in 1925 when he called the patrician Ogden Mills, New York Republican, a "dirty, contemptible scoundrel," on the floor of the House, almost precipitating a fist fight. The following year he charged Frederick A. Fenning with misappropriating funds for veterans' asylums. J. Frank Hogan, Fenning's counsel, termed the charge "undeniably false and untrue." This Rankin resented as a mortal personal affront. He hurled an inkwell at Hogan, hitting him on the forehead and spattering bystanders. Hogan retaliated by throwing a glass of water at Rankin and lunging at him. The affair was one of those six-hour sensations in Washington.

Rankin was a minor and rather anonymous congressmen until his ardent and skillful support of TVA marked him a sound and promising adherent of the New Deal. For several years the honeymoon was blissful. But when Roosevelt made clear his determination to advance the

(*Continued on page 68*)

in your whirl of tomorrow...
Gaby

# Beaunit

You'll be confident of your fashions whenever you see the mark of BEAUNIT FABRICS! Take our Beau Spun, for example—here's a new technique in spinning cotton and rayon that achieves the maximum in appearance, the minimum in shrinkage. Perfect for sport-shirts and so many other uses. BEAUNIT will loom ever larger in your fashion outlook.

SEAL OF MERIT
BEAUNIT
FABRICS

Write for booklet "Beauty Secrets of the Models", by C. Matthew Dessner . . . crammed full of facts that every girl should know; it's FREE!

BEAUNIT MILLS, INC., DEPT. C, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 1

Made the Old-time Way

SINCE 1861
Jesse Moore
Royale
Blended Whiskey
United Distillers (of America) Ltd.
Baltimore, Maryland

NO War-Time HASTE HERE!

Jesse Moore
ROYALE
BLENDED WHISKEY
86 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
UNITED DISTILLERS (of America) LTD.
Baltimore, Maryland

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

You've sung it a hundred times. Francis Scott Key wrote it. What did he call it?

Key called it The Defense of Fort McHenry. Later the song's name was changed to The Star-Spangled Banner.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

(*Continued from page 66*)

social, economic, and political status of the Negro, that was the end of the line for John Rankin.

He never has made any bones about his attitude toward Negroes. "My people were slaveholders and their ex-slaves lived around us during my day," he says. "They had more respect for me than for any flannel-mouthed demagogue who ever came around to tell them they were our social equals."

As he grows heavier with age and leadership of Southern reactionaries, Rankin becomes increasingly inflamed against "revolutionary, illegal, and destructive" elements who advocate equality for Negroes, more fervid in his conviction that Communists, crackpots, and subversive foreigners are bent on ruining the country. Shortly before Congress adjourned in July, he demanded the resignations of Secretary of War Stimson and Under Secretary Patterson on the ground that they had commissioned Communists in the Army.

He professes to see Communist-inspired Negro menaces behind every bush, bill, and pint of blood distributed overseas. He bitterly assailed the Red Cross for even listening to protests against the labeling of white and Negro blood given in battlefield transfusions, terming it "an insult to every white man in the service." He has criticized consistently the NLRB, the Wagner Act, wages-and-hours laws and time and a half for overtime on the principle that such legislation, calculated to break down racial discrimination and elevate the economic status of the Negro, menaces the existing social structure of the deep South.

Last year Senator Bennett Champ Clark, Missouri Democrat, charged Rankin with delaying action on the G. I. Bill of Rights because "he is so unwilling to let the Negro troops have the unemployment insurance to which they are entitled that he would be willing to withhold deserved benefits from all our troops." More sympathetic Hollywood portrayal of the Negro is even believed to underlie an impending Rankin-directed investigation of the motion-picture industry. "One of the most dangerous plots ever instigated for the overthrow of this government has its headquarters in Hollywood," he hints darkly.

THE depth of his racial bias can be gauged best by his moves in the Veterans Committee, the apple of his political eye. In his role as champion of veterans' rights, he would have looked great had he denounced the brutal and inefficient treatment of disabled ex-servicemen when the heat was on the Veterans Administration in June. The American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and independent sources presented imposing evidence supporting the charges; an aroused public was in a head-hunting mood. But Rankin contributed only a series of tirades blasting War Department "stupidity" for failure to segregate white and Negro soldiers.

Then, distressed at the number of Jewish doctors the Army had assigned to veterans' facilities, he came up with a bill to establish a nurses' and doctors' corps within the Veterans Administration. Members patiently pointed out that a similar bill—but for another purpose—had been introduced each session since 1926 by Mrs. Edith N. Rogers, Massachusetts Republican, without

LOVELY ROOM
ONLY $2.98! *Price slightly higher in Rocky Mt. area

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Replacement or refund of money if defective or not as advertised therein
The modern miracle wall finish
Kem-Tone
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

WITH GENUINE Kem-Tone!
TRADE MARK Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

One gallon of this scientifically-blended, synthetic resin and oil costs $2.98... beautifully decorates walls and ceilings of an average-sized room. Applies like magic. Dries in 1 hour. No "painty" odor. Try it!

ASK your dealer for FREE demonstration

LANGUAGE IS POWER

...Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, better job in global peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.

Speak SPANISH PORTUGUESE FRENCH RUSSIAN GERMAN ITALIAN

or any of 23 other languages by the

LINGUAPHONE METHOD
The World's Most Approved Language Course

It's all talk; natural, every-day conversation.

In your own home you can learn to speak any of 29 languages by the world-famous Linguaphone Ear-Eye Conversational Method. It is amazingly simple and practical. You HEAR voices of native teachers...they speak to you as often as you want them, never tiring...you REPEAT what they say, answer their questions...before you are actually aware, you are conversing in the language of your choice.

Send for FREE book.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
41 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, New York (20)

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
41 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Name ..........................................
Address ......................................
City.......................... State...............
Language Interested ..........................

getting a hearing before Rankin's committee.

In 1940 Rankin celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday by asking for the barest-faced pension bill ever framed. It proposed to pension all widows, children, and dependent parents of World War veterans "who have died from any cause whatever." That was long before Pearl Harbor; the number of Negroes eligible for such benefits was negligible. With the country at war and more than 750,000 Negroes under arms, he made a crack to the effect that "every veteran is a faker and a staller and will sit around waiting for lousy little unemployment insurance checks." Warren H. Atherton, commander of the American Legion, sharply attacked him for this insult. The Veterans Committee chairman must have Legion support, and Rankin, momentarily chastened, hastily approved of a clause in the G. I. Bill of Rights giving unemployed servicemen twenty dollars a week for a maximum of fifty-two weeks. A little more than a year later, when the Legion criticized him for not expediting veterans' legislation, he plumped for a bill giving World War II veterans twenty dollars a week for a full year, employed or not.

LIFE for Rankin is becoming increasingly complex. The old, *old* South is changing before his agonized eyes; his prestige is crumbling under heavy blows from all directions; his political power is harder to maintain as former fence straddlers automatically oppose almost any doubtful legislation he supports.

But he still represents the eligible voters of his northeastern corner of Mississippi, and they dutifully express their gratitude at the polls. Last year P. A. C. contributed $1,500 to two candidates contesting Rankin's seat in the primary. They might just as well have poured their money down a sewer. The boys turned out, paid their poll taxes, and sent Silent John up to Washington with 17,493 votes. The Republican hopeful gleaned 562.

People who should know say that Rankin is a frustrated, embittered old man. They maintain that he wanted the nomination as President Roosevelt's running mate in 1936 and in 1940. Balked in this ambition, he seems content now to await the arrival of a dictator—the traditional man on a horse. If he can't ride the horse, he is willing to hold the bridle. It would, of course, be an unimpeachably pure white horse.

THE END

RIDING ACADEM

"Nellie brings back even the *worst* riders!"

3 Big Chores made LIGHTER
all our lives made BRIGHTER

WITH PERFECTION

*1. We're going to have Perfection Oil-Burning Heaters*

to keep the whole house warm and livable in winter. Warm without work or dirt. Think of it! Dial control will give any degree of heat we want—much or little! Heat-directing shutters send warmth where we want it. Blower and humidifier extend heat range and increase home comfort!

*2. We're going to have a Perfection Oil Range—*

and that means a bright, cheerful, convenient kitchen! I'll cook better meals because each of the "High Power" burners will give me instantly the degree of heat I need for best results. The "Live Heat" oven will improve my baking. We're going to get Perfection's odorless, sootless, effortless cooking heat! And through Perfection—time for better living! We're going to plant roses where the woodpile used to be!

*3. We're going to have Hot Water—*

all we want of it conveniently on tap all the time—thanks to the modern Perfection Oil-Burning Water Heater. No more hazardous heating in kettles and hauling for us—not with Perfection!

*Only limited models available at present.*

PERFECTION *The Mark of Quality*

Oil RANGES • HEATERS • HOT WATER HEATERS

*7792-B Platt Avenue • Cleveland 4, Ohio*

BUY WAR BONDS

3 Magic Household Cleaners!

**DES-TEX DRY CLEANER**

● The Safe and Effective liquid cleaner for every type of rug, upholstery or heavy fabric.

*Removes the most stubborn spots without hard rubbing.*

Stains vanish in seconds with double action DES-TEX Dry Cleaner. Completely removes tar, grease, hair oil, chewing gum, heavy perspiration from rugs, upholstery and other ordinarily hard to clean materials. Kills moths as it cleans. Won't shrink fabrics—won't run colors—won't "unkink" twist weave rugs. Safe for materials that are harmed by water

*Spray it on for complete moth destruction.*

**DES-TEX FOAM**

● The economical, soapless shampoo for overall cleaning of rugs, upholstery, drapes and other heavy fabrics. Requires no rinsing.

You can completely clean the average chair for 35c—a 9x12 rug for only 50c right on your own floor. Because it's concentrated DES-TEX Foam costs less to use.

*Brings back color and lustre as it cleans.*

Special liquid foaming action penetrates clear through material, working all dirt to the top for thorough cleaning without hard rubbing. Safe to use on any fabric that water won't harm. Because it's soapless it leaves no film.

*Leaves nap of rugs soft and beautiful.*

**KLENS Soapless Cleaner of a Thousand Uses**

● The most economical and effective household cleaner you've ever seen. A few tablespoons of concentrated KLENS added to water makes a whole gallon!

There is hardly a household cleaning job that isn't made easier with KLENS. Has no equal for cleaning painted walls, woodwork, floors, linoleum, stoves, windows, mirrors, venetian blinds, dishes, silverware, etc. Use it in every room. Leaves no film because it's soapless. Saves soap—softens water

Manufactured by

Research Des-Tex, Inc.
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

**Get DES-TEX and KLENS at Department, Hardware, Homefurnishing, Drug and Grocery Stores**

# COLONEL PAXTON AND THE HAUNTED HORSE

Continued from Page 33

IN the afternoon of the next day, Mrs. Paxton sat on the wide veranda of the old house, sipping a lemonade, and at her feet on the steps sprawled Walter.

Walter had been with the Paxtons for all of thirty years, but was still "Boy!" to them. And he was listening now with rapt attention as Mrs. Paxton read aloud to him from that day's issue of the Sentinel.

The story said (and Mrs. Paxton read):

"Colonel Mumford Paxton of the Cambridge Road today scoffed at a widely circulated rumor that his horse, Roddy by name, is haunted.

"'Nonsense!' was all the comment Colonel Paxton would offer to inquiring reporters.

"But Walter Foster, long employed as a man of all work by Colonel Paxton, is not so sure it's nonsense. Walter saw the ghost last night at ten minutes past midnight. At least, says he saw it. And Walter is not a nervous man, nor is he a drinking man.

"Late last night Walter was walking toward the Paxton barn, where he has a room on the second floor. According to his own account, he was less than fifty feet from the barn when the main door swung open and Roddy, a seven-year-old chestnut stallion, marched briskly out, stepping high. The moon was bright above, and by its light Walter clearly saw the figure of a man in Roddy's saddle.

"Walter's first thought was that a horse theft was being perpetrated thus boldly under his very nose. But he discarded that idea rapidly.

"The man in the saddle wore a cap and uniform which could have belonged only in the Army of the Confederacy. And Walter heard, clearly, a saber clanking at the rider's side. The figure in the saddle wavered in its outline, and disappeared, and came back again.

"The horse broke into a trot. So did Walter. They went in different directions, and Walter's destination was the Paxton house, two hundred yards away. The colonel was sound asleep, but Mrs. Paxton, awake, went with Walter to investigate.

"Roddy was in his stall, dozing.

"But this morning Walter, a badly frightened man, told reporters that he had observed one mighty strange circumstance.

"'Roddy was in his stall, sure enough,' Walter declared, 'and anybody could see that. But I put my hand on him. His hide was wet with sweat. How you explain that, gentlemen?'

"The attention of Mr. Ripley is invited to Colonel Paxton's haunted horse."

Mrs. Paxton dropped the newspaper into her lap and looked steadily at Walter. "Well, boy," she said, "what do you say to that?"

Walter's features were as blank as a pond's surface. Then his mouth sagged.

"Miz Paxton, ma'am," he said, "you jest purely got me. How that lie git in the paper?"

"Lie? What lie?"

Walter started. "Ain't no truth in that stuff, ma'am! You know that. How come—"

"No truth!" Mrs. Paxton cried. "Of course there's no truth in it. That's what I told you last night."

"You tol' me"—Walter spoke very slowly—"las' night, ma'am? What you done tol' me las' night, Miz Paxton?"

"Walter," Mrs. Paxton said sharply, "are your brains addling?"

Walter shook his head, hopelessly bogged down. Mrs. Paxton went on, "When you came running to the house last night with your story of the Confederate ghost rider, I said rubbish! I still say rubbish! What I want to know—"

"But I didn't see no ghost rider las' night, ma'am. I didn't come to the house a-tall! I was sleepin'."

Mrs. Paxton's voice was pained. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me, boy, that you don't remember panting up to the house with your lunatic story of a spirit riding out on Roddy at midnight in the moonlight?"

Walter rubbed his forehead.

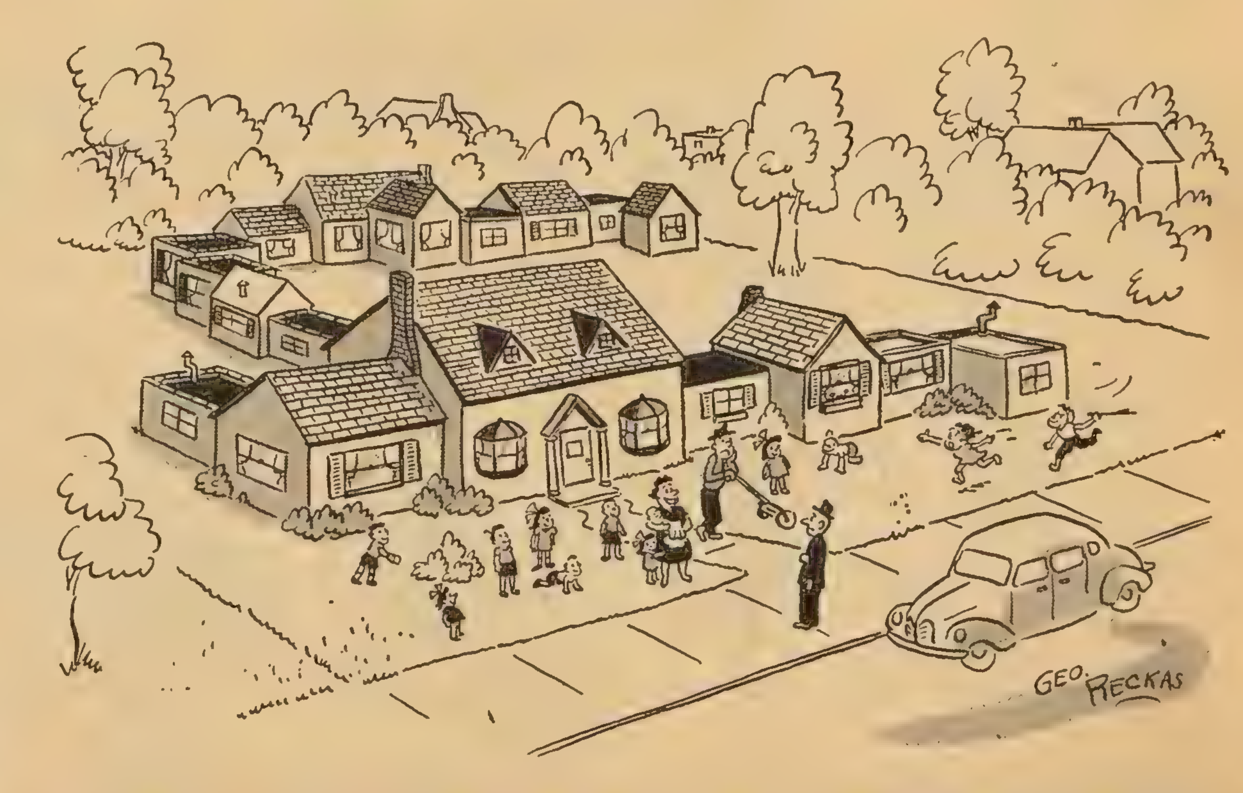
"Did I, Miz Paxton?" he whispered.

"You don't remember? You don't remember the bright silver moonlight and the wavering figure in the old uniform?"

WALTER'S expression of troubled astonishment slowly resolved into a kind of vague agreement. "Maybe—maybe I does. I'm powerful mixed up, ma'am. Seems like—seems like I *does* remember moonlight streamin' down—"

Mrs. Paxton leaned to pat his shoulder comfortingly. "Of course you do, Walter. I've always said you have a very good memory. Now, when the colonel comes out later on, I intend to show him this

(Continued on page 72)



"Then, of course, when little John came we had to add still another room!"

1 U. S. GAL. NET
EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
PRESTONE
TRADE — MARK
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST
MADE IN U. S. A.
EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE

# ONE-SHOT ANTI-FREEZE

## Protects the Equipment of the Armed Forces

***You know these uses:***

- ✓ tanks
- ✓ trucks
- ✓ jeeps
- ✓ bulldozers
- ✓ cranes
- ✓ tractors
- ✓ air compressors
- ✓ P.T. boats
- ✓ landing vehicles
- ✓ gun motor carriages
- ✓ planes—
  - Mustang
  - Lightning
  - Kittyhawk
  - Tomahawk
  - Warhawk
  - Airacobra

***Do you know these?***

- anti-aircraft gun recoils
- aircraft catapults
- sound detection equipment
- liquid-cooled machine guns
- anti-aircraft searchlights
- aerial gunnery trainers
- hydraulic arresting gears *(aircraft carriers)*
- submarine diesel engines

**O.P.A.**
**Retail Ceiling Price**
**$2.65**
**per gallon**
**SAME PRODUCT**
**SAME PRICE**

## *You're safe and you know it*

This year, again, there's a limited supply of "Prestone" anti-freeze—limited due to continued needs of our Armed Forces for one-shot cooling system protection.

The sooner you see your dealer, the better your prospects. "Prestone" anti-freeze will not evaporate, boil away or foam off. It protects against rust and corrosion. One shot lasts all winter—with "Prestone" anti-freeze in your car you're safe and you know it!

***How anti-freeze is being distributed this year***

To protect the nation's motor vehicles, the War Production Board, with the cooperation of the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, set up a state allocation plan for the distribution of all anti-freezes. This plan is intended to assure motorists of some kind of anti-freeze protection. Some "Prestone" brand anti-freeze will be available in all communities.

**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**
*Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation*
UCC

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

SUNSET
Cordials
AMERICA'S FINEST SINCE 1894

AS AMERICAN AS THE
COUNTRY STORE

Social center for the countryside, the old country store heard many a tall tale about the wondrous productiveness of this new land of ours. Today we have delightful proof in the distinctively American bouquet and flavor of fine Sunset Cordials. Here is the warm, rich essence of our sunkissed orchards and vineyards, enlivened by the mellow tang of native spirits. To sip—to mix—use Sunset. You can make no better choice.

SUNSET
Blackberry Flavored Brandy
SUNSET
SUNSET
Creme de Menthe
SUNSET
Apricot Liqueur
SUNSET
Orange Flavored Gin

*SUNSET INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL.*
Blackberry Flavored Brandy—70 PROOF
Creme De Menthe—60 PROOF • Sloe Gin—60 PROOF
Apricot Liqueur—60 PROOF • Orange Flavored Gin—70 PROOF

*(Continued from page 70)*

paper. And if he asks you, I want you to remember what you told me about the ghost rider."

The scene on the veranda at sundown, when the colonel appeared, was brief, but heavily charged with emotion.

Mrs. Paxton shook the newspaper crisply and passed it to the colonel, indicating several paragraphs with a forefinger. The colonel read, and as he read he muttered. At length he threw the paper to the veranda floor. "I'll horsewhip that ink-splashed lying Roberson," he said. "By gad, I will, I really will! Of all the insufferable—"

Mrs. Paxton's voice interrupted. "Mitchell Roberson is many things," she said reflectively, "but I don't think it's fair to call him a liar."

"Hell's clanging bells!" thundered the colonel. "What, then, do you say about this?" and he kicked the offending newspaper across the veranda.

"I suppose I forgot to tell you, didn't I?" Mrs. Paxton said, unruffled. "It was pretty much as Mitchell Roberson writes it. Walter *did* come to the house last night with an alarm about a ghost rider on Roddy. Of course, Mitchell takes a liberty in quoting you as saying 'Nonsense'—"

"I do say nonsense!"

"Well, then, that's all right. Naturally, nothing would have appeared in the paper if Walter hadn't spread his story among all the servants for a mile about. But I agree with you that it's good publicity."

The colonel twisted around. "What did I say about publicity?"

"Did I misunderstand you? You implied —didn't you?—that the incident could be turned into publicity for the Fair. I gathered that you meant perhaps you'd enter Roddy in the final race with the ghost rider as jockey."

"I implied nothing of the—" The colonel closed his lips hard. In the silence Mrs. Paxton smiled inwardly and reached for her knitting.

AT half-past eight, as the colonel was preparing to retire to his study with Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, the telephone rang.

The caller explained that he represented the state bureau of the Associated Press. Was this the Colonel Paxton whose horse was haunted by a Confederate lieutenant?

The colonel hesitated only a moment. "Lieutenant!" he bellowed into the mouthpiece. "General, by gad, sir!"

Would the colonel mind making a statement?

Not at all. The colonel made one. He said Roddy had always been a model horse, early to bed and early to rise. He added that he could not possibly know what Roddy thought about the ghost.

Murmuring thanks, the state bureau faded out.

At nine the telephone jangled again, and a new voice said she was speaking for the Washington bureau of the United Press. They'd had a tip about the colonel's ghost rider. Was it true that the ghost was faintly luminous, like the radium paint on a watch?

"Just faintly, ma'am," the colonel said, "just faintly."

"And do you suppose he's the ghost of one of your ancestors, my dear colonel?"

The colonel winced. "No, ma'am. He's too short and chunky for us Paxtons."

At the stroke of ten the colonel stalked to the telephone again. This was the New York office of the International News Service. Had the colonel any pictures of the ghost rider?

"Nary a one," said the colonel.

Very well. INS would dispatch a photographer by airplane within a half hour. How

TIDDLY WINKS
6
12
JEFF KEATE

"Then again, they may be a lot tougher than they look!"

much would the colonel consider for exclusive rights?

"There'll be no exclusive rights," the colonel declared, and hung up.

For the next three weeks the Paxton place on the Cambridge Road differed from a national convention only in a few unessential details. And Walter was a center of high interest. Every day Walter remembered something new.

He remembered having heard the shining nocturnal horseman cry, "On to Washington!" The tones, he observed, had been sepulchral. He also recollected that the ghost rider, moaning most dreadfully, had dashed his saber to the ground and lamented, "Fate denied us victory!"

"I've seen that on a monument somewhere," a Baltimore newsman remarked.

"You mean you don't b'lieve me?" Walter said.

"What difference does that make?" the reporter asked.

The cameramen were right behind the reporters, and the newsreel sound trucks were not lagging. Walter, the colonel, the horse Roddy, the barn, the stall, the house—all, all were photographed. The colonel was photographed standing, sitting, walking, talking, on Roddy, off Roddy, smoking a cigar, drinking lukewarm tea from a tall glass with a sprig of mint jutting ridiculously above the brim.

"Enough!" the colonel cried on the third day of the photographers. "Doggone if you haven't pictured me every way but hanging. Enough, I say!" After that he posed no more.

Walter, meanwhile, was deliriously happy. For the newsreel men he enacted under spotlights his encounter with the midnight rider. As cameras hummed and clicked, he hunched low and scuttled like a ground hog across the barnyard toward the fatal door. Then he pulled up sharply and raised his arm, pointing—and his face in the bright white lights took on an expression of authentic terror. The cameras shifted from Walter to the barn door and back to Walter, who stood frozen, still as death, arm uplifted and pointing.

All the while Mrs. Paxton lay quietly on her bed, locked in her room, rereading Vanity Fair. Occasionally she smiled gently to herself.

The colonel retired late on that third night of the newspaper-newsreel invasion. It was almost eleven o'clock, and he was dog-tired. But rest was not for the colonel. There came—just after midnight—a furious banging on his door.

"What in thunder!" the colonel yelled.

The voice from outside was Walter's.

"Can you come, cunnel, suh?" Walter asked, his words running together shrill and uncertain. "Ghost rider's ridin' agin!"

"Come morning, boy, I'll hang your hide to dry!" cried the colonel. "Get away from here!"

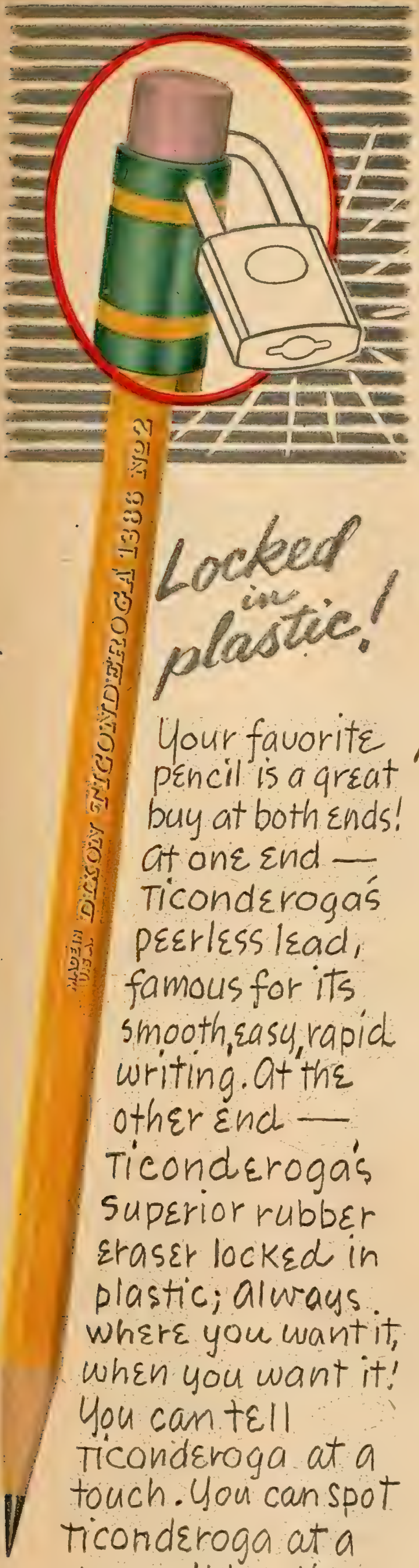
"But the ghost rider, suh—"

*Ghost rider?* Sleep drained away from the colonel, and the drugged confusion of his mind tumbled into some semblance of order. Ghost rider! What foolishness was this? For a moment he was divided by un-

To lick tough beard in easy style
And at a saving that's worthwhile
Use Thin Gillettes and you look slick—
These blades give shaves that sure are quick!

THIN Gillette BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
Outlasts ordinary blades two to one
4 for 10c

Produced by the Maker of the Famous Gillette Blue Blade



Locked in plastic!

Your favorite pencil is a great buy at both ends! At one end — Ticonderoga's peerless lead, famous for its smooth, easy, rapid writing. At the other end — Ticonderoga's superior rubber eraser locked in plastic; always where you want it, when you want it! You can tell Ticonderoga at a touch. You can spot Ticonderoga at a glance. It has the handsome green plastic ferrule with double yellow bands!

**TICONDEROGA**

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J10, Jersey City 3, N. J.

certainty—to roll over and sleep again or to rise and see. Ghost rider— The words pounded in his ears. He fairly leaped from bed then, and fumbled for slippers and gown.

Walter crouched in the hallway. He laid a hand urgently on the colonel's sleeve. "It's a-ridin' agin, cunnel," he whispered.

Colonel Paxton shook off Walter's hand. "What in Tophet are you muttering for, boy?" he barked. "Speak up. What have you seen?"

"The ghost rider—"

"You've seen the ghost rider?"

"Not—zactly—"

The colonel's patience was severely strained, "Then what—"

"Come out, suh. Come out, please, cunnel. Come look!"

Colonel Paxton followed Walter down the hallway and out across the veranda. A spotlight laid a path of brilliant white upon the ground before the barn, and half a dozen men were grouped there talking excitedly. They turned to meet the colonel.

"Has your man told you?" one asked. The colonel knew the voice—Philadelphia reporter, that one. "*You* tell me," the colonel said testily.

"Sure. Couple of us were just standing around here, waiting for midnight, the witching hour. Midnight passed. But no rider. We had this light trained on the barn door for the cameras in case the rider charged out, see? But no rider. So after a while Connolly of the Leader said he was going into the barn for a gander at the horse. So we all went in with him—"

"Where was Walter?"

"Asleep in his room up in the barn. When we saw the condition your horse was in, we woke him up—"

"Come in the barn, cunnel, suh," Walter said. "Feel Roddy."

COLONEL PAXTON strode into the barn with considerable misgiving. "Feel Roddy!" Walter said again. The colonel felt. The horse was damp with sweat, and the acrid saltiness of it was strong in the warm air of the stall.

"He's been a-runnin'—hard," Walter said. The colonel could feel the horse's labored breathing.

He'd been running, clear enough.

"We were in front of the door all the time," the Philadelphia reporter said. "We had a light on it most of the time. How'd that horse get out to run?"

Colonel Paxton's face in the rays of the spotlight was clouded by an anxious concentration. "Gentlemen," he said, and his eye was grim, "this door is the only one large enough for the horse to go through. I'm afraid I can't answer your questions—or my own."

He called to Walter and walked up to the house. On the veranda he took the boy suddenly by the jacket. "Boy," he said sternly, "what have you to do with this? Who's been running Roddy? How'd he get that sweat worked up on him?"

But Walter only groaned, "I ain't *teched* Roddy, suh."

IN THE morning there were new headlines, and the stories in many of that day's papers were free from the jesting skepticism that had once been featured.

During the fortnight that followed, many cars drove up the colonel's lane; their license plates provided a full roster of states east of the Mississippi. Texas and Nebraska were represented too, and there were seven tourists from California. They all wanted to see Roddy, and they all saw him.

Four days before the opening of the County Fair, Colonel Paxton made up his mind. He announced to a hushed audience of newsmen that Roddy would be entered for the Saturday final—the Mattison Stakes.

"Who'll ride him?" a United Press man asked.

"What's your guess?" the colonel said.

"The—?"

"Exactly."

Shortly after the dinner hour Barclay Sneff telephoned the colonel. "What's this I hear about your silly ghost horse running in the Mattison Stakes?" he snapped. And waited.

"I reckon," the colonel said austerely, "you've heard no more than what's true."

"But you can't do that! You can't enter a riderless horse—"

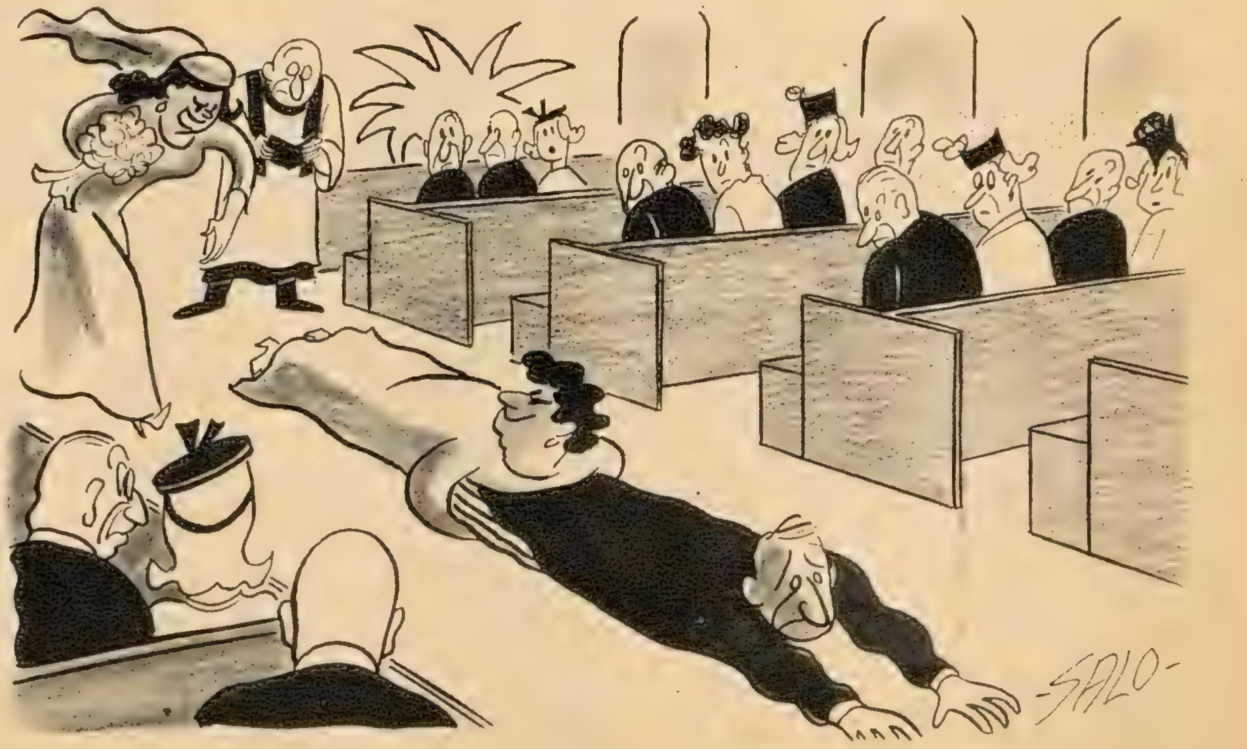
"There's nothing contrary in the Fair regulations." The colonel's blithe disregard of racing formalities was notorious. As chairman of the County Fair Committee he made his own rules whenever it pleased him. "And what's more, Sneff, some folks don't think he'll be riderless."

"I say it's ridiculous! It's unfair to the rest of the field."

Obstinate perversity sharpened the colonel's voice. "You — office worker!" he shouted. "You're telling *me* what's fair in a horse race—"

Barclay Sneff hung up with an angry crash.

If Barclay Sneff objected to Roddy as



"Nice tackle, ma."

an entry in the Mattison Stakes, nobody else did. Tobacco John Loftus from over Waynesville way was racing his big yellow horse Topleaf, favorite at one to two in the betting prices behind the Fairground stables Saturday at three o'clock. Dawson II, owned by Ed Brooke's Dawson Stables, was quoted at two to one, and Randolph Sherwood's Riverman at four to one. Six more horses were in the race, but none was given an outside chance, and that included Colonel Paxton's Roddy. Ghost rider or not, Roddy wasn't any three-year-old—and you could get fifteen to one on him if you wanted it.

Colonel Paxton drove up to the track at three o'clock. To the colonel's roving eye it seemed that all the county, man, woman, and child, was there. "Find me Mr. George Graves," the colonel said to Walter. "He's probably at the ticket office under the grandstand."

Graves, vice-chairman of the Fair Committee, a puffy young man, glowed with smiles as he approached the colonel.

"What's the word?" Colonel Paxton asked.

"The tabulation's by no means finished," Graves said excitedly, "but it looks very good, colonel. I might say it looks splendid!" He pulled a scrap of yellow paper from an inner pocket. "Thursday's paid attendance was eight thousand and some. Yesterday's admissions were fourteen thousand! Fourteen thousand, Colonel! Which makes twenty-two thousand in two days—"

"Not good enough," Colonel Paxton said.

"But it's the best in years! And the credit, colonel, if you want my opinion, goes all to you—" Mr. Graves beamed.

"Save that, thank you. I'll talk to you later."

THE race was at four o'clock. Bugles sounded, and the horses came out in single file. Topleaf was first, head up. He was a sleek powerful animal, and the applause was loud. After all the others, Colonel Paxton's Roddy was led on with Walter walking at his head. Roddy's polished black saddle was empty; the stirrups slapped loosely against his sides.

For almost a minute there was an appreciable hush.

Then the colonel, at the infield railing, heard a prolonged "Ah-h-h!" well up from the grandstand.

Walter took Roddy to the post, turned him in his position, and left him standing there. Poor old Roddy, Colonel Paxton said to himself, staring into the sun across the track; he'll just stand there like a log—

But when the gong sounded, a half minute later, the horses started all in a bunch, closed up tightly, and for the period of a long breath the colonel lost sight of Roddy. Then Topleaf pounded out in front, Riverman close behind him. The others strung out—and Roddy was running well back. All eyes in the grandstand were focused on him. The colonel gripped the rail, thinking, Poor old Roddy, with a great surge of pity. Roddy looked misfit and more than a little absurd, running alone, riderless.

They swept around the turns and onto the far side of the track, with Topleaf stepping out as smoothly as a machine. Dawson II pressed Riverman hard, and passed him at the third turn. Then a yell rose from the grandstand and people were shouting "Roddy!" and the colonel, on his toes, made out Roddy's long bobbing head. Roddy was moving up fast.

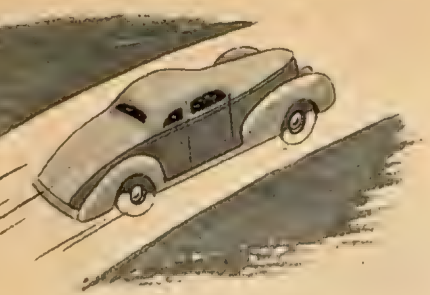
At the last turn there was a jumbled confusion. But the horses came into the straightaway with Topleaf in the lead and three running neck and neck behind him —Dawson II, Riverman, and Roddy—no doubt about it! In the grandstand half the

Quality that never varies
Red Cap
CARLING'S
Red Cap
RED CAP ALE
The world-famed statue of THE THINKER, work of Auguste Rodin, goes down through the years as a matchless example of artistic quality.

Since 1840 CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

BREWING CORPORATION of AMERICA
CLEVELAND, OHIO

CLEAN ENGINES



LAST LONGER

Loosite
Giant Size for TRUCKS TRACTORS MARINE DIESELS
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SOLVENT
for DE-SLUDGING MOTORS
Cleans CRANKCASES LUBRICATING SY
Absolutely Harmless to Motor Bearings
TO CLEAN OUT THE ENGINE
ONE U. S. QUART
"A Motor Necessity"
SILOO
For Tuning Up Internal Combustion Engines
INSTANTLY
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS TO MOTOR, BEARINGS AND GAS
PETROLEUM SOLVENTS CORP.
Long Island City New York, N. Y.
TO KEEP IT CLEAN

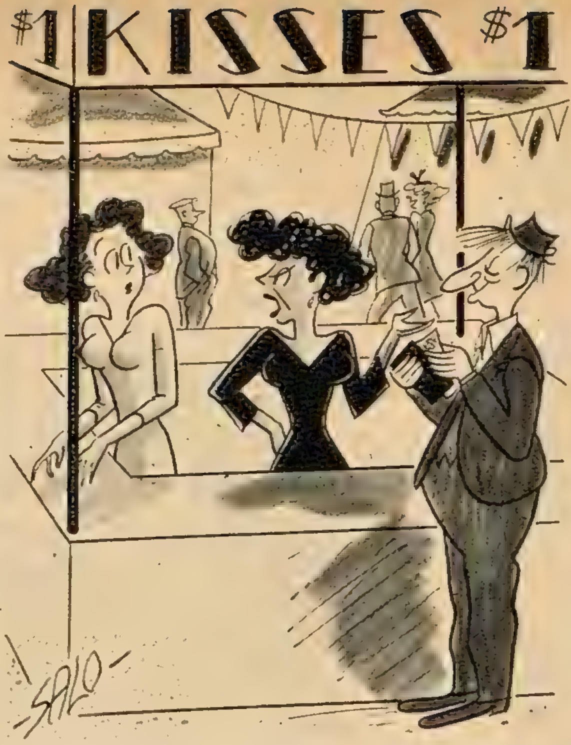
Smooth running, long lasting power requires a clean engine—an engine free of sludge, gum and acid which accumulate in the lubricating system and cause the motor to become sluggish and unresponsive. These petroleum residues are a major factor in destroying engines.

**LOOSITE** and **SILOO**, swift-working solvents of petroleum residues act quickly and safely to eliminate sludge, gum and acid. **LOOSITE** cleans out the engine—then **SILOO** added to fresh crankcase oil keeps it clean. A simple, harmless, economical method of obtaining maximum performance and longer life from your car.

Ask your garage, service station or auto dealer for the **LOOSITE** and **SILOO** treatment—then notice the way your engine responds. Your car will run better and last longer.

If you heat with oil — write for information on
SILOO FUEL OIL TANK SOLVENT.

**PETROLEUM SOLVENTS CORPORATION**
331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.


$1 KISSES $1
SALO

"Just my luck—everybody has money nowadays!"

people were shrieking, "Come, Roddy!" at the top of their lungs, and the other half (who had money on Topleaf) screamed, "Topleaf! Topleaf!"

It was all over in the bat of an eye. Dawson II and Riverman surged together, colliding heavily, and Roddy pushed out ahead. His nose was level with Topleaf's ribs as they streaked past the post.

Colonel Paxton groped for his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

Someone tapped his shoulder and he turned and saw Mitchell Roberson of the Sentinel. "I've got today's first figures from the ticket office," Roberson said, loud. "Have you heard?"

"No. What are they?"

"For today, thirty-eight thousand admissions tabulated, and more to come. Greatest single day in Fair history, bar none! Means the grand total will top sixty thousand—"

The colonel leaned against the track rail. "You saw the race?" he asked.

Roberson nodded. "Thundering good race!" he said warmly. "I'll tell you something in confidence, colonel—I had five dollars on Roddy to show."

"I'll tell *you* something in confidence," the colonel said. "So did I."

"Not that I take any stock in the ghost rider, you know."

The colonel fixed his eye quizzically on the publisher. "Don't you?" the colonel said. . . .

And that evening, in a northward-moving automobile, one New York reporter said to another New York reporter, "I don't understand it, that race, Charlie." And the second reporter responded, "The race was a freak. Colonel's nag got a break, that's all; it could happen to any horse. What I don't like is the night we went into the stable. You were there? No? Well, we marched in—the door had a spotlight on it, see?—and we looked at the nag and he was breathing pretty heavy. And somebody felt him—covered with sweat he was. That horse had been running, and hard! It's damn queer."

Which summed up opinion, in the valley and outside it.

THERE is very little else that can be told about Colonel Paxton and the haunted horse. The Fair Committee, when the final count of sixty-two thousand four hundred and two paid admissions was announced, gave the colonel a rising vote of thanks, which he accepted with uncharacteristic modesty, and a gold-plated ciga-

how long will your watch run without winding ?

CROTON WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC NEEDS NO WINDING AT ALL!

Ordinary watches stop running in about 36 hours. But Croton Aquamatic winds by itself—natural motions of your wrist *keep* it wound. Wear it night and day — it won't "run down".

**13.5% MORE ACCURATE, TOO!**

In a 30-day comparison test recently completed by an impartial laboratory, Croton Aquamatic achieved astonishing accuracy compared to the average of nine nationally-famous stem-wind watches. Three Croton Self-Winding Aquamatics proved 13.5% *more accurate*. Wear it when you swim or bathe—it's *waterproof*. Added features: shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, sweep second hand, radium dial. All the things a man wants in a 17-jewel watch *(plus self-winding)* for only $49.50. Fed. Tax incl.

**P.S.** Write for free Booklet K-23
Croton, 48 W. 48th St., N. Y. 19

Croton SELF WINDING
WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC

rette lighter. Interest in Roddy declined notably after a week or so.

The final incident, actually, came some three weeks after the close of the Fair. It happened that Colonel Paxton was reading his Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, and it happened that a mosquito invaded his lamplit study and whined past his ear. The colonel slapped prodigiously, swore lustily, and descended into the basement for the insect spray gun. He carried it to his study and pumped it toward the ceiling.

The spray came down about him in a fine shower—and he twitched his nostrils suspiciously. This was not insecticide! What then? The colonel unscrewed the cap, sniffed, dipped a finger into the liquid and touched his tongue. Brine! Not a thing but plain salt water!

It was then that the colonel, who could put two and two together, stumped into his wife's bedchamber and accused her of spraying Roddy with brine on that midnight several weeks ago, to give the appearance of sweat upon him. And Mrs. Paxton nodded in her gentle way and said, "But I warmed it slightly first, you see, and surely it did no harm to dear Roddy."

"You sneaked into the barn through the rear door—"

"The window."

"—to enact a deliberate humbug—"

"Yes, dear. I heard one of those reporters say that if nothing happened at midnight he was going in to take a look at Roddy. So I held a soft towel over Roddy's nose to make it a little hard for him to breathe. Soon he was panting, just as if he'd been running. It seemed justifiable in the circumstances."

"Woman," the colonel said, "you are a swindler and a cheat!"

"I suppose so," Ellen Paxton said, dropping her eyelids contritely. And when she looked up again an instant later, the colonel was staggering toward a chair in a paroxysm of laughter. It took her ten minutes to quiet him down and get him back to his study, where she made him a nice hot toddy over the alcohol burner and left him to his private thoughts. From the doorway she looked back at him with eyes that were somewhat sad and altogether loving, and she felt warm and good then, because she knew that Barclay Sneff and his kind would never defeat the colonel—and time wouldn't either, whatever its changes. Not, she told herself, while I'm around; and I always will be, won't I?

THE END

TRACK 104
TRACK 105
INFORMATION
GEO. HECKAS

ADVERTISEMENT

Pepsi Cola
Eric Ericson

"I understand the Pepsi-Cola people have him under contract!"

**SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home**

Famous Speedwriting system. No signs or symbols; uses ABC's. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet.

SPEEDWRITING, DEPT. 5410-5, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 18.

*A new high development*

in precision electronic engineering

**Clarion RADIO**

WARWICK MANUFACTURING CORP.
4640 W. Harrison Street, Chicago 44, Illinois

Buy More War Bonds

A QUALITY PRODUCT FOR 23 YEARS

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT can't rob me of my savings

I'VE A FAMILY MUTUAL HOSPITALIZATION POLICY

Costs only 3c A DAY • EACH ADULT
1½c A DAY • EACH CHILD

| | |
|---|---|
| **FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT** | |
| Hospital Expenses paid, up to (beginning with the first day) | $540.00 |
| **FOR ACCIDENT** | |
| Doctor Expense paid, up to | $135.00 |
| Loss of Wages reimbursed up to | $300.00 |
| Loss of Life by Accident | $1000.00 |
| **WAR COVERAGE and EXTRA BENEFITS** | |
| Childbirth Expense paid, up to | $60.00 |

Sickness or accident can easily wipe out, in a few weeks, savings it may have taken years to accumulate. Don't let this happen to you. With a Family Mutual Hospitalization Policy, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills. In case of accident, you will be reimbursed for your doctor expenses and for loss of time from work. Your Family Mutual card admits you to any hospital in the United States and your own family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., WILMINGTON 99, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co. L-36
601 Shipley St., Wilmington 99, Del.
*Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.*
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______

"Beautiful lips deserve a beautiful setting"

says **Helena Rubinstein**
**world-famous artist-scientist**

The name Helena Rubinstein is on the lips of beautiful women the world over...lips that bespeak the glowing results of constantly following the beauty advice of this distinguished authority on scientific skin care and the art of make-up.

**A Beautiful Skin is the First Step to a Beautiful Make-Up**

That is the principle upon which Helena Rubinstein bases her cosmetic advice. So before you consider which shade of Helena Rubinstein Lipstick you prefer...*first, see to your skin!* Give it daily beauty care with Pasteurized Face Cream Special, famous for making women beautiful. This simple, quick one-cream beauty treatment will give your skin that dazzling-clear loveliness...that smooth freshness, that exciting, youthful glow, 1.00, 2.50.

Now for your lips! Your Helena Rubinstein Lipstick will give you everything your lips desire...make them creamy-smooth in texture...vibrant with clear, true color. The new Helena Rubinstein Lipsticks are as beneficial as they are beautifying. Make your lips sparkle with brilliance. They stay on—without smudging! And protect your lips. .75, 1.00, 1.25.

That dewy make-up look begins with Helena Rubinstein's Cream Tint Foundation, which makes your powder and rouge look twice as glamorous and stay fresh for many hours. 1.50. Now smooth on your flattering, protective veil of Helena Rubinstein Face Powder, 1.00, 1.50...touch your cheeks with Helena Rubinstein Rouge, 1.00...and admire the complete cosmetic portrait of *YOU with the beautiful skin!*

*Plus 20% Federal Tax*

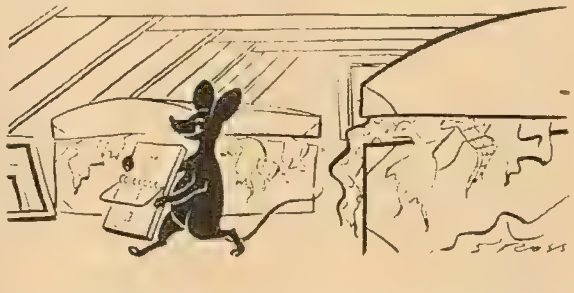
**helena rubinstein**

715 Fifth Ave., Dept. C-10, New York 22

# Woman-Talk

### BY MARGARET FISHBACK

RECIPE WANTED: An anonymous reader in Bennington, Vermont, writes to complain that she sees plenty of recipes on the women's pages that help the harried housewife evolve menus without red points, but none to help her bait a mousetrap. "I should think the mousetrap industry would have gone to the dogs by now, because who could spare red points for rat cheese? And don't tell me that rationing did away with mice because pantries were too meager to keep them alive. The mice in my attic wolf paper, devour tufts off bedspreads and even bath towels. When I got desperate and *did* spend points for cheese, the mice proved so virile they disappeared with the cheese *and* the trap. I am dealing with smart operators and need help."



ENTER AUTUMN: One of the pleasantest features of autumn is we won't see any more overstuffed mommas parading defenseless beaches in shorts. Slacks are bad enough on ample hips, but shorts are a criminal offense. They should never even be manufactured in dimensions bigger than size 16, so matronly women wouldn't be tempted. . . . The autumn coat picture high-lights the short topper. There are belted styles as well as the loose boxy models and the flared types that do so much to conceal generous contours. Strong, high colors will brighten up the landscape when the last rose of summer has faded from the scene. Interesting fabrics include suède-finished wool, white fleece linings, and rough-textured wools. Trimmings lean to the lavish use of fur and leather. Short fur jackets will also be much in evidence on campus and city streets.

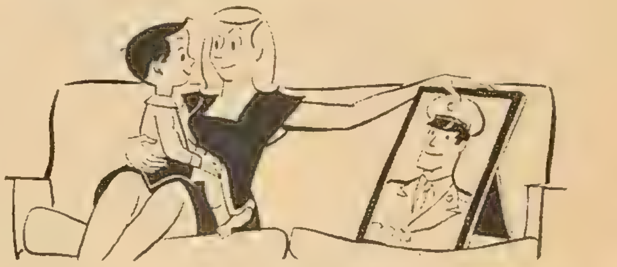
GUARD THAT GIRDLE: The U. S. Department of Agriculture says, "Never repair a broken garter with a safety pin, because the strain will probably tear the fabric." Wash girdles frequently as perspiration speeds deterioration. Use tepid water and mild soap; squeeze, but do not rub. Rinse thoroughly in tepid water and roll in a bath towel to press out water. Do not dry in direct sun or heat, and never iron, even the cloth parts. Beware digging fingernails into the girdle when disembarking from it."

NOT YET HOME: A major still serving overseas writes, "You probably want to know a bit about the rockets and flying bombs. I cannot go into detail yet but can tell you a little. From a psychological viewpoint, the flying bombs were worse than the rockets because you could hear the motors of the former and sometimes see them, and when the motor stopped, you held your breath, waiting for the explosion which was sure to follow. The rockets travel faster than sound, so that you hear the explosion first and the approach through the air afterward. Thus, if you hear the noise, you know that you're all right. . . . As for getting home, if you're an officer, you can go only if you qualify and *are not needed*, so I'm not buying any Mother Sills' seasick pills just yet. I'd settle right now for getting home by the end of the year and think myself lucky. It took us three years to wind this machine up and it won't unwind overnight. There is still plenty of work to be done."

### HIGH TIDE IN THE BATHROOM

**A husband is, without a doubt,**
**Excessively aquatic,**
**A veritable waterspout.**
**His bathing is erratic,**
**To say the least. What makes the breed**
**Such energetic scrubbers**
**Eludes a housewife much in need**
**Of water wings and rubbers.**

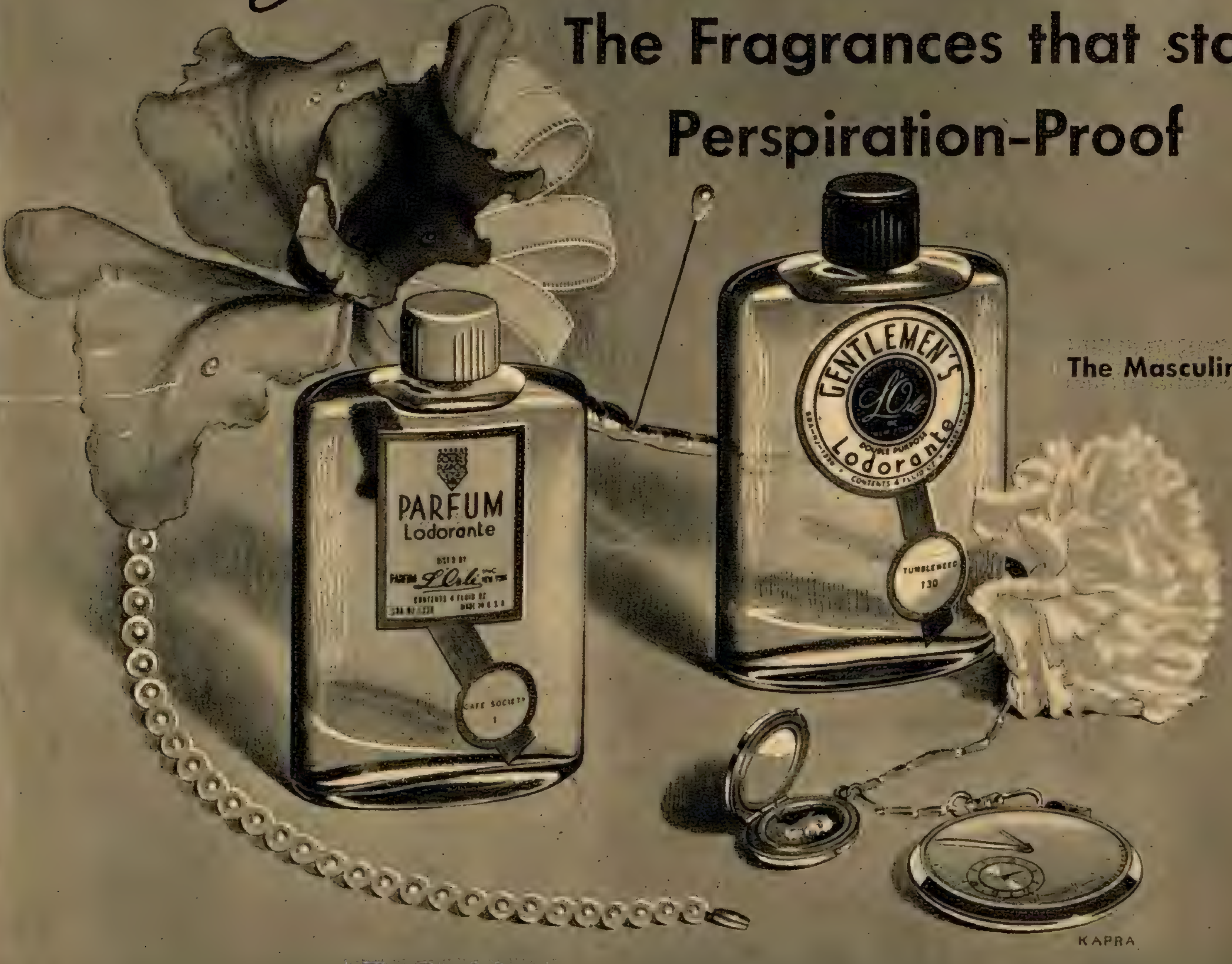
THE INSIDE TRACK: Whether they've wanted it or not, many mothers have had the inside track with their young these past wartime years, with such vast numbers of fathers serving overseas. While Pop is away, doing his lonely stint in some occupied country, it is up to Mom to do right by him, build him up, make him a real person, talk about the wonderful picnics and drives Dad will cook up when he gets home. It is easy and natural for a lonely woman to become overpossessive; she should guard against excessive clinging to her small fry. In her loneliness she longs to hug and be hugged. But mothers of young children must remember to include the absent daddy in that hug, so he won't come home a stranger and feel like an outsider. . . . Lucky wives who have had their husbands with them through the war years, should police their emotions too. Mom is with the kiddies most of their waking hours (doubtless she gripes about it, because they're a headache many times a day)—her proximity gives *her* the inside track. Besides, she feeds them, though Poppy pays the food bills. So it should be her pleasure and concern to put in a good word for the old man if he's away all day at the office. Mothers have *pull*, and they should exert it in favor of Dad, not just because it will enrich his life when he comes home at the end of the day, but because it will do the same for the children, not to mention Momma.



**WHY BE NEGATIVE . . . WHEN YOU CAN BE POSITIVE**

**WITH L'Orlé Lodorante**

**The Fragrances that stay Perspiration-Proof**


PARFUM
Lodorante
L'Orle
CAFE SOCIETY
1
GENTLEMEN'S
L'Orle
DOUBLE PURPOSE
Lodorante
TUMBLEWEED
130
KAPRA

**The Masculine**

**The Feminine**

Entrust yourself to L'ORLE LODORANTE—the original and exclusive double-action fragrances for Men and Women. Thanks to our famous Lorlizing discovery these fragrances possess a positive refreshing deodorizing quality and can be used freely all over the body. More important, these fragrances stay perspiration-proof all day long.

**$1.00 to $3.00 (plus tax) wherever toiletries are sold.**

*Feminine Fragrances . . .*
1. Cafe Society 2. Trespass 4. Synopsis
6. Beware 10. Dare Me 30. Tumbleweed

*Masculine Scents . . .*
130. Tumbleweed 133. Boots & Saddle 134. Field & Stream
135. Stick & Ball 143. Skiing 145. Clover Hay

Parfum L'ORLE, Inc. 6 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Made in U. S. A.

Who says Tampax is new?

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

IT ALL DEPENDS on the way you look at it. Doctors know that Tampax is based on the old and well-tried principle of "internal absorption." Yet to the woman who discovers and uses Tampax, it certainly is a modern, up-to-date and revolutionary method of monthly sanitary protection.

**THE INVENTOR OF TAMPAX** has simplified this "new-old" principle and made it available for the use of women generally. One feature is the patented throw-away applicator, making insertion dainty and easy. (Your hands need not even touch the Tampax) . . . . Other features are lack of odor, quick changing and easy disposal.

**TAMPAX IS MADE OF PURE** surgical cotton throughout, so compressed that the user cannot feel it when it is in place. It is absolutely invisible in use and can cause not the slightest bulge or wrinkle in the clothing. No belts, pins or external pads! . . . At drug and notion counters. Whole month's supply slips into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months' (average) supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

Regular
TAMPAX
Regular
TAMPAX

*Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*

## THE PUMPKIN FLOWER

Continued from Page 37

this hour. It is also well known that Doña Felipa looks with favor on my suit. If you do not go away, I will break that guitar over your head!"

With that, he threw Pablo into a rose-bush. Then Santiago Hernandez turned to the two men he had brought with him, and said, "*Bueno!* Play La Triguena Hermosa."

Señor, I am a *viejo*, and it may be that I cling too closely to the old things instead of embracing those which are new. But I believe—and so did Pablo Luz—that the heart which is in love should sing its own songs. And if I were a *señorita,* I would give the pumpkin to any man who came to my window with paid musicians.

But what could Pablo Luz do? He went into the house to put away his guitar, and he heard Doña Felipa urging Manuela to go to the window with a rose to be thrown to Santiago. And do not forget, señor, that they were three against one.

Pablo went out the back door and to the stable, which is just under the wing of the big hotel and not far from Doña Felipa's house. He stroked the neck of the red-and-black gamecock.

"Little one," said Pablo, "this Santiago Hernandez is trying to make a *gacho* of me. As a favor, I ask that you salute him."

The chicken flapped his wings, señor, and gave his *quiquiriqui.*

"Louder!" Pablo said, reaching into his pocket for a handful of cracked corn.

Pancho Villa crowed louder. He was like his master in that respect, señor—he had a large voice for one so small.

"Again," said Pablo. *"Muchas veces!"*

This went on for the half of an hour. The singer Santiago Hernandez had hired from the big hotel was a man jealous of his art; he resented such competition, and besides, he could not keep his mind on the words. Meanwhile Doña Felipa was shouting that the little chicken was a bird of the devil, whose neck would be wrung by her own hands. But Manuela had to cram the rose into her mouth to keep from laughing impolitely.

And now, señor, windows were being opened in the big hotel, and people who wanted to sleep shouted imprecations at the gamecock, and one of them even threw a number of beer bottles.

"I will sing no more to that accompaniment!" yelled the vocalist Santiago Hernandez had hired. He went angrily out the gate, and the guitar player followed. There was nothing for Santiago to do but say, "Another time, *mi chulita!*" and withdraw as gracefully as he could.

NEXT morning the hotel manager came to Doña Felipa's house. As soon as he had entered, she got her broom and let him see her put it behind the door. That, señor, is an invitation for the unwanted guest to leave.

But the manager had a skin like the shell of the armadillo, and he paid no attention. He said, "Doña Felipa, for the last time I offer to buy your place. I will pay you one thousand *pesos."*

*"Ladrón!"* shouted Doña Felipa. "Robber! Not a *centavo* less than five thousand *pesos* will I take!"

*"Valgame Dios!"* cried the manager. "Do you think I am crazy? And let me tell you this: unless you eat that chicken with the lungs of a jackass, I will complain to the authorities and they will put you out of this house! And also, from now on I forbid your *hija* to sell her flowers in my hotel!"

"Out of my house!" screamed Doña Felipa...

(*Continued on page 83*)

Gothic JARPROOF
the only watch whose heart* is
GUARANTEED
a Lifetime

balance staff and its jewels
A
B

A—Gothic "GEM" 17 Jewels—$\$39^{75}$
B—Gothic "GENERAL", 17 Jewels—$\$49^{75}$
*Prices include Federal tax*
Other models $33.75 to $1,000

Every GOTHIC JARPROOF watch is beautifully styled, precision-built and tested for accuracy. Because of its patented JARPROOF mechanism, it can take a licking yet keep on ticking. It's the only watch whose heart* is guaranteed a lifetime!

GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP., New York

BE PROTECTED
*in case of*
SICKNESS
*or* ACCIDENT

NEW SECURITY PLAN
*Pays* HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

COSTS ONLY 3¢ A DAY

OVER 16 MILLION HOSPITALIZED ANNUALLY
In case of sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. WE PAY YOUR EXPENSES in full accordance with Policy Provisions.

INDIVIDUAL or FAMILY
You are eligible for this low cost Protection from birth to age 70 . . . without medical examination. The famous North American Plan is sold direct at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. BE PREPARED! Sickness and accident strike suddenly. Insure now! Send for free details at once. No Agent will call.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS
HOSPITAL ROOM AND BOARD
DOCTOR OR SURGEON
TIME LOST FROM WORK
LOSS OF LIFE, LIMB, SIGHT
EMERGENCY EXPENSE

SICKNESS BENEFITS
HOSPITAL ROOM AND BOARD
SURGICAL EXPENSE
AMBULANCE EXPENSE AND OTHER VALUABLE BENEFITS

FREE! MAIL COUPON
NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Dept. L-5-10, Wilmington, Del.
Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".
Name..........................................
Address.......................................
City.........................State..............

# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

## KISS AND TELL

*(Columbia)*
*Shirley Temple, Walter Abel, Katharine Alexander, Robert Benchley*

MISS SHIRLEY TEMPLE, according to the Hollywood wire, is engaged to be married and has just graduated from high school. These are signs of maturity. But if our Miss Temple has come of age, it doesn't show for sure in her latest role in Kiss and Tell. She is a polished actress, to be sure, but she was that back in the days of little Miss Marker. As Corliss Archer she slips every so often and becomes just a shade too precious. But all will agree that the famous Temple dimple looks better than ever on her now aged face.

The story is no more than a situation, but in this case the situation is an excellent merry-go-round for farce. Shirley, as Walter Abel's teen-age daughter, is suspected of being in "trouble" with a next door neighbor. She permits this suspicion to go on to a marriage finish to protect her brother who is married to the daughter of a neighbor currently feuding with Abel. The story gets more and more out of hand with an eventual unraveling that hits new heights of confusion and slapstick comedy.

The honors rightfully belong to Walter Abel, who ascends slowly to a masterful crescendo of rage which threatens to bust the screen to smithereens.

Katharine Alexander is a buffer to the buffoonery raging around her. She plays the part of Shirley's mother with a sincerity that holds even in the face of her daughter's wedding to a boob-sock neighbor who has an allowance of fifty cents a week.

Robert Benchley has a walk-on, talk, and walk-off role at the end that adds a Buster Keaton touch to the role of the Navy chaplain uncle of Shirley. It is Benchley being a very straight Benchley with just the tip of his tongue in his cheek.

It was a bit of a surprise that the Hays office didn't pick up its skirts and cluck its tongue at the story of Kiss and Tell. But maybe they laughed it off for it certainly offends no one. And anyway the Hays office has been working pretty hard this season what with so many naughty words.

Good rollicking comedies like Kiss and Tell do a world of good for Hollywood, for if films like this can be made, if only occasionally, we can be at ease through many a poor one. And this particular comedy helps explain to harried parents the meaning of youthful exclamations such as, "Holy cow!" or "I think it's dumb!" Explanation or no—they certainly pounded some point home — not for better — for worse

The "new" Shirley Temple demonstrates what was wrong with the old one—no kisses!

That's Walter Abel and he's plenty angry. But his problems are only "little ones."

Poor Shirley with family and friends gets ready for the hilarious finale.

INSIDE ★
Paramount
Published Here Every 4 Weeks

"LEAVE US FACE IT. The party at Duffy's Is the greatest in captivity," says Archie (Ed Gardner). "32 Hollywood luminosities, in their own flesh and blood, plus all them gorjus hunks of punkratude, are crowdin' Duffy's to the raptures!"

° ° °

In English, Paramount is bringing you the biggest star-spangled star party in history at Ed Gardner's

"DUFFY'S TAVERN"

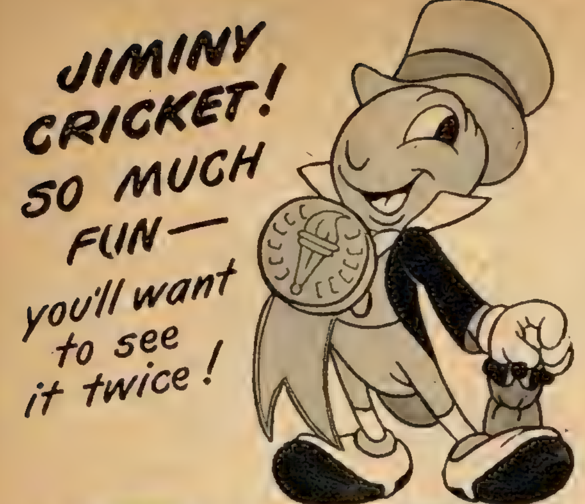
Just look who's coming to Duffy's Tavern, Radio's Riot Show directed by Hal Walker:

BING CROSBY
BETTY HUTTON
PAULETTE GODDARD
ALAN LADD
DOROTHY LAMOUR
EDDIE BRACKEN
BRIAN DONLEVY
SONNY TUFTS
VERONICA LAKE
ARTURO de CORDOVA
BARRY FITZGERALD
CASS DALEY
DIANA LYNN
VICTOR MOORE
MARJORIE REYNOLDS
BARRY SULLIVAN
and ARCHIE
(Himself)
ED GARDNER
with CHARLES CANTOR
EDDIE GREEN
ANN THOMAS
and ROBERT BENCHLEY
WILLIAM DEMAREST
HOWARD da SILVA
BILLY DE WOLFE
WALTER ABEL
JOHNNY COY
MIRIAM FRANKLIN
OLGA SAN JUAN
GARY, PHILIP, DENNIS
and LIN CROSBY

° ° °

Perish forbid you should miss the fun from

Paramount Pictures


JIMINY CRICKET! SO MUCH FUN—
you'll want to see it twice!

What a Whale of a Show is Pinocchio!

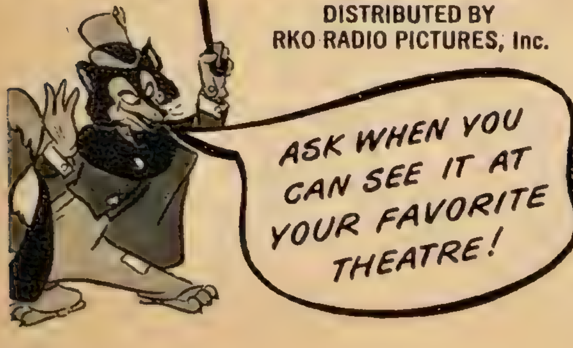
You'll go for that
Hit Parade Song
"WHEN YOU WISH
UPON A STAR"

© W.D.P.

Walt Disney's
WONDERFUL
ADVENTURES
OF
Pinocchio

FULL-LENGTH
FEATURE IN
TECHNICOLOR

DISTRIBUTED BY
RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.


ASK WHEN YOU CAN SEE IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

## Liberty Goes to the Movies

### ORDERS FROM TOKYO

*(Photographed by Captain David Griffin for the U. S. Marine Corps. Released by Warner Brothers)*

This was to be a routine occupation of an open city. On to Manila—but take tanks!

Up until the zero hour, the Philippine people thought their city would be spared, but on direct orders from Tokyo the very heart of Manila was torn out and crushed in the dust and rubble of a maniacal attack.

Captain Griffin's films are heightened with pre-war views of Manila.

These are gruesome pictures, for it is not easy to look at children who have been bayoneted—but the scenes show the other side of the world far from Buchenwald and Dachau but so near to them in design.

The finger of accusation is pointed by a crooked and charred arm of a priest, and the indictment is spoken through the bleeding lips of a little child who has never known laughter in her four short years—and the verdict is delivered by a silent jury who lie buried beneath the ruins of a once beautiful city.

This is the price the Philippines paid for American allegiance. But beyond the horrible sights in Orders from Tokyo is a splendid tribute paid to America by a nation that kept the Stars and Stripes well above the Rising Sun.

Open city? Blown open by treachery but won by battle for our Philippine friends.

What do you know about—

The Three S's...?

The Sirens. Ship wreckers. Flagged passing sailors with what looked like Allen-A shorts. Very successful. And why not? Who could pass up anything so comfortable-looking?

An Allen-A...?

Today's name for tops in underwear, hosiery and sportswear. Underwear and hosiery that fit like a breeze, wear like armor. Knit to fit the way you're built. No droop, no bind, no creeping up. Get Allen-A's for comfort.

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

(Continued from page 80)

pa. She got the broom again and struck the hotel manager on the head with it and beat him with it all the way to the gate. And all the time, señor, Pablo Luz lay happily in the hammock and played idly upon his guitar.

DOÑA FELIPA turned upon Pablo when her visitor had gone. "You have brought all this upon us, stupid!" she cried. "I will not have you here any longer! Be gone at once!"

"Do not disturb me, *vieja,*" Pablo said, and went on playing. "My rent is paid for two weeks and you cannot put me out. Besides, I am composing some music which will be played on all the *fonografos* in this country, and I will be rich."

*"Langostón!"* said Doña Felipa. "Grasshopper! To be rich, one must work. You will never have any money!"

"There are many ways to make money, and working is only one of them. Do not worry about money any more, *vieja.* Listen to this music I have composed."

Doña Felipa listened. "Ha!" she exclaimed. "That song is many years older than you, and you did not compose it!"

"Nevertheless I am going to play it for the *fonografo,*" said Pablo. "And let me tell you this: tonight I shall begin serenading Manuela, and in the customary fifteen days I shall expect my answer. By then I will be rich, as I have said."

Doña Felipa looked at the pumpkin vine and laughed until she shook. Then she wiped away the tears of her mirth, and said, "Things would be very different if what you say came true, but I do not believe it will. You have my permission to serenade Manuela each evening at the hour of eight. That is the only time which is left."

*"Gracias,"* said Pablo.

"But," Doña Felipa went on, "Manuela will not marry any man who wastes his money on gamecocks, as her father did, and I will not allow anyone who attends the cockfighting even to serenade her. Besides, she is going to marry Santiago Hernandez, and not a *tamal* like you. It is all but arranged."

"We shall see," said Pablo Luz, and went to the big hotel to keep his appointment with Señor Johnson. Little Juan, Manuela's brother, went with him there, and came back to report that Pablo's music, indeed, had been recorded for the *fonografo.*

That, señor, caused Pablo to attain some importance in the eyes of Doña Felipa, and I think it is the only reason why she allowed him to stay on in her house. But later that day, in spite of what Doña Felipa had said, Pablo took the little red-and-black chicken to the *renidero de gallos,* where the cockfights are held.

Here he made inquiries as to the time of the matches, and was saddened to learn that the hour was eight o'clock. He also asked who it was that owned the champion gamecock of this place, for he wished to match Pancho Villa against that bird. But first, he explained, Pancho would require a little training.

*Bueno, señor.* It was Santiago Hernandez who possessed a gold-and-gray gamecock—a veritable *rocho* of a bird in size—which had beaten all other *gallos* in this part of the country. Santiago did not fight this chicken himself, but paid a man to do so, just as he paid others to serenade Manuela.

But it was Santiago who came in just at this time and laughed scornfully to see the little chicken of Pablo Luz.

"I have heard," said Santiago, "that that one is part owl and part burro. He does not sleep at night, but stays awake to bray like his master."

"Nevertheless," Pablo said significantly,

THEY'RE BACK-after years on the fighting fronts!
6NX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
4 for 10¢
STAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Famous Since 1880
MADE IN U.S.A.
4 for 10¢
FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

**GOOD NEWS FOR CIVILIANS!** Once again you can buy Star *Double* Edge Blades, made by the revolutionary 6NX Process! Star is the wonder blade that makes your double edge razor perform miracles! For years it has been restricted to military and government use.

- No other double edge blades are like Star! 6NX Process is our secret formula of right steel, tempering and edge-making which produces a truly amazing double edge blade!

STAR DIVISION
American Safety Razor Corp., B'klyn, N. Y.

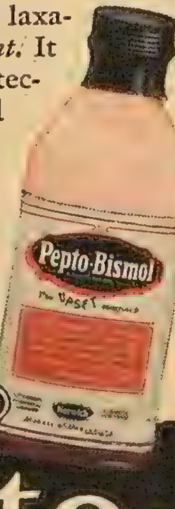
When your STOMACH ACTS UP!

When a usually reliable stomach gives a bad performance as a result of overindulgence—be gentle with it—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

**NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH!**

*Don't add to the upset* of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

*Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!* This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!



*Three sizes at your druggist's.*

A Norwich Product Norwich

Pepto-Bismol
*for* UPSET *Stomach*

"he will make a *gacho* of your chicken when they fight."

"Then match your bird against mine, *peladito!*" Santiago exclaimed. "That is a sure way to put an end to his crowing!"

"Another time," said Pablo. "First he must be trained. And second, there must be odds because of the size of your chicken."

Santiago laughed. "I can afford to give odds. My money will be as safe as that I have in the bank."

Then Pablo went back to the house of Doña Felipa, just in time to stand in the shadows, as befitted a modest man, and sing to Manuela of love.

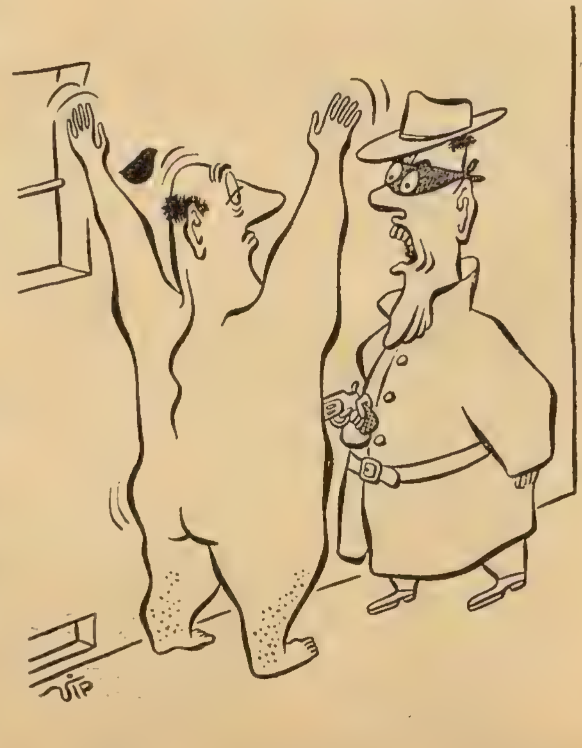
But he was much disturbed, because at that very moment he would have liked to be at the *renidero de gallos*, observing the tactics employed by the game chickens in these parts, and especially those of Santiago's gold-and-gray champion. Also, Pablo wanted to match Pancho Villa against some of the lesser birds, so that he would have more money to bet with Santiago.

But there are never enough hours on the clock, señor, for one whose pulses are quickened by the fever of love. And when Pablo had finished with his serenade he picked up the rose Manuela secretly threw to him, and went to the stable to show it to Pancho Villa.

"Behold, little one dear to my heart!" he told the chicken. "She returns my love! We are all going to be very happy. And now, as a favor to me, salute that one who is singing to her!"

SEÑOR, that night, like all the other nights of the next two weeks, was loud with cockcrowing, and the angry cries of the people in the big hotel, and the crashing of bottles and other objects on the stable roof, and I can understand why the manager of the hotel went to the authorities with his complaint.

But there is no law in this place which forbids the keeping of a chicken, even one with so loud a *quiquiriqui* as Pancho Villa's. And so the manager could do nothing, although he said that guests refused to stay in the rooms of that wing of the hotel, and that the reputation of his place was being injured. I am told that the manager also went to Santiago Hernandez and begged him to match his chicken against that of Pablo Luz, so that the little red-and-black one would most certainly be killed. But Pablo would not yet accept the challenge.



"No wallet? You expect me to swallow that"

You can have one—NOW!
REGULATION A-2
Army Air Force LEATHER Flight Jacket
ONLY $19.95
Ceiling Price
POSTAGE PREPAID

The same official Flight Jacket worn by America's Top Pilots, Bombardiers, Navigators and Flight Personnel. ALL-LEATHER—windproof, rainproof, light in weight but extra warm. To order, give your height and suit size. Color is Dark Brown. Send money order or check only. Money-back guarantee.

**NOTE SPECIAL FEATURES!**

Solid brass zipper. Pure wool cuffs & waistband.
Safety snap collar & pockets. Water repellent lining.

**Send one overseas! Just get a request**

**PERRY SALES CO., DEPT. L-10**
37-47 82nd St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.
Enclosed is $19.95. Suit size......... Height.......
*Name*..........................................................
*Address*..........................................................
*City*.......................... *Zone*...... *State*..............

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY!

SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE!

ZEUS

*the amazing* FILTER HOLDER that smokes one cigarette thru another.

*See what happens!*

removes major part nicotine and tars.

FILTER CIGARETTE *BEFORE SMOKING*

FILTER CIGARETTE *AFTER 20 SMOKES*

$1 AT ALL GOOD STORES
Slightly higher in Canada

LIKE ALL YOU SMOKE

L & H STERN Inc., B'klyn, N.Y.

*Bottoms Up!*

TREDS
TREDS

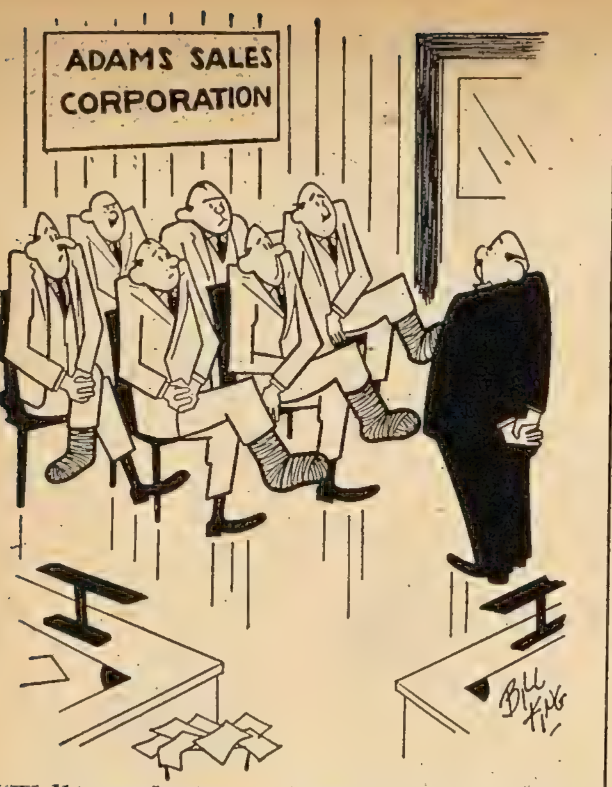
TREDS, the stick-on soles that stay on, add smart appearance to the bottoms of all shoes. They provide a world of safety, resilient comfort and many extra miles of walking pleasure, too. Cement TREDS on your brand-new shoes and the original soles will never wear out.

TREDS keep feet dry . . . . never mar floors.
For men's, women's and children's shoes—rubbers and boots. There's a size to fit every type of footwear.

Protect The Sole And You Protect The Shoe.
One pair TREDS, tube of cement, applicator and scraper . . . all complete with full directions on display card. Only 25c at your favorite Hardware, 5c and 10c or General Store. Due to war restrictions, your dealer may be temporarily out of TREDS, but keep asking for them; Thank you.

TREDS

AUBURN RUBBER CORP.



"Well, gentlemen, yesterday we took up the first lesson—'How to get your foot in the door.'"

In the meanwhile, señor, Pablo continued to spend most of the day in the hammock, playing his guitar. Stories reached the ears of Doña Felipa that he had been seen at the *renidero de gallos*—indeed, that he had pitted Pancho Villa against some of the lesser birds there. But she knew these could not be true, for Pablo serenaded Manuela each evening, according to the custom. And when it was reported that his little red-and-black gamecock had lost a fight and was severely injured, she laughed and pointed out that Pancho Villa was crowing more loudly than ever.

"I will not go near that bird of the devil," she said, "but you have only to listen to know that it is hale and hearty. And as much as I dislike all *gallos*, it pleases me to see how this one annoys the *turistas* in that big hotel!"

All this time the pumpkin vine was coming on to bloom, and Doña Felipa watched it without saying anything, and Pablo Luz looked at it with misgivings, and Santiago Hernandez only spat upon it without concern each evening.

There came a day when Pablo Luz found Santiago Hernandez in the place of the cockfights, and went up to him much as a little game chicken that has never been beaten approaches a bigger one.

"My chicken is ready to fight," Pablo said.

Santiago laughed. "He has recovered, then, from the slashing given to him by the bird of José Ramirez?"

"He is ready," said Pablo. "What odds will you give me?"

"They are a matter of little consequence," said Santiago. "But I am curious to know how you trained this sparrow of yours. I have been told that you gave him only strong coffee to drink, and I know that you have spent your nights poking this bird with your finger to make him crow! Even a *gallo* must have sleep."

"A little coffee hurts nothing," said Pablo. "Will you give me five to one?"

"With pleasure," Santiago laughed.

Señor, I will not trouble you with the details of that cockfight, except to tell you that it was held on the evening of the seventeenth day after Pablo Luz arrived, and on the fifteenth of his formal courtship of Manuela. And that, too, was the day when the pumpkin vine in Doña Felipa's garden opened its yellow blossoms.

Of course Pablo Luz could not be in the garden at eight o'clock to sing to the lovely Manuela. At ten minutes past the

WRITE TODAY!

HARDER *Freez*
HOME LOCKER

12 CUBIC FEET CAPACITY
•
AMAZING LOW PRICE
•
YEARS OF RESEARCH

Dealers—territories available! Write on letterhead.

● **NOW'S THE TIME to order your HARDER*Freez*—the home locker that makes you a perfect host or hostess on a moment's notice! Large capacity —12 cubic feet. Freezes and preserves meat, poultry, game, fish, pies, cakes, vegetables, fruits. Designed by refrigeration engineers with years of experience. Low price!**

TYLER FIXTURE CORPORATION, Dept. L-7
Niles, Michigan
Rush complete information on HARDER*Freez*.
Name________________________
Address________________________

COUPON BRINGS COMPLETE INFORMATION

The HEARING AID WITH A *Truly Unique* FEATURE

*Beltone*

THIS IS ALL YOU WEAR

ABOUT ½ THE WEIGHT AND BULK OF MOST HEARING AIDS

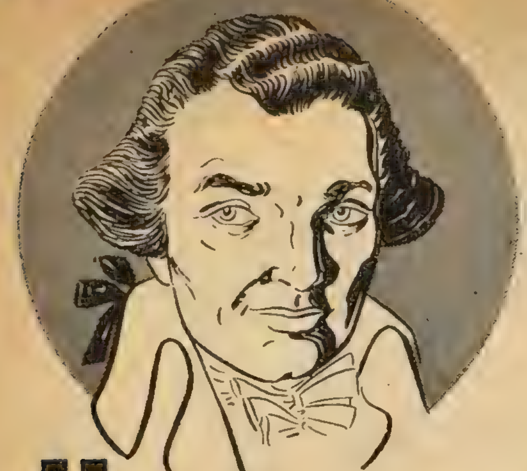
NO SEPARATE BATTERY PACK, NO BATTERY WIRE!

Using a number of different types of plug-in tubes in numerous combinations, Beltone can fit practically any type of deafness from mild to severe. Beltone especially invites hard-to-fit cases.

As your hearing changes, your Beltone dealer can change the tubes in your instrument to compensate—while you wait! *It is not necessary to buy a new instrument.* Convenient, economical!

MAIL THIS COUPON *Today!*

BELTONE HEARING AID CO.
Dept. L10, 847 W. Jackson, Chicago 7, Ill.
Please send FREE booklet on BELTONE
NAME\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-
ADDRESS\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-
CITY & STATE\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-\-



HAIRWAYS

**Eighteenth Century dandies depended on wigs for good-grooming. But wigs won't do today. The modern way for particular men is the "JERIS-WAY." To have easy to comb, natural looking hair, free from loose dandruff, massage scalp daily with**

JERIS
HAIR TONIC
*corrects loose dandruff*

AT DRUG COUNTERS AND BARBER SHOPS

POEMS WANTED

To be set to music. Send your song poem today for free examination by our staff headed by nationally famous hit composer of "Dream a Little Dream of Me." Our new 6 step plan is most liberal and complete ever offered. Write today for free booklet.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Dept. L Hollywood 28, California

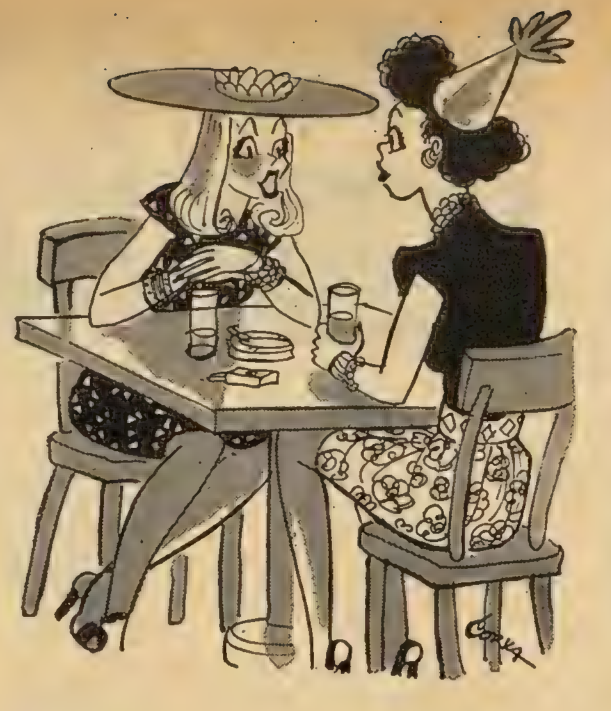
Tops for TOUGH BEARDS

Complete
DURHAM
SHAVE
KIT
$2.00

For sale only in U.S.A.

For beards as tough as copper wire, here's the answer to shaving comfort. Kit includes: Durham T-type razor, five famous Durham-Duplex heavy-duty, hollow-ground blades, strop outfit for economy and smoother shaves every time, shave stick and comb. A bargain in de luxe shaving equipment. If dealer can't supply, send $2 direct.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.



"After paying out oodles to her in alimony, he remarried her for her money."

hour, Doña Felipa went into the garden and came back with two pumpkin flowers.

"Did I not tell you so, *hija?*" she exclaimed. "Did I not tell you that one is no good? He talks of riches from the *fonografo*, and where are they? Only today I inquired, and there are no such records in the music store. He is a *langoston*—a grasshopper!"

Manuela wiped the tears from her eyes. "He will come, *mamacita*," she said. "Something has delayed him, but he will come for his answer."

"And it will be the pumpkin!" stormed Doña Felipa. "Now tonight you must give your promise to Santiago Hernandez!"

Manuela began crying again. "But I do not love Santiago!" she wailed.

"Love? *Por Dios!* What is love when we are so poor? Would you wait until we have nothing to eat?"

"Listen!"

It was Pablo Luz, señor, coming in the gate, singing and laughing like a drunken man. He had the guitar slung over his shoulder again, and he was carrying the little red-and-black chicken in the sack, just as he had carried it that first day.

"Here, *hija!*" commanded Doña Felipa. "Throw him this flower!"

She pressed the little pumpkin blossom into Manuela's hand, and quickly pinned the other one on the girl's left breast. Then she pushed Manuela out on the balcony, where the moonlight was upon her.

Pablo Luz was already in the shadows, señor. He put down the little game chicken and covered it with his sombrero, and started to sing:

"Little dove, come quickly to my country
And we shall be in grace with God. . . ."

When he had finished this song, he stepped out into the moonlight and looked up, and he did not see the pumpkin flower then, because Manuela had covered it with her hand. But he saw that she was crying.

And Pablo Luz laughed again, but tenderly this time. He said:

"There is no need for tears, *morenita*, unless you weep for the pure joy of our love. For behold all this money which Pancho Villa earned tonight! It is more than a thousand *pesos*, and besides that, I am now the owner of two of the fishing boats which belonged to Santiago Hernandez. And so, being a rich man, I have come for my answer!"

Manuela was weeping too much to say

AVAILABLE for
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

Radios—
Table Models
Electric Fans
Electric Heaters
Health Lamps

Electric Irons
Electric Roasters
Electric Mixers
Waffle Bakers

Silverware
Cooking Utensils
Carpet Sweepers
Electric Extension Cords
Other Electric Items

Electric Cookers
—1 or 2-Burner
Electric Broilers

*Send Stamped Return Envelope for Prices*

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO.
Dept. LF
667-671 NO. CLARK STREET
CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 36 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 58-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Ill.

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

*Real Relief for Rupture Sufferers!*

The Web Truss has brought comfort to thousands of satisfied users. Enthusiastic letters tell us it gives the wearer **real relief.** Scientifically shaped to do the job, made of strong washable materials, the Web Truss gives the RIGHT support WHERE NEEDED. Satisfaction GUARANTEED.

Write for FREE descriptive literature, or ask your druggist about the Web Truss.

The WEB Truss Co., Dept. L, Hagerstown, Md.

The MASON MAN
Fits Your Feet From
60,000 Pairs of Shoes

He gives you Personal Fitting Service, with the Exact size and width you need, in the style you prefer. He CAN, because he draws on our 60,000-pair factory stock, plus huge daily production.

MASON SHOES for Men and Women
FROM FACTORY TO YOU

250 types of fine Style-and-Comfort shoes brought to you by our trained Shoe Specialist in your community, direct from the factory, at low Economy prices.

Wear Air-Cushioned Velvet-Eez Shoes

Cradle your foot on 10,000 tiny Air Bubbles in the exclusive Velvet-Eez Air-Cushion Insole shoe. Ask for Demonstration in your home or office. No obligation.

$4.95 to $10.95

WATCH FOR THE MASON MAN

MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. M-269 CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.
AFFILIATED COMPANIES
Consolidated Shoe System Victor Thomas Shoe Company

anything, señor. But Doña Felipa, seeing at last how it was with her daughter, hurried out on the balcony.

*"Hija,"* she whispered, "give me those pumpkin flowers at once, do you hear?" And to Pablo Luz she said, *"Por Dios,* but can you not see the answer is yes?"

SO it was that Pablo hugged his guitar and danced. Then he uncovered Pancho Villa and kissed the little red-and-black chicken on the beak and had him salute his betrothed. At this moment came Santiago Hernandez and his hired musicians, but they did not stay long, for Doña Felipa threw Santiago the pumpkin flower with her own hand.

With them, too, was the manager of the big hotel, who was desperate to do something about Pancho Villa. He put hands over his ears when the chicken crowed and screamed that he could not stand that noise any longer.

"Get that bird away from here!" he begged. "Take him away and I will pay you three thousand *pesos* for your place!"

"Five thousand!" said Doña Felipa.

"Four thousand!" cried the manager.

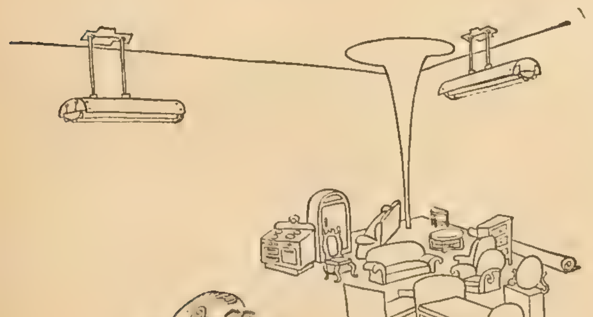
"Take it, *mamacita,"* said Pablo Luz. "What is a thousand *pesos* more or less?"

And to Juan Quizando, the brother of Manuela, Pablo gave a hundred *pesos,* which is a large sum of money for so small a boy. But, señor, you will understand when I tell you that it was Juan who played the recordings of Pablo's songs each evening in the shadows on a *fonografo* borrowed from Señor Johnson—thus making it possible for Pablo Luz to attend the cockfights and still to serenade his *amante.*

But it was Pablo himself who played that other record each night in the stable—the one Señor Johnson made for him of Pancho Villa's *quiquiriqui.* It is true that Pancho had lost one fight to the chicken of José Ramirez, but Pablo arranged that purposely so that the odds from Santiago Hernandez would be better. And all the time that Santiago thought the little red-and-black *gallo* was being kept awake to crow, and thus could not be in any condition for the fight, Pancho was not even in the stable. He was at my house and well cared for.

The cockfight, señor, is not always to the bigger chicken. And there is a saying in this country that some men chase the jack rabbit while others catch it without running.

THE END



"Confess now, Mr. Pettit. Have you ever known a softer mattress?"

MUSCLES that Run Our Railroads rely on SLOAN'S

In America, East meets West, North meets South, through a great network of railroads. Sloan's salutes the workers who keep our transportation humming, day and night. Their muscles strain that we may travel . . . that we may receive the products of 48 states. To the dignity of their labor, we pay respect.

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM

Tired Aching Muscles • Sprains

Stiff Joints • Strains • Bruises

What you NEED is

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

**KLUTCH CO., Box 4538-J, ELMIRA, N. Y.**

PORTER Carpet Sweeper

COMBS its brush surface to sweep rugs EASIER, CLEANER

PORTER STEEL SPECIALTIES, SHELBYVILLE, IND.

PORTER'S Streamliner
BALL BEARING WHEELS COMBED BRUSH

Borrow by MAIL $30 to $300—

ON YOUR *Signature* ONLY OR YOUR OWN SECURITY!

Private, confidential loans-by-mail to salaried people. Nation-wide Service. No wage assignments! No red tape! No embarrassing investigations. Absolute privacy assured.

LOW COST LOANS STATE LICENSED AND BONDED COMPANY

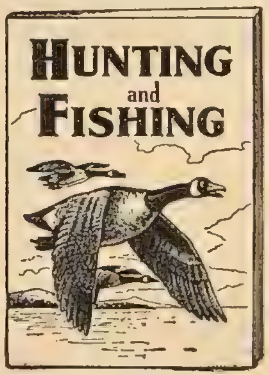
Take as long as 12 months to repay. Interest charged only for time you have the money, and at Iowa's LOW LAWFUL RATE. Loans completed QUICKLY. No red tape. No embarrassing investigation. If you need cash quickly or will need it soon, write for complete details and "Money Request Form" today. State name, address, and occupation. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**POSTAL FINANCE CO. DEPT. 30A. SIOUX CITY 5, IOWA**

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: Has everything failed to bring even temporary relief from scales, lesions and itching? Then write today for FREE important information. You needn't invest one cent!

**PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-35, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio**



222 Sportsman's Bldg.

HUNTING & FISHING

is a monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping, dog and boating stories and pictures, invaluable information about guns, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to fish and hunt—countless ideas that will add more fun to your days afield.

Special Trial Offer.

Send 25c in stamps or coin and we will send you Hunting & Fishing for six months.

**HUNTING & FISHING MAGAZINE**
**Boston, Massachusetts**

WEST POINT MODEL

LEATHER HARNESS WITH LIGHT-REFLECTORS

FIT GUARANTEED FOR EVERY BREED

DRESS HIM UP FOR CHRISTMAS

Handsome by day! Visible at night! Durable, custom-made radiant WHITE genuine leather harness. (Also black or brown) Pet's name on plate and Ruby Red Jeweled Side Light-Reflectors. Military style and adjustable to fit any breed. Order C.O.D. $3.50 plus postage. (Or send $3.50, we pay postage) 5-ft. White, Black or Brown leash, $1.50. 10-ft. leash, $3.00. IMPORTANT: Take pet's BODY girth at foreleg with string. Send string and pet's name.

MILITARY COLLARS

White, black or brown genuine leather collars. Brilliant red, white, blue jewels and nickel studs. Pet's name on plate . . . complete $2.50. Send neck girth and pet's name.

**CURTIS CREATIONS Dept. A**
**Genesee-Hopper Bldg., Utica, N. Y.**

BROWN OR BLACK FOR LIGHT DOGS

HERE'S A SENSIBLE WAY TO RELIEVE

**cramps, headache backache**

Of 'CERTAIN DAYS' of the month

**Helps Build Up *Resistance* Against Such Distress!**

If you suffer this way due to female functional periodic disturbances, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This famous *liquid* formula DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves tired, cranky, nervous, blue feelings of such days—when due to this cause.

Taken regularly — Pinkham's Compound helps build up *resistance* against such symptoms. A VERY SENSIBLE THING TO DO!

HELPS NATURE: There are positively no harmful opiates or habit forming drugs in Pinkham's. This medicine *helps nature.* It's one of the most effective and best known medicines of its kind. Also a grand stomachic tonic! INEXPENSIVE!

*Lydia E. Pinkham's*
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

WRITE SONGS

The writer of "BOOTS AND SADDLES" and other song hits will compose the melody for your song poem. Never has such an opportunity been offered new writers. Send your song poems and lyrics for FREE examination. Write for details and FREE INSTRUCTIVE BOOKLET.

HOLLYWOOD HARMONY HOUSE
126 South La Brea Studio E-6 Los Angeles 36, Calif.

Be Lovely-Safely

DETECTO CHARM BOOK

So that you'll be proud to step on your DETECTO BATHROOM SCALE when they're available again—get the DETECTO CHARM BOOK with reducing diets, gaining diets, exercises, calorie charts and weight tables. Send 10c for mailing and handling to—

DETECTO SCALES, Inc.
MAIN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## MY FAMILY OF 280 MALES

Continued from Page 31

I climbed three decks of ladders to the signal bridge and had the signalman send a blinker message to the DD, an operation requiring almost half an hour. Another half hour went by, then another before the answer came back: "Affirmative. When do we come alongside?" I replied, "At sixteen hundred (4 P. M.).

But by the time my own captain was insistently flashing the supply ship that he was waiting, two other destroyers already had thrown across their lines and were drawing provisions, which took another hour or more.

As my ship finally angled in for a landing, I caught the executive officers' ear with a loud yell to tell him I would need forty men to handle stores on the supply ship. He nodded.

TEN minutes later forty sailors clambered over from the DD and started to size up the supply ship; no doubt each of them figured that here was his great opportunity to fill up on ice cream, sundaes ("gedunks"), candy, soft drinks, or any of the other luxuries found on larger ships.

The chief commissary steward, who is responsible for preparation of food aboard ship, collared thirty-five of the men for handling provisions; the leading storekeeper nailed five more to draw candy, cigarettes, soap, and other "ship's store" stock.

With one destroyer on each side, the supply ship could normally unload all four holds simultaneously. Unhappily, her winchmen and storekeepers were new at their work and too few in number to carry out such an idealistic program.

They unloaded one hold per ship at a time.

First we dispatched seven men to Number One hold, farthest forward, where the soap and the miscellaneous stores were stowed.

In half an hour out came a net load of stores which were dumped unceremoniously on the destroyer's fo'c'stle deck. I called across to one of my storekeepers to keep an eye on this stock, because it was stuff to be sold to the crew, hence attractive for stealing.

When we finally got to Number Four hold, farthest aft, the heavy boxes of tinned provisions were deposited willy-nilly on top of the deckhouse around the DD's after 40-millimeter guns, with only a small portion landing conveniently on the main deck. Moving these stores down to the main deck meant just so much extra back-work.

By the time we were ready to cast off lines, it was getting toward nightfall. Already we had disregarded four red alerts so as not to delay loading. I rounded up our forty-hand working party by the usual method of "passing the word" over the supply ship's public-address system, followed by some fast footwork through the bowels of the ship to pick up stragglers who are always getting lost in conversation with strangers, bumming cookies from the galley, and sampling food so they can make invidious comparisons with their own chow.

"You're mine—do you hear? All mine!"

Back aboard the destroyer, the hard work is just beginning because the four or five tons of stores spread over the open decks must be struck below into the storerooms—all by hand. This is called "mule hauling" stores, a routine thoroughly detested by all sailors below the second-class petty-officer rating and especially by nonrated seamen upon whom the task usually falls.

But when they growl, they get the standard Supply Department answer: "Everybody eats. Everybody works."

I always used that as the final and crushing reply, despite the fact that it never crushed anybody. Still, it's old Navy procedure to make provisioning ship an "all hands evolution," so the work gets done, grousing or no.

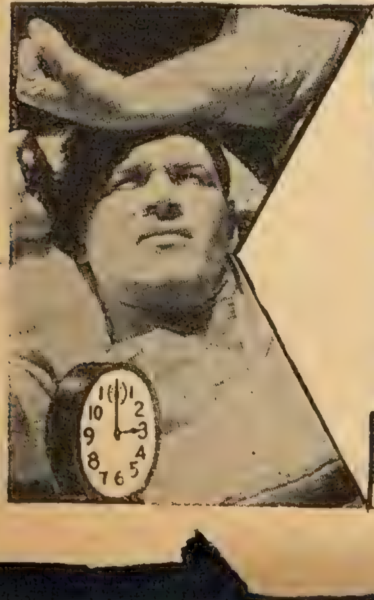
During this time I stride up and down the deck, making sure that guards are stationed to prevent pilferage of delicacies like tinned cheese or fruit juices, and supervising things in a general way. I also make mental notes of how many cases of macaroni, tinned meat, dri-mix, or other subjects of wardroom conversation we have taken aboard so I will be in position to answer the inevitable questions at dinnertime.

THIS one stores expedition is merely a sample. You must repeat it each week to realize that a supply officer, like his counterpart in a civilian household, lives with frustrations and headaches all the time.

When he isn't drawing stores, he's at sea standing watches, wondering where he will get his next cache, because destroyer storerooms are small and are emptied in a few weeks.

We could last a week with a full load of fresh provisions like lettuce, carrots, cabbages, fruits. By stretching things, maybe two weeks, but seldom more. Meats would last a month, or, by going on short rations, possibly two, but we "topped off" every time we had the opportunity, never knowing whether our next cruise would last five days or fifty.

Butter and eggs could be kept for about



WAKEFUL TONIGHT
Dragged Out Tomorrow

Yes, wakeful nights are unpleasant but the effects next day are still more unpleasant.

If Nervous Tension sometimes keeps you awake at night, or makes you irritable and fidgety in the daytime, try **Dr. Miles Nervine.** This time-tested sedative has been making good for sixty years.

Get a bottle of the liquid or a tube of the tablets at your drug store. **Caution; read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.**

DR. MILES NERVINE

How to give
QUICK REST
to tired eyes

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America — Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

PAIN
*Pulls You Down*

Do you sometimes have **Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia** or **Functional Monthly Pains?** Take **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for quick relief. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c. Large Economy package $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.**

DR. MILES
Anti-Pain Pills

STOPS Most Rupture Worries!

*C.E. Brooks, Inventor*

Why worry and suffer along with an ill-fitting truss? Learn about our perfected invention for most forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Patented air cushion softly, silently helps Nature support the weakened muscles—day and night. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is neat and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Welcome relief GUARANTEED. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write TODAY for full information and Free Book on Rupture! All correspondence confidential.

**BROOKS COMPANY, 412-A State St., Marshall, Mich.**

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
*Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE. Write for it.**

DERMOIL
PSORIASIS

**Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil.** Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil **is used by many doctors and** is backed by a positive **agreement** to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money **is refunded** without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". **Test it yourself.** Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores** and other leading **Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES.** Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 4924, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

a month. By stowing potatoes on deck and on top of the potato lockers, we could take aboard a month's supply of 10,000 pounds; after a month they rot. In the Philippines we ran out of all these delicacies, fresh and frozen, and were even having difficulty with our so-called dry stores, such as coffee and sugar, as well as canned milk. That was bad, for sailors live on coffee. When our coffee supplies dwindled, I reached my most frantic pitch of activity, because running out of coffee is an unforgivable sin.

But to get on. We're again seated at our places in the wardroom, eating soup.

The captain points a large empty spoon in my direction and fixes my eye with a sharp gaze of authority (softened, I think to myself, by the sundry tons of dry stores that were taken aboard in the past two hours).

"PAY," he says, "why didn't we get any butter, any meat, any eggs, any fresh vegetables, or even some macaroni?"

Thinking as fast as a weary brain can, I reply in kind—but not at all in surprise, because, whether you realize it or not, this is an old, old story.

"Well, captain, it's like this. We did get four hundred pounds of macaroni, the bent kind. They just didn't have those other luxuries."

The captain wipes his mouth with a napkin and mutters something about I'd better get some better food or else. This sets off the commodore, who is very fond of ice cream.

"Pay," says the commodore, "why is it that we aren't having ice cream tonight? I saw you take aboard some dri-mix today."

All of the officers at the table nod their agreement. They seem to have me over a barrel.

"Well, commodore, it's like this," I answer. "We aren't having ice cream tonight because we had it Wednesday night. We can now have ice cream on Saturday, on Sunday, or Monday, and again on Wednesday, but not on Thursday or Friday."

Well, the conversation is starting to spoil my meal. I close my ears and draw into my shell and think to myself. You so-and-so's, I'm going to get a month's supply of K rations like the foxhole army. . . .

THE END

## PEACE!

**The Pacific war ended with dramatic suddenness. As a consequence, this issue of Liberty and several issues yet to come will contain advertisements and editorial matter obviously written in the belief the war would continue for some time.**

**As is well known, the contents of magazines, particularly advertisements, must be prepared weeks in advance of publication date. Naturally, therefore, some advertisements in this issue may seem outdated, but it is our hope these will be accepted as a tribute to the boys who won the victory and as indicative of the determination of American industry to back up the armed forces till victory and beyond.**

**The Editors.**

Now You Can
Carry Greater Breathing Comfort With You!

Handy Little Inhaler Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in Seconds

Right in your pocket or purse you can carry a Vicks Inhaler that is packed with volatile medication to give you a grand feeling of relief when your nose is stuffed from a cold, dust or bad air. Just a few quick whiffs bring greater breathing comfort. Get into the good habit of carrying one with you.

VICKS
Inhaler

*Use It As Often As Needed*

CHILDREN'S COLDS
To relieve miseries — rub VicksVapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!
VICKS VAPORUB

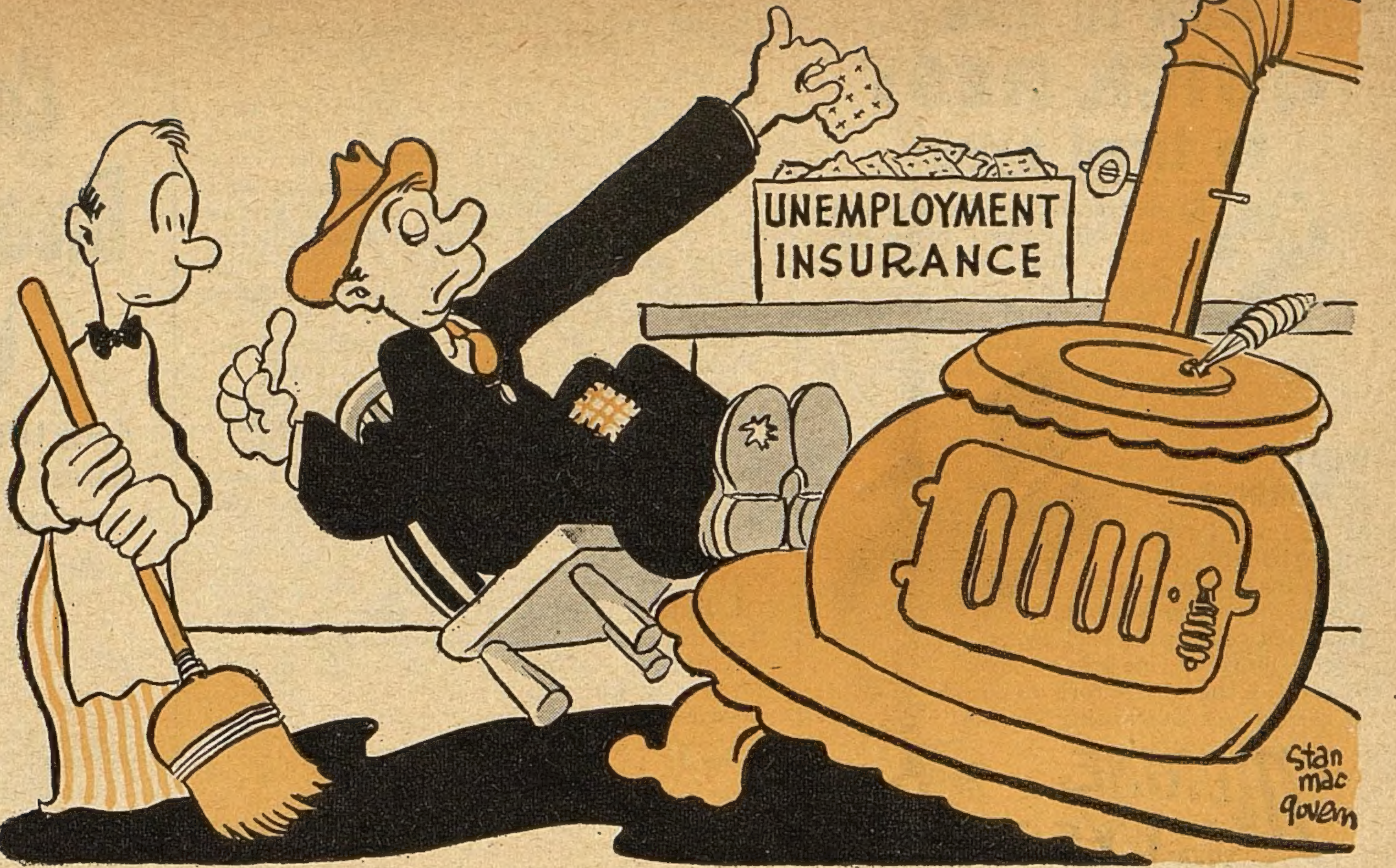
Laymon's CORN REMOVER 10¢
A dependable liquid corn remover . . . Sold from handy counter cards in drug and other stores
WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., SPENCER, IND.

"SM's"
CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN

"SM's" [pronounced S-Ems] are available *only* through properly licensed pharmacists. Never sold by mail or mail order houses. Consult your physician — purchase from your pharmacy.*** S. M. Laboratories, Seattle 1, Wash.

OCT. 6, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
*Publisher*
EDWARD MAHER
*Editor*



# UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE AS IT SOMETIMES WORKS

THE other night we dropped in at the drugstore which in our town serves as a place for philosophic discussion and general sounding off. We were just in time to hear our old friend, Elmer, disclose his views on unemployment insurance, particularly as it applies to the employees of the recently emptied arms plants.

Elmer is a man of substantial family who has worked for many years at the same job. His income, while not large, apparently meets his needs. All in all, he seems to be a fair sample of that fabulous American, the Average Guy.

Without realizing that he does so, Elmer often displays a knack of bringing the large-scale problems which agitate the country down to their actual application among people he knows. We think his views on unemployment insurance will bear repeating in his own pungent phraseology.

"As far as I can see," said Elmer, "some people are more entitled to unemployment insurance than others. For instance, I've got a sister-in-law who lives near one of the big aircraft plants. She never had to work, because my brother's got a steady job. But early in the war, when the plants were hollering for help, she figured she might as well make some extra money and at the same time do a little bit toward winning the war. Now she's been let out, and she has no intention of getting another job. She figures there won't be enough dough in it to make it worth while and, besides, her husband wants her home. She put in for unemployment insurance, though I always thought the purpose of it was to keep a fellow's family eating when he loses his job until he gets another one.

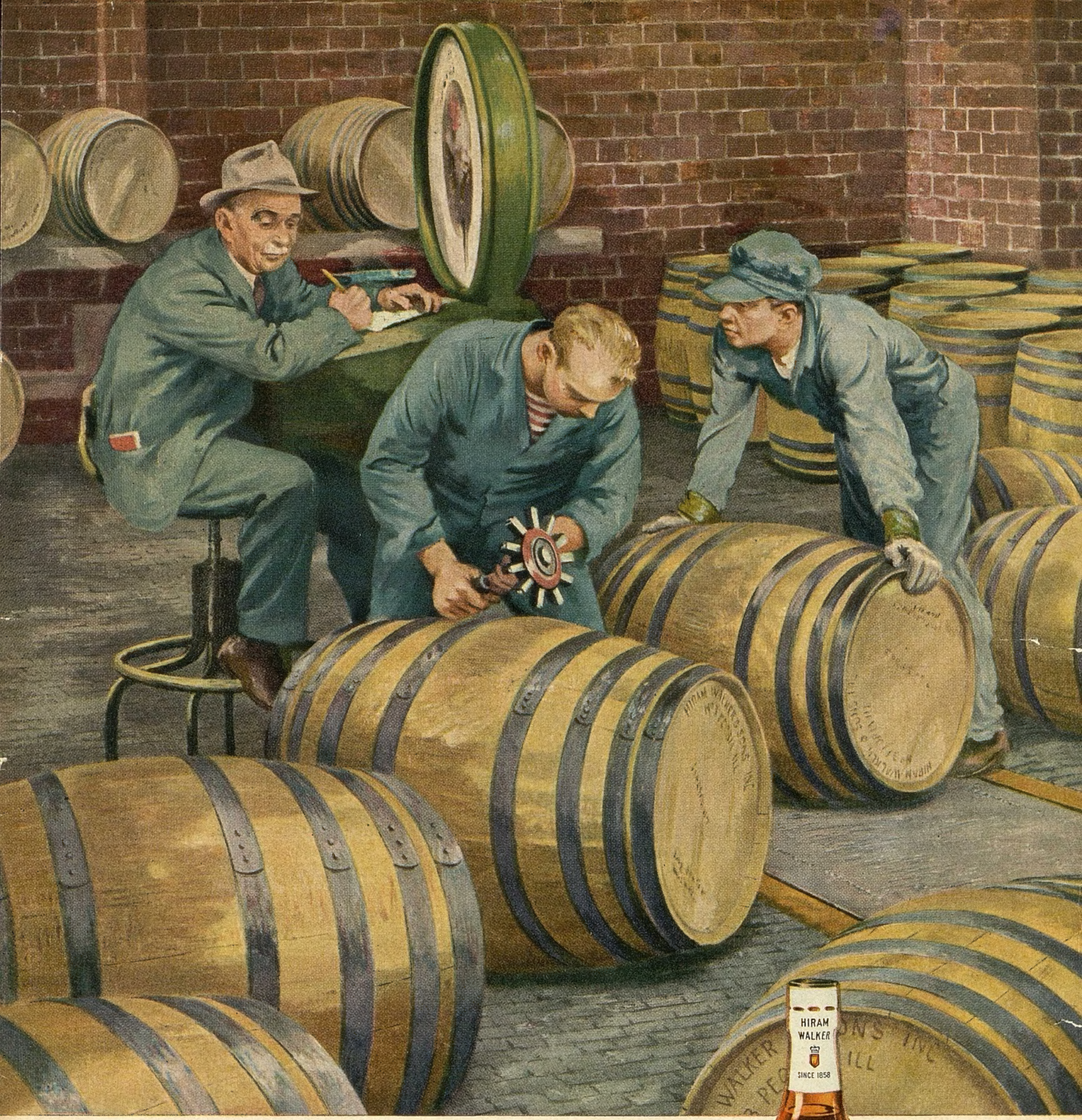
"There's two other fellows I know. Both had jobs in the same war plant. One is a guy who likes his nip and a good time. As long as the money was coming in, he spent it. I don't say he wasn't entitled to. He worked pretty hard and he's got a right to do as he pleases with his dough. The other fellow knew the job wasn't going to last forever. He socked his money away. When the Japs quit and the plant closed for reconversion, one guy was broke and the other had about $1,400 to tide him over till the place opened again. The funny part about it, though, is that the fellow with the money meanwhile took a job greasing cars at the gas station for twenty-five bucks a week. The fellow who is broke passed up a couple of jobs because they paid less than he was getting at the war plant and spends his time beefing about how fifteen-a-week unemployment insurance ain't enough to live on. The way it works out is the fellow who saved his money and is keeping himself working will be paying part of the cost of the good times had by the fellow who didn't.

"Don't get me wrong, though. Unemployment insurance is a good thing and necessary. Fellows who are honestly out of work need it and are entitled to it. No guy's family should starve when he's out of a job. But I wish there was some way to keep folks from looking at it as a till to be tapped whenever they can get away with it. It's supposed to be a safeguard to rescue them when they really need it."

Elmer's comments seem to us to sum up accurately the wrongs and rights of the question.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

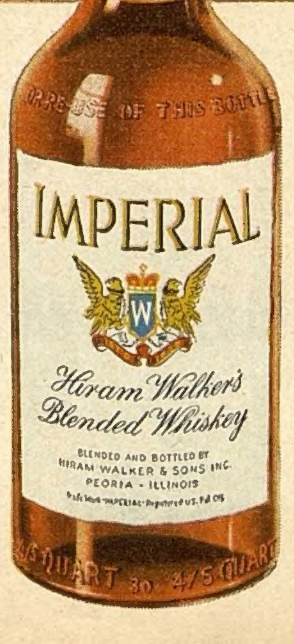


HIRAM WALKER'S SONS INC
PEORIA ILL

*"Registering the Barrels of Aged Whiskey"—painted at the distillery by Lawrence Beall Smith*

**87 years at fine whiskey-making**
**makes this whiskey good**

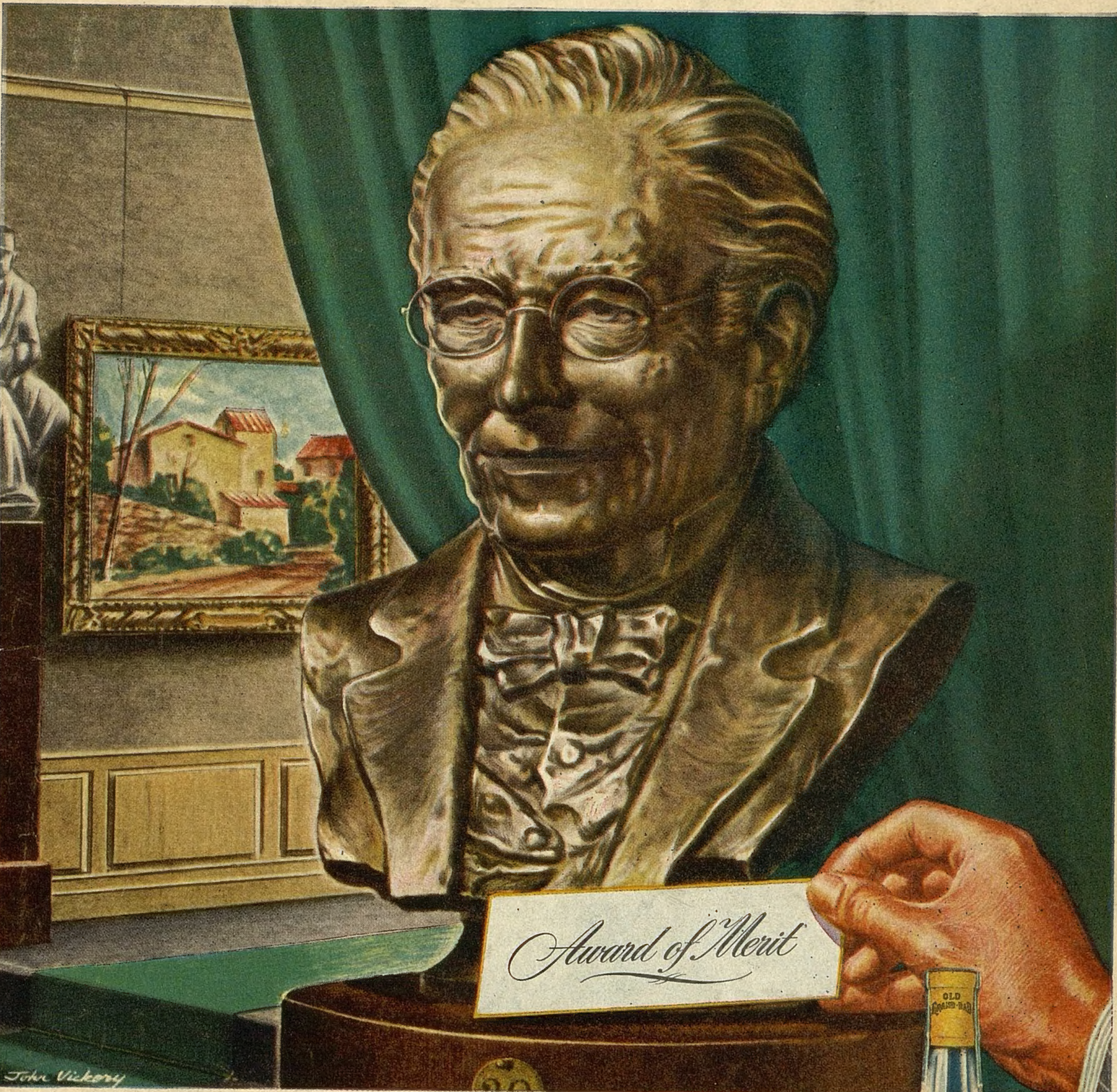
IMPERIAL
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
*Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey*



HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
OR RE-USE OF THIS BOTTLE
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA - ILLINOIS
4/5 QUART 30 4/5 QUART

**It takes barrels of money to win a war.**
It takes all the money you can put into war bonds. Buy more . . . hold them!

*86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits.*
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.,
Peoria, Illinois.


Award of Merit
John Vickery

The years have handled Old Grand-Dad with tenderness and great patience. They have mellowed the flavor of the ripe grains and touched each golden drop with a sparkle. There's profound merit in every sip of this rare old bourbon — a delightful meeting up of aroma and flavor with your own feeling of solid satisfaction. Your guests will appreciate meeting the Head of the Bourbon Family — include him in your next gathering.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

*Head of the Bourbon Family*

## OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond — 100 Proof — This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

**NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK**